WHY JOE LOUIS WILL NOT BE CHAMPION LONG by Jim Tully

Liberty

NOV. 6, 1937

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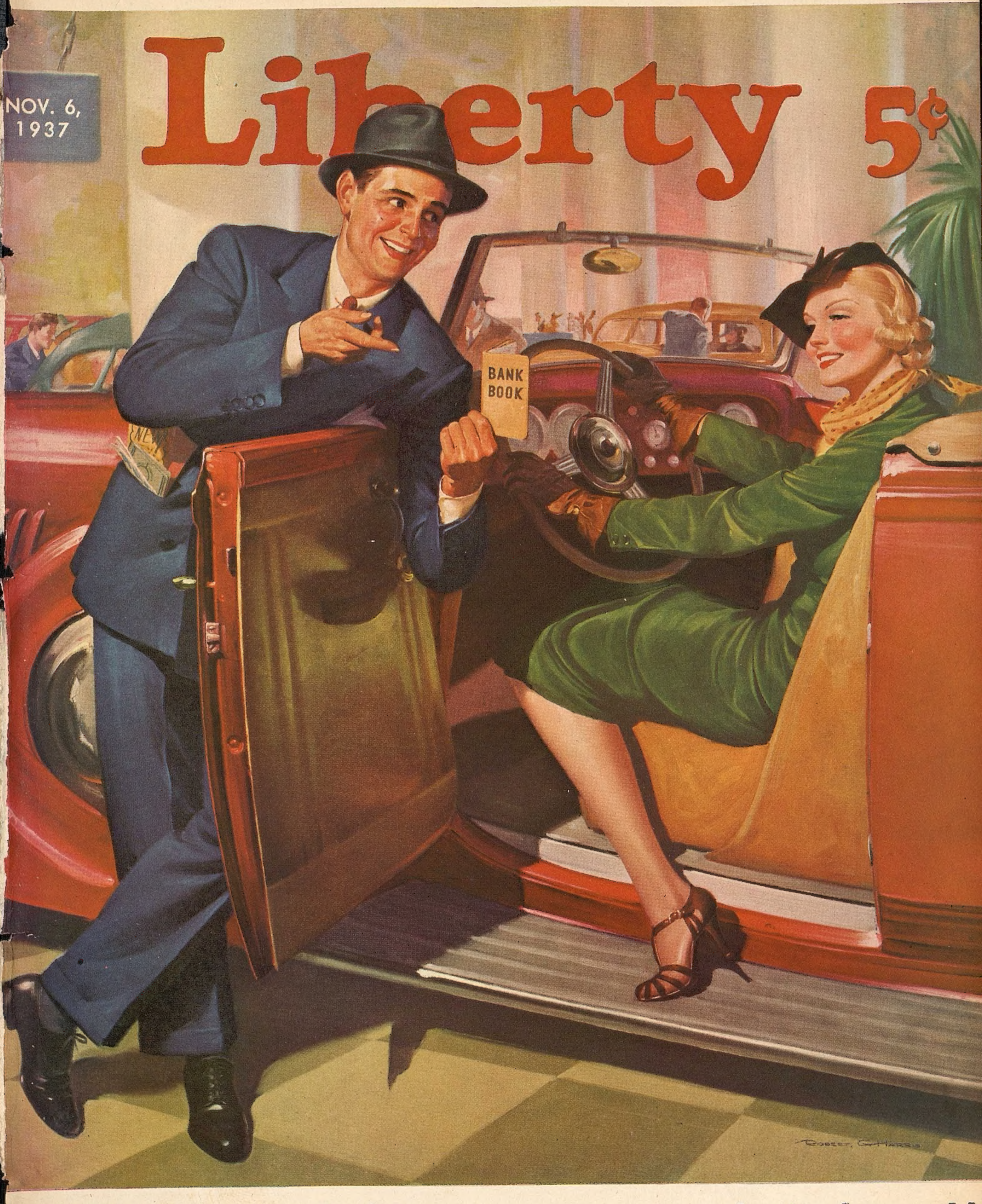

BANK BOOK
NEWS
ROBERT G. HARRIS

AMBUSH—A Novel of Two Lovers Against the Underworld

More *beautiful* because of its exclusive *Stainless Sheen* surface !

Modest, textured Colonial, or gay, swashbuckling tile . . . whatever the pattern you select in PABCO Rugs or Yard Goods, rich colors are made richer by its surface of *Stainless Sheen!*

. . .

More enduring, too . . . this smoother, glossier, mirror-like finish! Immaculately clean always . . . with a minimum of care . . . your floor of *Stainless Sheen!* Non-porous, no stain (nor germ!) can find a hiding place!

. . .

And . . . best news yet! . . . a few dollars will transform a room! Ask your dealer for PABCO . . . insist on *"Stainless Sheen"*.

THE PARAFFINE COMPANIES. INC., New York, San Francisco

CO Guaranty RUG No. 9720

Left to right:
PABCO Warranty YARD GOODS No. 3731.
PABCO Warranty YARD GOODS No. 3701
PABCO Guaranty RUG No. 9710

PABCO
THE PARAFFINE COMPANIES, INC.
Guaranty **RUGS**
and PABCO *Warranty* YARD GOODS
of Stainless Sheen

Betty's rehearsing a lesson in Gum Massage that Mother and Dad ought to know!

Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

SHE doesn't know all her multiplication tables nor the capitals of every state, but there's one school subject Betty knows well. Even at her tender age she knows the importance of gum massage to help assure a lifetime of *sparkling teeth and sound, healthy gums.*

In many modern schools, youngsters are learning that gums need care as well as teeth. For, as dental authorities explain—today's soft foods rob gums of hard chewing—deny them the vigorous exercise they need for health. Gums tend to grow flabby and tender. Then, all too often—they rebel—flash that warning tinge of "pink."

The first time you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist immediately.* You may not be in for trouble, but let him be the judge. Usually, however, he'll blame our modern soft foods. And his verdict will probably be "more work, more exercise for those lazy gums"—and, as many dentists advise, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

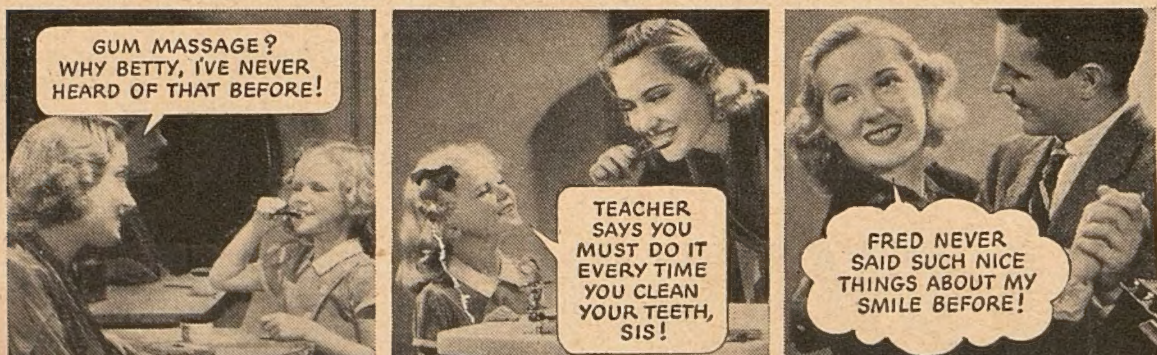
For Ipana, with massage, is especially designed to help strengthen the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused within the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer, healthier—to look better and feel better.

So try Ipana and massage, today—let this sensible oral health routine help you to a *brighter,* more *attractive* smile.

* * *

DOUBLE DUTY—For more effective massage and cleansing, ask your druggist for the new Rubberset *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

SISTER GETS A BEAUTY HINT FROM BETTY—(AGE SEVEN)


GUM MASSAGE? WHY BETTY, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF THAT BEFORE!
TEACHER SAYS YOU MUST DO IT EVERY TIME YOU CLEAN YOUR TEETH, SIS!
FRED NEVER SAID SUCH NICE THINGS ABOUT MY SMILE BEFORE!

IPANA

Tooth Paste

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

WHY WHITTLE WHISKERS?

HAIR AND SKIN: Photo Micrograph shows particles of skin clinging to hairs removed by old fashioned methods.

RAZOR-CUT HAIR: See by Photo Micrograph how old fashioned methods sliced hair instead of cutting it square.

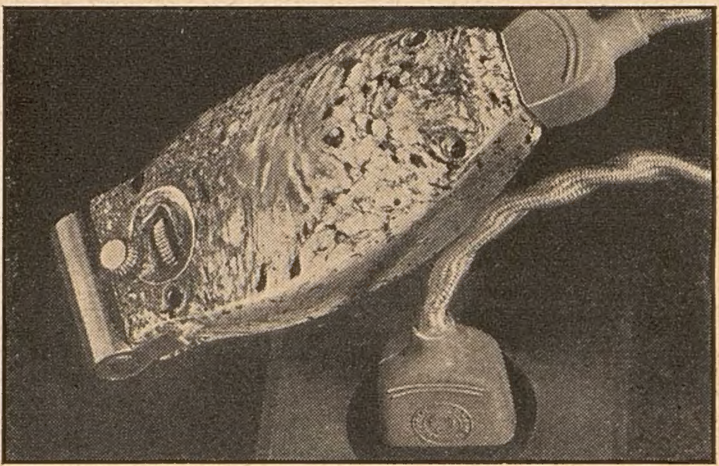
PACKARD-CUT HAIR: *Neat!* Photomicrograph (enlargement 1200 times) reveals how Packard Lektro-Shaver shears off whiskers clean, square, without leaving pointed ends. Regular Packard Lektro-Shaving permits nature to replace the scar tissue caused by old-fashioned methods.

BEFORE . . . *and* AFTER: *Compare!* At left a chin (is it yours?) with two-day stubble, showing how hairs slant down from blade shaving and tend to "duck under" the blade. At right the same chin after a Lektro-Shave; whiskers have learned to grow straight again, only to be sheared off cleanly, safely and *painlessly* below skin level.

Insist on the smooth round head!

LOOK INTO ELECTRIC SHAVING! You've often wondered if electric shavers really *do* shave clean. Now let these photomicrographs answer your questions with *scientific, visible proof!* But realize, please, that they prove only Packard Lektro-Shaver's case . . . For only Packard has the polished, smooth round head and famous four-way shearing action, which eliminate all pull, and all need of "pressure shaving." The lightest zephyr touch of a Packard Lektro-Shaver melts whiskers away. Of course you use no water, soap or lather. And you *can't* cut yourself—anywhere—not even the top of a mole . . . When you buy, go face-comparison shopping. Shave different parts of your face with Packard Lektro-Shaver and other leading makes. We know your verdict, for the precision-built Packard is the finest of all modern electric shavers; and, at $15 (for the standard black model) it brings you years of cost-free shaving.

PROGRESS CORPORATION
521 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
Platinum Products Ltd.,
Astor House, 26 Aldych St.,
W2., London.



Lektro-Shaver in lava with matching cord (that smart, new, mottled gray). In steel and snake gift box, $16.50.

If Your Dealer Can't Supply You, Use This

PROGRESS CORPORATION, L-12
521 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

☐ Enclosed find $15. Please send Packard Lektro-Shaver.
Send C. O. D. ☐ (Packard Lektro-Shaver in Lava, $16.50.)

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY__________STATE__________
DEALER'S NAME____________________

PACKARD LEKTRO-SHAVER

NOVEMBER 6, 1937

Liberty

VOL. 14, NO. 45

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ROBERT S. STAPLES
ART EDITOR

Stupendous! Colossal!! Gigantic!!!

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

WE can use all the circus adjectives and then some in describing the automotive industry, and still we could not do justice to this mammoth empire.

They are venturesome gamblers, these executive automotive giants in the swirl of seething activities. Hundreds of millions into the billions of dollars they have invested. Progress beyond the dreams of the wildest imagination has been made within the last few years. Improvements so vast and inclusive that their cars run with masterly precision.

Machines that almost appear to do their own thinking and are as nearly foolproof as mechanism can be made.

Talk about the romance of business! Why, here are surpassing achievements that make the weird fanciful tales of The Arabian Nights seem like nursery rhymes!

And remember that the executive dictators of this gigantic industry came from the ranks of the workers. They spent their apprenticeship in overalls. They learned the business from the ground up. And these chieftains of this mammoth industry have been liberal with their workers. As millions were added to their bank accounts, they have made a fair division to labor, the source of a large share of their riches.

In this industry wages paid the workers have averaged considerably higher than in other manufacturing lines.

It is well to remember that what we term high wages really began in this industry. When wages for common labor ranged from one fifty to two dollars a day, imagine the sensation that was created by the announcement that five dollars a day would be inaugurated by the automotive industry!

When we admire the sleek slim streamlined bodies, the artistic triumph of the age, we are apt to look back with scant respect upon the horse-and-buggy days.

But romance was doubtless enchanting even in that slow period. The one-arm driver was certainly just as much in evidence. In fact some horses knew the way home, so used were they to the driver being otherwise engaged.

And we had " spark plugs " in bygone days. There was the well fed, broad-backed old nag . . . " built " for two . . . on which John and his sweetie could go acourting. It was doubtless a very thrilling but monotonous routine when compared to the winged speed of a swift-moving modern roadster.

The joyous abandon of coasting was then confined to snowy hills. To be able to coast up and down hill with the grace and ease of a flying bird is the rapturous exaltation reserved for today.

There have indeed been revolutionary changes, but human instincts have altered but little. We are all in the midst of a hectic struggle for the big things of life.

Although the demand for high living and high speed may be overdone at times, the automobile now fills a superlatively important place in our lives. It has even furnished us with traveling houses with all modern conveniences in which we can live while we travel. Thousands of these fully equipped trailers are now everywhere in evidence.

Throughout all history there has never been a business that has advanced with such prodigious strides, and the master minds that are guiding this vast automotive empire have evidenced a degree of wisdom that seems inspired.

The great Automobile Show opens this year on October 27, and it is expected to be an unparalleled exhibition . . . more marvelous than all previous shows. Automobile owners will find it difficult to resist the temptation to possess one of these beautiful new models, the last word in automobile building.

Bernarr Macfadden

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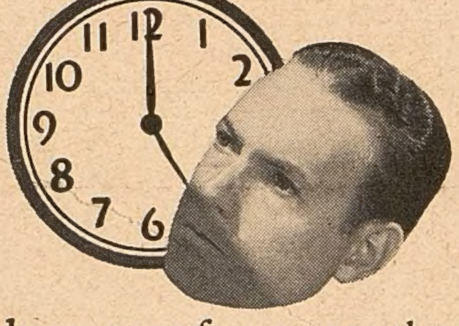
You shave again or I don't go!

DON'T LET

"5 O'clock Shadow"

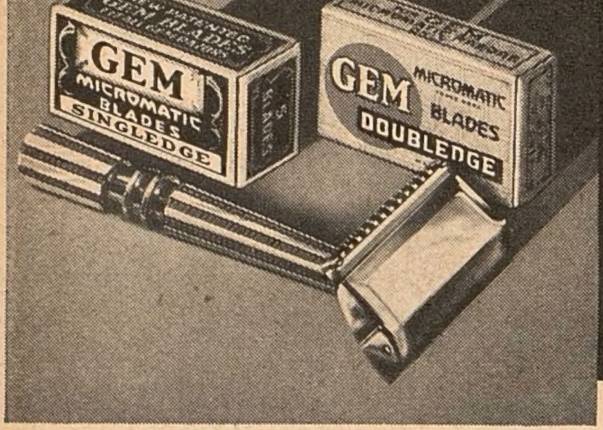
SPOIL YOUR EVENING...AND HERS



Avoid "5 O'clock Shadow"—that premature beard growth which crops up at 5 P. M. because inefficient shaving instruments have merely "topped" your beard.

Stay clean with Gem! Gem keeps your face neat to the end of the longest day... because Gem is scientifically designed to shave you *clean* at the dermal line! No other razor has Gem's face-fitting bevel, which compels you to use the long, gliding stroke of the master barber. No other razor has dual-alignment which locks the blade rigid at 5 points! No other razor uses the fine Gem Micromatic Blade—stropped 4840 times to a super-keen, longer-lasting edge!

End "5 O'clock Shadow" today! Get a Gem Razor and 5 Gem Blades from your dealer for $1.00. Or send coupon below and 25¢ for special convincing "PROOF" offer!



SPECIAL "PROOF" OFFER

Gem Division, American Safety Razor Corp.
Dept. L47, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me special "Proof" set containing 1 single- and 1 double-edge Gem Blade AND THE REGULATION CHROME-PLATED GEM RAZOR. Here's my quarter (stamps or coin).

PRINT NAME________

STREET________

CITY________ STATE________

(If you live in Canada, write Mutual Sales Co., 436 Wellington St., W., Toronto, 2, Canada)

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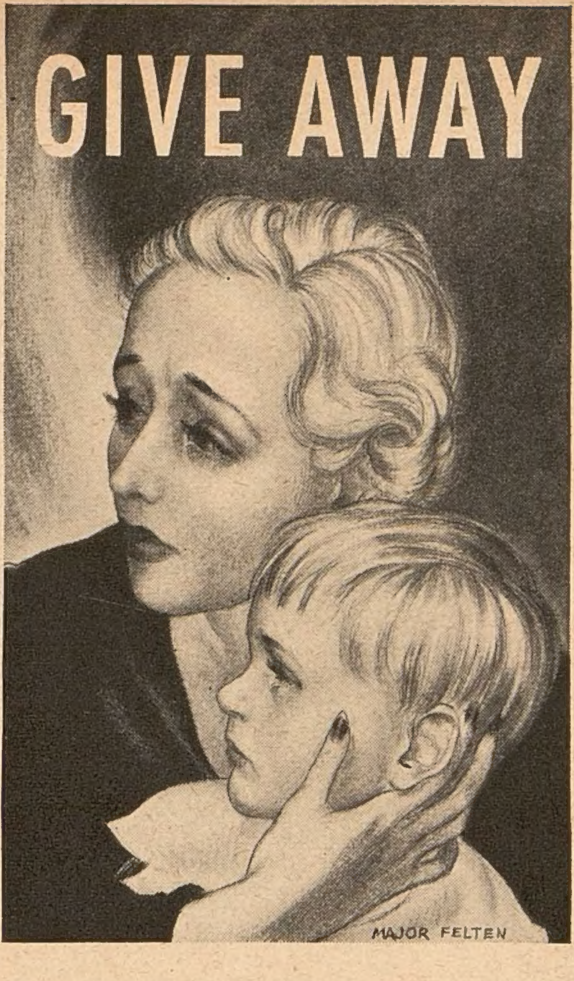
GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR and BLADES

FOR PERFECT SHAVES—USE A GEM IN A GEM!

Must I GIVE AWAY My Son?



A cry from the heart of a divorcee . . . How would you solve her problem?

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FOR the first time in my life I am faced with a problem that is too big for me. I cannot see only the practical side of it, for a mother's love goes beyond practicalities and outweighs any sensible consideration.

My husband John and I were divorced two years ago. Let me say right now that I have the highest respect for John. We did not part because he beat me or was untrue to me. Nor, on his side, were there any of the usual unpleasant complaints. We found that we differed on certain fundamental beliefs. Our codes of living were entirely opposite. All my life I have been accustomed to making immediate decisions, to acting and thinking rapidly. John, on the other hand, is deliberate and cautious to a point that I consider extreme. When we were first married we both thought these traits would prove excellent balances for each other. Instead they laid the foundation for dissension which finally ended in divorce.

John was completely honorable and praiseworthy throughout the whole proceeding. Our small son Peter, who is now six years old, was given into my custody without any argument. John promised me then that never would he attempt to take Peter from me against my will. Within these brief circumstances lies the basis of my present dilemma.

John has decided to marry again. The girl he has chosen as his future wife is one whom I have known and liked for years. He and Beth are admirably suited to each other. Beth has known Peter since he was born, and adores him. He is very fond of her. John's firm is sending him to the West Coast permanently. Out there they will buy a house in a small and lovely village. They want to take Peter with them. Can I give my child away? It is up to me to decide.

I have tried, not with complete success, to weigh both sides of the case impartially. I have compared Peter's life with me against the things they can give him. I have tried not to imagine what my life without him would be; I have tried to be fair.

Here in the city where I must live in order to support Peter and myself, we have a fairly roomy apartment. Peter started in a very good private school this fall, and so far he is delighted with it. A thoroughly trustworthy nurse takes him to and from school, prepares his meals for him, and puts him to bed, sometimes before I get home in the evening, since my hours are rather irregular. If he is still awake when I return at night, I go in to see him and we have bedside talks, moments which I value beyond price.

Sundays, if business will allow, we spend together, and I know Peter enjoys those days as much as I. He howls lustily in protest when something else demands my immediate attention and our day is lost. Occasionally we drive into the country, but it is a long, tiring trip for a little fellow and I have found that it is often too much for him. So for the present, until he is a little older, we confine ourselves to museums, parks, or selected movies where his quick mind will find entertainment that is amusing and at the same time instructive. Those days with Peter are my greatest reward for the hours of hard wearying work which earns my generous salary.

When John and Peter and I were all together, he was little more than an engaging baby. In these last two years when he has been all mine, I have watched his mind grow and develop; I have watched his avid child's curiosity become a constructive force, just as I have watched his small body lengthen into that of a boy's instead of a baby's. I want to go on watching that process of development as long as I live. Can I, must I, deny myself that miraculous privilege?

I know I must be honest with myself. I was not a city child. I have memories of clear bright skies above me, of fresh green grass underfoot, and a dog's loyal companionship. All of these, so far, are strangers to my son. In the home which his father wishes to give him, would his body and mind grow more rapidly? Would he gain greater breadth and depth away from the city—away from me? Can I, alone, be both father and mother to him as successfully as John and Beth?

There is no question in my mind about Beth's love for my boy. I know she would care for him as deeply as she would the children which, due to a tragic accident in her youth, she can now never have. Therefore I see too that, loving him as she does, if I gave him to her now I could not in the future claim him again. If I should ever remarry, could I ever be happy in a home where Peter was absent? Yet, even then, I could not take him back. It would be unfair to every one except me.

John and I are both wholeheartedly against a process of sharing him. Better to let one of us lose him completely than twice a year ship him across a continent into an entirely strange and different environment. If he were ten years older, such a method might not harm him. It would teach him to adapt himself to varying circumstances and to face changes with equanimity. But during the next ten years at least, his most formative years, we are both agreed that his life must be stable and secure. In later life he must have the knowledge of early peace and tranquillity. Somehow we must give him that.

There is no question of finances to be considered. While John earns more than I do, I am well able to give Peter everything he needs. Had I not been, I would have given him to John. With that angle out of the way, it resolves itself into a question of what is best for him, and how much of the concrete articles of living can be counterbalanced by a mother's love. I know he would be happy with John and Beth, but I cannot believe that any other woman could really be as dear to him as his mother.

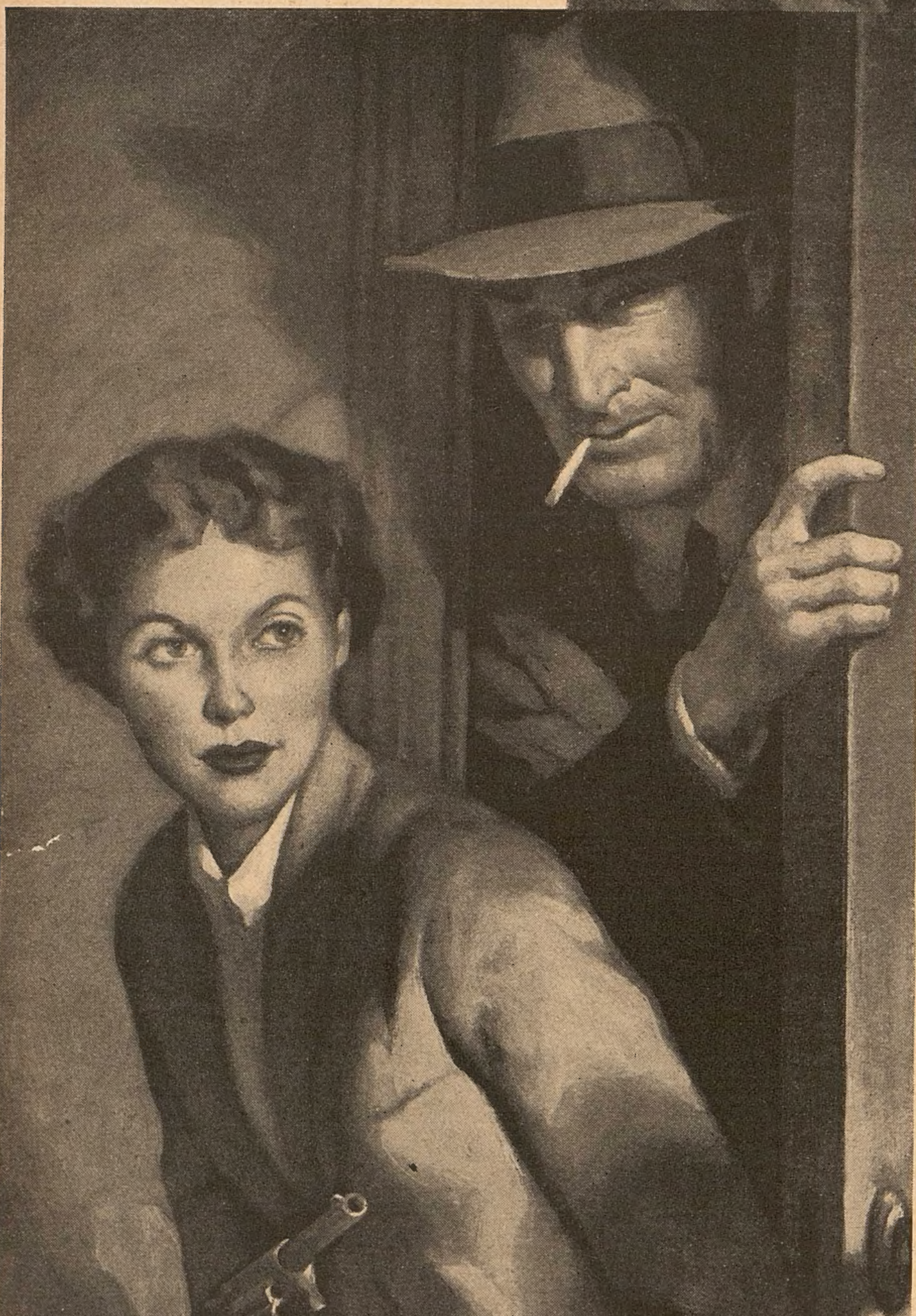
Ever since his birth, and before, I have looked forward to the day when my son and I would be comrades—two adults with the deepest possible bond of human affection between them. If I keep him, I am afraid in years to come he will resent the fact that I have allowed him to grow up without his father. But, on the other hand, if I send him from me now in order to make his childhood richer and fuller, what will be his reaction when he is grown? When he is old enough to think things through for himself, will he regret the loss of years with me? Can he retain a natural affection for me, or will the mother who raised him mean more than the one who gave him birth? Will I be then a stranger to him? Can I give away my baby and still keep my son? I do not know. I dare not answer.

THE END

AMBUSH

BY ROBERT RAY

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB



Bugs had been watching the scene through sardonic eyes.

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

PART ONE—HELL AT 12.05

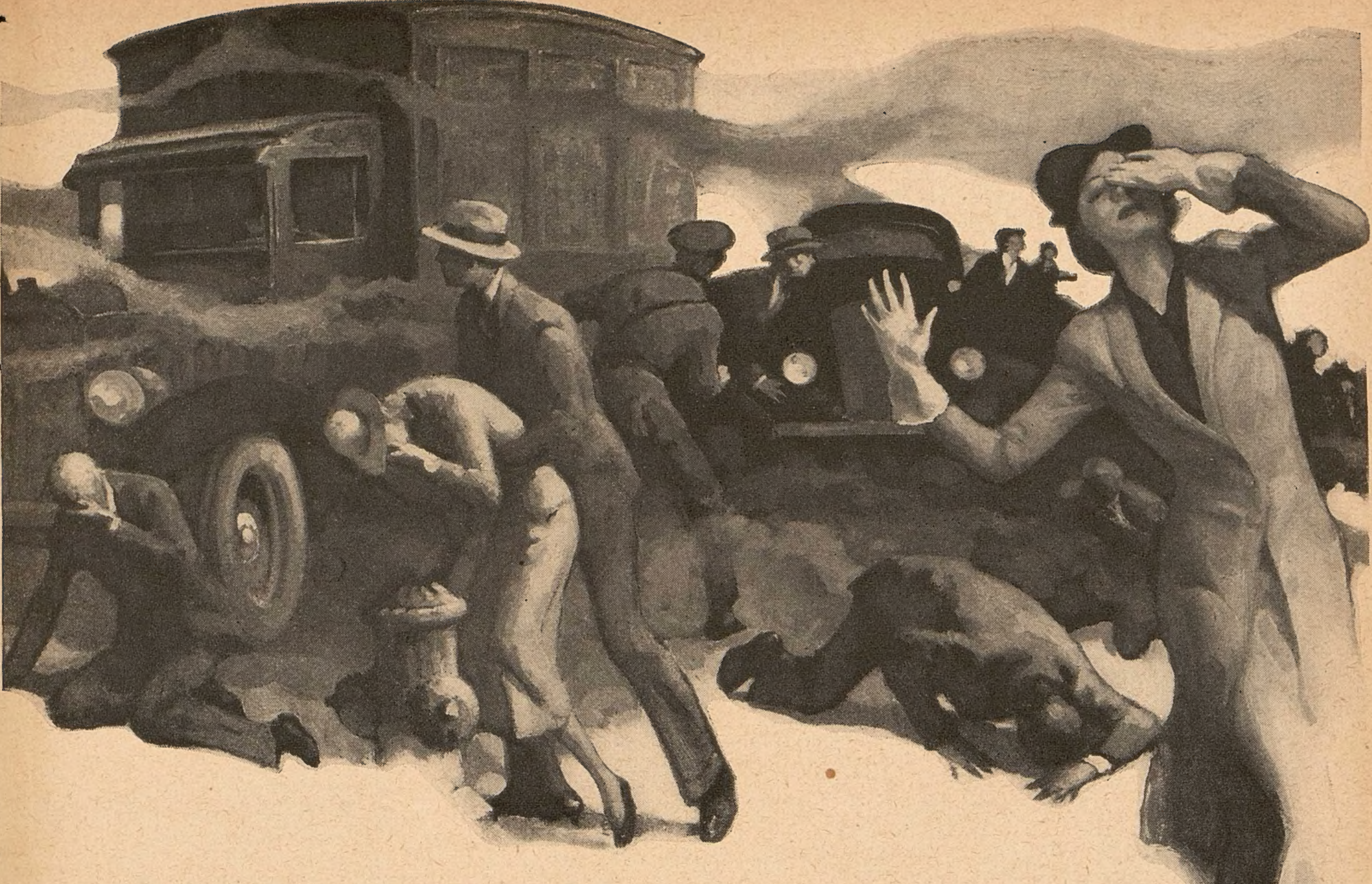
A FEW minutes after 12 noon, on any weekday in the month, the downtown sidewalks of Los Angeles are filled, suddenly, with a swarming cloud of humanity. At Broadway, between Third and Ninth streets, the rush from offices and stores and lofts reaches its maximum surge, the tempo of human movement is at white heat at 12.05; by 12.30 it has perceptibly slowed.

Exactly at 12.05 P. M. the delivery truck making a forbidden left-hand turn off Broadway on to Seventh in the midst of heavy traffic, both vehicular and pedestrian, stalled in the middle of the intersection. Heavy black smoke began pouring from it.

Later, a half dozen witnesses testified to seeing the driver leap from his seat, slam the door shut, and dart into the crowd. But they submitted a half dozen assorted descriptions of the man, so their testimony was useless. Certainly he had disappeared and the truck doors were all securely locked when the traffic officer reached it a few seconds later.

The black smoke was spurting out as if under pressure, spreading north and south on Broadway, and east and west on Ninth in oily, ominous billows. Within one minute the square of the intersection was dark, and dusk was upon all the immediate neighborhood.

Presenting a new author's first



What had been a foolishly uncertain crowd became a mob blindly fighting.

Automobile traffic slowed and jammed; headlights were turned on; horns blatted querulously; bumpers bumped. Pedestrian traffic wound up and packed itself. There were excited, loud questions; laughter and some anger.

The traffic officer had discovered several things about the delivery truck. The lower two thirds of the enclosed body was of solid metal sheathing; the upper third was of fine, heavy steel mesh, through which the smoke came fast—driven out. The rear doors were of the same steel-and-mesh construction, and could not be budged; the glass in the two front doors was immune to the batterings of his gun butt—bulletproof. And at this point the mind of the red-faced perspiring policeman leaped from profane exasperation to grim suspicion. He whirled in his tracks and stared toward the bank on the corner, which he was barely able to see through the darkness and above the heads of the surging confused crowd on the sidewalk. He holstered his gun and started for the entrance.

Perhaps two minutes had elapsed since the abandonment of the truck.

The officer elbowed his way to the curb, and had one foot on it, preparing to fight through to the bank, when the tear gas reached that spot, and what had been a foolishly uncertain crowd became a mob blindly fighting to escape the fumes, invisible in the smoke-created darkness, that brought searing agony to eyes and throats.

It was then, say 12.08, that the explosions started inside the enclosed body of the delivery truck; explosions like the continuous popping of giant firecrackers. The mob went back in all directions as though blown by a mighty wind.

In the great Bank of the Pacific on the northeast corner of Seventh and Broadway, guards and tellers and clerks groped in a sooty murk. The sharpshooter behind his high-powered rifle in the steel turret against the lofty ceiling could not fire, for below him the smoke was like a sea of ink. There *might* be bandits on the floor below, but there were certainly employees and customers.

The guard at the door was reaching for his holstered gun and jumping to close the steel entrance grilles just as a tall long-faced man appeared at his side and unemotionally batted him over the head with a gun butt.

This one carried a light topcoat slung over his left arm. He reached into a pocket with a gloved hand, leaving the gun there but removing from it a good-sized globular object which he tossed into the banking room. It struck the floor with a brittle tinkling. Twice he repeated this performance. The fog of the tear gas mingled with the smoke and was unnoticed, but almost immediately the fumes were felt, and then there was a commotion of sneezing and wheezing and pain-filled cries.

The long-faced man stepped through the half-closed grilles and released the swinging glass doors which had been fastened back against the wall on either side.

The crowd from the street was backing into the outer entranceway when he took up his stand there. Turning aside from them, he took a small paper-wrapped package from his inner coat pocket and unwrapped a pair of oddly formed eyeglasses or goggles, which he carefully fitted over his eyes. The lenses, of clear glass, were set in horn rims, and had earpieces of the same material; the spaces between the rims and the face were enclosed by flesh-colored fabric, the edge of which was formed of soft rubber, which in turn was liberally coated with rubber cement. Pressed firmly against the flesh, this rubber cement adhered to the face, and the goggles thus formed, temporarily, a practically airtight protection for the eyes; yet, because of the clear lenses, the horn frame, and the coloring of the fabric protection, would pass to the casual glance for ordinary eyeglasses.

story!—A swift, exciting novel of a pair of lovers against the underworld

From another pocket the sober-faced one took a small celluloid container. Opening this, he removed two small pieces of very fine sponge, thoroughly soaked in liquid of some sort, and inserted one piece in each nostril. Then and thereafter he kept his mouth tightly closed.

It was at this moment that the explosions started in the truck out in the street. The entrance way was cleared as though by magic of all but a half dozen—most of its occupants stumbling, with hands and handkerchiefs to their eyes, on through the swinging doors into the bank.

The tall solemn-faced man leaned his shoulders comfortably against the marble wall, held his topcoat-encumbered left arm in front of him, and kept his right hand on an automatic in the topcoat pocket. He watched what could be seen of the smoke-obscured outer world, with an occasional sidewise look toward the bank's interior. After one such glance he suddenly straightened, turned away, and disappeared into the gloom of the street.

Two men came out through the swinging doors, each with a suitcase, each wearing gloves and horn-rimmed spectacles. One was slim and dark, and an old scar showed on his left temple; one was somewhat portly, with pronounced and roughly hewn features and slightly bulging eyes. They kept their lips tightly closed; nor did they so much as glance at each other. One turned right, one left. In an instant both were lost to sight in the rapidly drifting remnants of the street crowd.

Not ten seconds later the bank alarm went off. It was then 12.10 P. M. The execution of the robbery had taken exactly five minutes.

At 12.17 P. M. the solemn-faced man, very dignified in all his movements, bought a paper from a stand at the corner of Seventh and Main streets. He had discarded his eyeglasses while walking to the streetcar line; his gloves were in a topcoat pocket. Waiting his chance, he crossed the street and caught an " O " car bound north. The conductor paid no attention to him, being occupied with yelling questions at some one on the sidewalk.

At approximately the same moment the slim scar-faced man boarded a Watts local suburban car bound south at the corner of Sixth and Main. He was still carrying a suitcase.

At 12.25 P. M. police managed to get to the bank. By 12.30 P. M. it was positively known that the vault of the Bank of the Pacific had been looted, five employees and two customers shot down and killed in cold blood, and several wounded.

Also at 12.25 P. M. the strong-featured man with protuberant waistline dropped his heavy suitcase on the rear platform of a " D " car going west on Fifth Street, straightened his rumpled clothing, and damned the crowd. The conductor inquired if he knew the cause of the excitement, and his passenger, as he dropped a coin into the box, growled a disgusted negative. He pushed the suitcase well back out of the way with his foot, and sat down in a rear seat.

BY 1 P. M. of that day, which was a Friday, every highway leading out of the city of Los Angeles and its environs was blocked by motorcar or cycle patrols; every vehicle leaving the city was stopped and searched and its occupants closely questioned. City, county, and state police co-operated in the greatest man hunt the district had ever witnessed.

A submachine gun had been found on the floor after the robbery. It was innocent of fingerprints.

The panel delivery truck, when broken into by firemen equipped with masks, was found to contain a mechanism, automatically fed and battery-operated, which had produced the smoke, the tear gas, and the explosions, and which included ingenious blowers responsible for the remarkably quick spreading of the smoke and fumes.

. . . . .

Pete, the heavy-set man, got off the " D " car in the vicinity of Westlake Park at 12.40. He walked a block south of the car line and tossed the suitcase into the tonneau of a Model A Ford coupé parked at the curb, unlocked the door, got in, and drove away.

At 12.45, Bugs, the dark scar-faced young man, reached the corner of Long Beach Avenue and Twenty-second Street. This was a run-down residential-manufacturing district three blocks west of Alameda. He crossed the street, walked slowly back to the car stop at the corner of Twentieth, set the heavy suitcase down beside a telephone pole, lit a cigarette, and waited, his dark eyes flitting nervously this way and that.

" Jim ! " she cried. " Jim ! Are you badly hurt? "

IN a little more than fifteen minutes the heavy-set man drove up the opposite side of the street, coming from Washington, turned left on to Twentieth, and pulled in to the curb just around the corner from the car stop. Bugs picked up the suitcase after glancing quickly up and down the street, walked over, and opened the rear of the coupé and tossed it in.

" What kept you? " he demanded irritably, getting into the seat.

" Nothin' kept me." As he shifted gears, Pete's heavy-lidded eyes considered the younger man. " And you hold yourself down. It's goin' like clockwork, and it'll keep goin' that way as long as you keep your mouth shut and forget you're so damn tough."

Bugs flashed him a look of dark resentment.

" You go in there," Pete indicated the long brick building of the General Truck Company which occupied the three full blocks between Long Beach and Alameda, toward which he was slowly driving, " and get the truck, and don't get into no arguments with nobody—see? I'll wait till I see you drive out, then I'll go on ahead."

He pulled up at the curb near the side-court entrance. Bugs got out without a word. In a few minutes he came back, striding jerkily, face darkly suffused. He jerked open the door and got in and slammed it. He began to curse.

" Shut up! " Pete commanded. " Where's the truck? "

" I'm tryin' to tell you—damn it! They tore it down and left it that way! "

" What's the matter with it? "

" That mush-faced —— said the bearings are all shot! Pete! We got to have that truck! "

" Did you make a screwy move in there? "

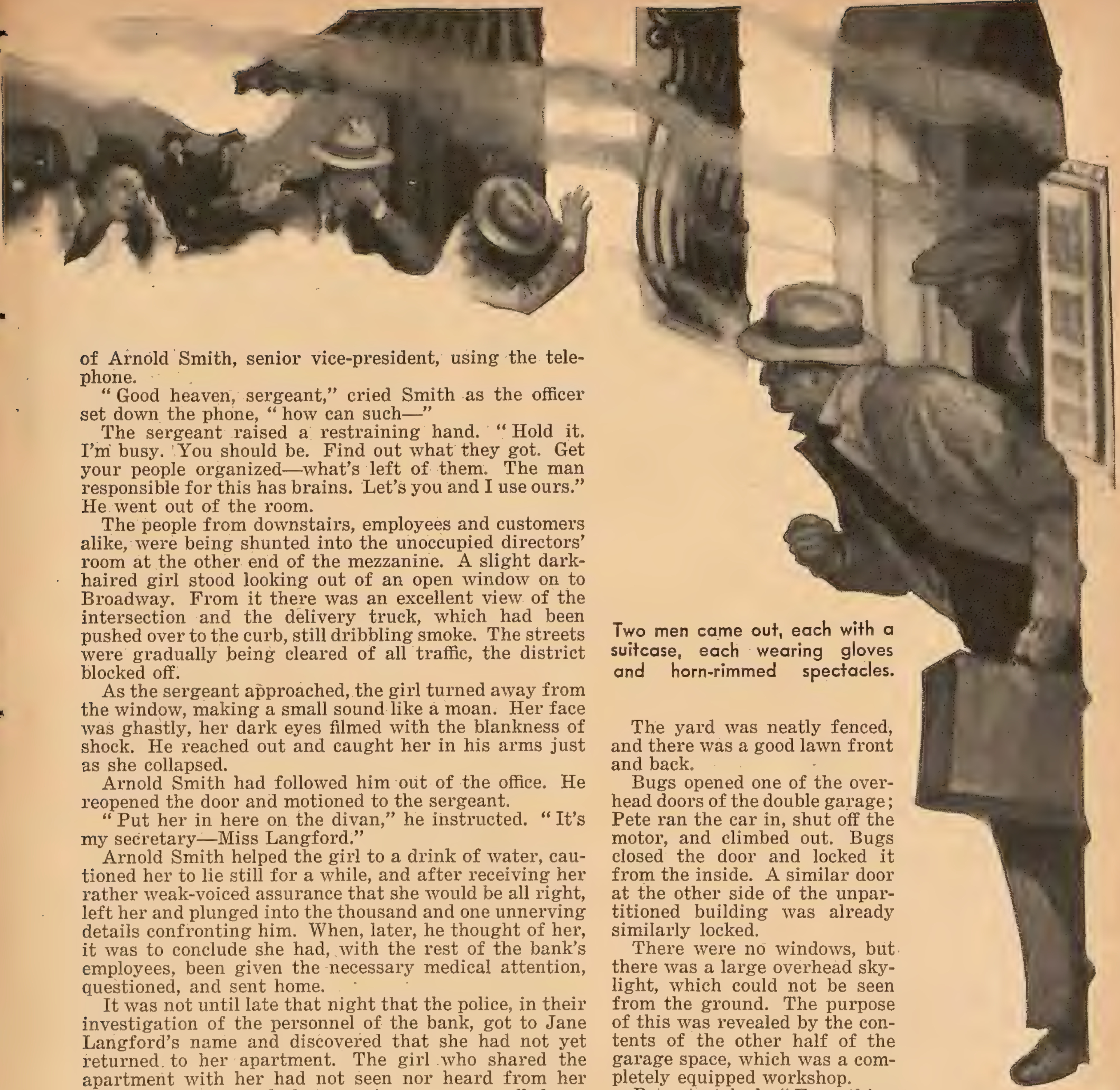
" Hell, no! I—"

" But you shot off your mouth again! " Pete's thick lips thinned in anger. " Bugs, you put a button on that lip of yours, or I know a way to do it for you."

. . . . .

In the bank the ventilating fans and blowers were speeded up so that within a few minutes of the robbery it was almost free of fumes. On the floor were strewn the bodies of the dead and seriously wounded. Those slightly injured or merely gassed were being herded by the police up the stairs to the mezzanine floor, where emergency measures might be administered pending the arrival of ambulances.

A grim-faced police sergeant was up there in the office



Two men came out, each with a suitcase, each wearing gloves and horn-rimmed spectacles.

of Arnold Smith, senior vice-president, using the telephone.

"Good heaven, sergeant," cried Smith as the officer set down the phone, "how can such—"

The sergeant raised a restraining hand. "Hold it. I'm busy. You should be. Find out what they got. Get your people organized—what's left of them. The man responsible for this has brains. Let's you and I use ours." He went out of the room.

The people from downstairs, employees and customers alike, were being shunted into the unoccupied directors' room at the other end of the mezzanine. A slight dark-haired girl stood looking out of an open window on to Broadway. From it there was an excellent view of the intersection and the delivery truck, which had been pushed over to the curb, still dribbling smoke. The streets were gradually being cleared of all traffic, the district blocked off.

As the sergeant approached, the girl turned away from the window, making a small sound like a moan. Her face was ghastly, her dark eyes filmed with the blankness of shock. He reached out and caught her in his arms just as she collapsed.

Arnold Smith had followed him out of the office. He reopened the door and motioned to the sergeant.

"Put her in here on the divan," he instructed. "It's my secretary—Miss Langford."

Arnold Smith helped the girl to a drink of water, cautioned her to lie still for a while, and after receiving her rather weak-voiced assurance that she would be all right, left her and plunged into the thousand and one unnerving details confronting him. When, later, he thought of her, it was to conclude she had, with the rest of the bank's employees, been given the necessary medical attention, questioned, and sent home.

It was not until late that night that the police, in their investigation of the personnel of the bank, got to Jane Langford's name and discovered that she had not yet returned to her apartment. The girl who shared the apartment with her had not seen nor heard from her since she left for work that morning; no one recalled seeing her leave the bank after the robbery.

PETE drove from Alameda to Atlantic, a distance of about five miles, by a back route on which there was, during the day, a great deal of local heavy-truck traffic, and to which traffic patrols paid little attention. Even so, they passed two radio cars and several motorcycle police.

They followed Atlantic north about a mile to the Union Pacific underpass at Telegraph Road and immediately on the other side of the tracks turned east into a thinly built-up outlying residential district. There they pulled up to the curb before a good-sized bungalow set by itself in the middle of a long block.

Bugs got out of the car and went up the drive to the porch, while Pete kept the motor running. Before he could try the door it was opened from within. He stepped inside for a minute, and Pete could hear him talking and the sound of a radio turned low. Then Bugs came back out, motioned to him, and walked up the driveway toward the rear. Pete backed the car out from the curb and drove in.

The yard was neatly fenced, and there was a good lawn front and back.

Bugs opened one of the overhead doors of the double garage; Pete ran the car in, shut off the motor, and climbed out. Bugs closed the door and locked it from the inside. A similar door at the other side of the unpartitioned building was already similarly locked.

There were no windows, but there was a large overhead skylight, which could not be seen from the ground. The purpose of this was revealed by the contents of the other half of the garage space, which was a completely equipped workshop.

Pete stretched. "Everything all right? Who's in the house?"

"The kid. Listenin' to the radio. I could smell liquor on him, but he's hid the bottle, the damn little punk."

Pete murmured, "Wonder if his lordship made it all right," and looked at his watch. It was exactly 1.30.

Bugs spared him a half-contemptuous glance. "Did he ever slip?"

"Nope." Pete raised the tonneau cover. They looked silently at the two suitcases revealed and at each other.

"Sweet!" Pete grinned.

"Yeah!" Bugs snapped. "Sweet! And now what the hell we goin' to do with it?"

"Got it all planned, ain't we?"

"We *had* it all planned!" bitterly. "If I had that—"

"Look, Bugs. You got a head—see? But all you do is make a noise with it. If you knew as much about motors as you been claimin', you wouldn't've bought the pile of junk that old baby turned out to be. We wanted an old one, sure—but not a wreck. It's a damned good thing it went to pieces down here and not in the Pass tonight. We'll get a truck. But"—he tapped his broad chest significantly—"*I'll* get it this time. Now, let's get at them tires."

Two used but good truck casings stood against the wall near the workbench; tubes, rims, and tools were piled near by.

Pete took off his coat and vest. The act revealed the harness of a gun clip under his left armpit. He got out a penknife and cut a slit about five inches long in each tube. Bugs brought the suitcases over and set them down on the cement floor. He opened one. It was completely filled with paper money in neat packets bound with bank wrappers.

Pete grinned, lifted soulful eyes to Bugs' sardonic face, sighed and shook his head as he went back to work.

ROBERT RAY

Of himself our new author says: "I was born August 29, 1903, in a little country village in the Thumb District of Michigan. At twenty-four I asked a very lovely girl to marry me. I worked in an office. Then I discovered that writing was a job. When I got home in the evenings I'd eat dinner, read the funny paper to Bobbie, my boy, and then go to bed about seven thirty. When my wife went to bed, about eleven, she'd wake me and then I'd drink coffee and write until daylight."

One tube accommodated the contents of one suitcase. Then Pete repaired the slit with two large patches, one overlapping the other. He fastened a pump hose into the valve, straightened, and motioned to his dour companion. "Take it away, kid! It'll do you good."

With enough air in the tube to round out the rubber, they managed to get it, unwieldy and awkward, into one of the casings, and went to work on the rim. By the time the job was completed both were red-faced and perspiring and considerably soiled; but it was a good job.

"Get some more air into that," Pete puffed, pulling out a crumpled cigarette package, "an' show me the bright copper that'll guess it ain't just a spare."

Bugs said nothing but his ill temper was plainly evident.

"Holy baldhead!" Pete complained. "How's a guy to get up enthusiasm for his work with you around? You ever laughed in your life?"

"I'm laughin' now, you damn fool!" Bugs snarled.

Pete eyed him soberly. "Keepin' it a secret from your face?"

The younger man swung furiously on him. "I'm gettin' sick of your damned smart cracks! We're workin' together because we both got somethin'—"

"Mine's brains," Pete interjected mildly.

"Yeah? An' mine's guts!"

"Your guts," Pete said, "look like a tommy gun to me."

THE tall sober-faced Englishman, addressed by his companions as Albert, or the Duke, left the bus at the corner of Garfield, and walked south four blocks to Hereford Drive.

The district was very sparsely built up, and the house he approached was separated by a long block from its nearest neighbor in any direction. He was still a hundred feet from the house when a yellow cab drew up from the other direction and stopped in front. A woman, apparently quite young, got out, spoke to the driver, and hurried across the lawn to the house. The cab waited.

The Duke knew this must be young Jim Langford's sister, which presented numerous and dangerous possibilities.

He continued his leisurely progress up the street, neither hesitating nor hurrying, passed the cab, turned in at the driveway, and stepped up on the porch, where he used a passkey and quietly entered.

The front door opened directly into the living room. Two people confronted him as he came in: young Langford and the girl. Langford's face was flushed, his eyes were wide, his fair hair was tousled. It did not require the evidence of the half-empty pint whisky bottle on the end table to show he had been drinking. The girl's face was pale, her dark eyes bright and hard; there was defiance in every line of her trim figure.

Albert exclaimed, in the rising drawl habitual to him: "Hello—hello! Nice seeing you again, Miss Langford! Noticed your cab as I came along."

The girl demanded hardly: "Where are the rest?"

"Pardon?" He looked up from a momentary concentration on the placing of his hat on the radio cabinet.

"The rest of the gang! The other two murderers!"

"Jane!" young Langford protested, shooting a fearful glance at the Englishman. "Don't! They're in the—"

"Quiet!" Albert commanded, and soberly eyed the girl. "Sorry, Miss Langford. Awfully sorry!"

"Sorry?" she flared bitterly.

"Sorry you found out. This drags you into it. I'd rather not."

The boy protested.

"Oh, be still!" Albert said, not looking at him. "*Do* be still!"

"Jim's coming with me," the girl told him, and he saw she held an automatic revolver not quite concealed by her handbag. She leveled it. "We're going now! Get out of the way!"

Albert did not move. He told her quietly: "Jim is in this, Miss Langford. So are you—unwittingly, unjustly, but definitely. You hold a position at the bank; your brother helped rob the bank. The police will think we had inside information, and there's evidence, false but strong, against you."

HER lips curled in contempt. "Brave men! Clever men! You shoot down women with machine guns, and now you threaten me with prison." Her voice hardened, steadied. "Jim had nothing to do with the robbery. He helped build the truck, that's all. He didn't know what it would be used for. He didn't do anything else. Unless you get out of our way I'll kill you and give the gun to Jim. He'll be a hero; he'll be free of your hold on him—and he'll be a hero."

She raised the gun another inch and took a step forward. "We're going out!"

There was an arch between the living and dining rooms. The kitchen door was directly opposite this arch. Bugs had been standing in the kitchen doorway several moments, watching the scene through narrowed sardonic eyes. Pete was looking over his shoulder. Albert had been aware of this from the first; the boy and the girl had not.

"Yeah," Bugs said. "He'll be a hero—a dead one!"

The girl started and looked wildly over her shoulder. Albert took two quick steps in her direction.

"Drop that popgun!" Bugs growled. "*Drop* it!"

Instead, she started to raise it again. Albert struck her smartly across the wrist with the edge of his hand, and her fingers opened. And Bugs, who had followed up his command, put spread fingers against her chest and shoved violently, so that she fell backward into a chair. Then he took one more step, and with a vicious grimace slapped Jim Langford backhanded across the face, knocking him against the wall.

"You damned slobbering punk!" he gritted.

He snapped the load out of the small automatic he'd picked up from the floor. He glowered at the Englishman.

"Everything's gone screwy!" He angrily flung the emptied gun on to the davenport. "We can't get the truck, and the damn town's lousy with cops!"

"What did you expect?" said the Duke. "Knocking down a woman and striking a boy"—the vaguely inattentive eyes considered Langford's chalk-white face and trembling lips, where he cowered against the wall—"a boy who you know won't strike back—isn't helping matters."

"Look at him!" Bugs raged. "He's got himself swacked up. And he's been spillin' his guts to his sister!"

"No—he hadn't the time. I'll wager Miss Langford recognized the truck as the one on which Jim was working the evening she was here. Am I right, Miss Langford?"

The girl nodded dumbly.

Pete had remained in the dining-room archway, his heavy-lidded eyes shuttling back and forth from face to face. Now he demanded of Albert:

"Does *she* work in the bank?" And at the affirmative nod his coarse features darkened with anger. "Why the hell ain't you there, then?" he demanded. "How'd you get away?"

She glanced up at him in loathing but said nothing.

"Speak up!" he commanded roughly. "Anybody know you came here?"

She answered, unwillingly: "No."

"You tell anybody about the truck?"

The reply was low: "No. I had to see Jim first."

Albert interjected: "Jim told me, after Miss Langford left here that evening, that nobody in this part of the country knows they are related, or even acquainted. I didn't realize it at the time, because I didn't know, then, where she was employed, but I suppose his—ah—trouble—might have injured her standing at the bank."

"You understand a hell of a lot!" Pete growled. "*I* didn't know a damn thing about it!"

"I attached no importance to the little I did know until today. While filling out a deposit slip at the counter, just before the excitement started, I noticed her walking across the mezzanine, and of course recognized her. But it was then far too late to do anything about it."

Bugs snapped threateningly at young Langford: "What the hell d'you mean—holding out on us?"

"Oh, stop it!" Albert protested wearily. "You both know quite well Jim was not in our confidence. There was no reason for him telling us about his sister. The thing has happened, due to our own carelessness; now let's make the best of it."

Gradually Pete's expression changed.

"I've got it!" He enumerated items with the index finger of his right hand in the palm of the left: "We got to have a truck. We don't dare touch a hot one. We don't dare use one that ain't known, that might be investigated—so buyin' one's out. We got to have a truck that's got a home. We went to a hell of a lot of trouble renting that store in Victorville and makin' a half dozen trips with that old wreck of ours to give it a background; now that's washed up because the champ truck driver here"—indicating Bugs with a jab of his thumb—"let it fall apart on us. Here's what we do: We get one on a regular freight run, one that's known all along the line."

ALBERT objected: "If the truck is known, the driver is known."

"Sure!" Pete heartily agreed. "That's what makes it good! Oh—with a gat at his head, an' knowin' what kind of passengers he's got, he ain't goin' to give us away. Don't worry about that!"

"How we goin' to get it?" Bugs demanded skeptically.

"Send for it." He chuckled but sobered quickly. "Duke, that taxi driver has seen you already. You go pay him off an' tell him your—make it your wife won't be needin' him any more."

Then he crossed into the dining room and to one of the bedrooms, and, by the time Albert had dismissed the driver and returned, had reappeared with a heavy blanket wound several times around his right hand and arm.

"Sometimes," he admitted cheerfully, "I surprise myself. Duke, will you just stand close to the little lady now, in case this here trick kind of startles her? You"—he motioned Jim Langford—"come here, kid."

Jane sprang up. "What are you going to do to him?" She was restrained by the tall Englishman.

Jim Langford hung back, badly frightened, expecting he knew not what from these men who had turned suddenly from friendly employers into grinning, ruthless enemies. Pete reached out with his unencumbered left hand, grabbed his arm, and jerked him up in front of him.

"Jim," he chided, "don't you want to help your old pals?"

The scared boy stammered: "Why, sure! Sure, Pete!"

"Now there—see?" Pete looked to the others as though for vindication while the fingers of his left hand pressed and probed with bruising force the muscles and flesh of Jim's right shoulder. The fingers steadied on one spot; he took his left hand away, and the blanket-wrapped right moved a fraction of an inch higher. There was a barking, muffled sound and the smell of burning cloth.

JIM LANGFORD cried out and reeled backward. Jane Langford started up, horrified. Albert restrained her, one hand covering her mouth.

Pete watched Jim curiously. The boy collapsed to the floor in a sitting position, his body rocking backward and forward in an ecstasy of pain.

At the shot, Bugs had jumped to his feet. Now he grabbed Pete by the shoulder and swung him around. "Are you nuts? What the hell d'you plug that kid for—here?"

Pete grinned, opened his mouth to speak, but instead jerked his arm, cursed, and flung off the smoldering blanket. Bugs stamped on it. Albert picked it up and carried it to the kitchen sink, turned on the water, and came back into the living room.

Jane Langford had fallen to her knees beside her brother. "Jim!" she cried. "Jim! Are you badly hurt?"

"Aw," Pete scornfully reassured her, sucking the burned spot on his finger, "he ain't hurt! Didn't you see how careful I was to miss the bone?"

She flung up her head, eyes blazing through helpless tears. "You—you damned—"

"Tsk-tsk!" Pete winked at Albert and Bugs. "We'll take good care of Jim, girlie; you hustle out now an' get the truck."

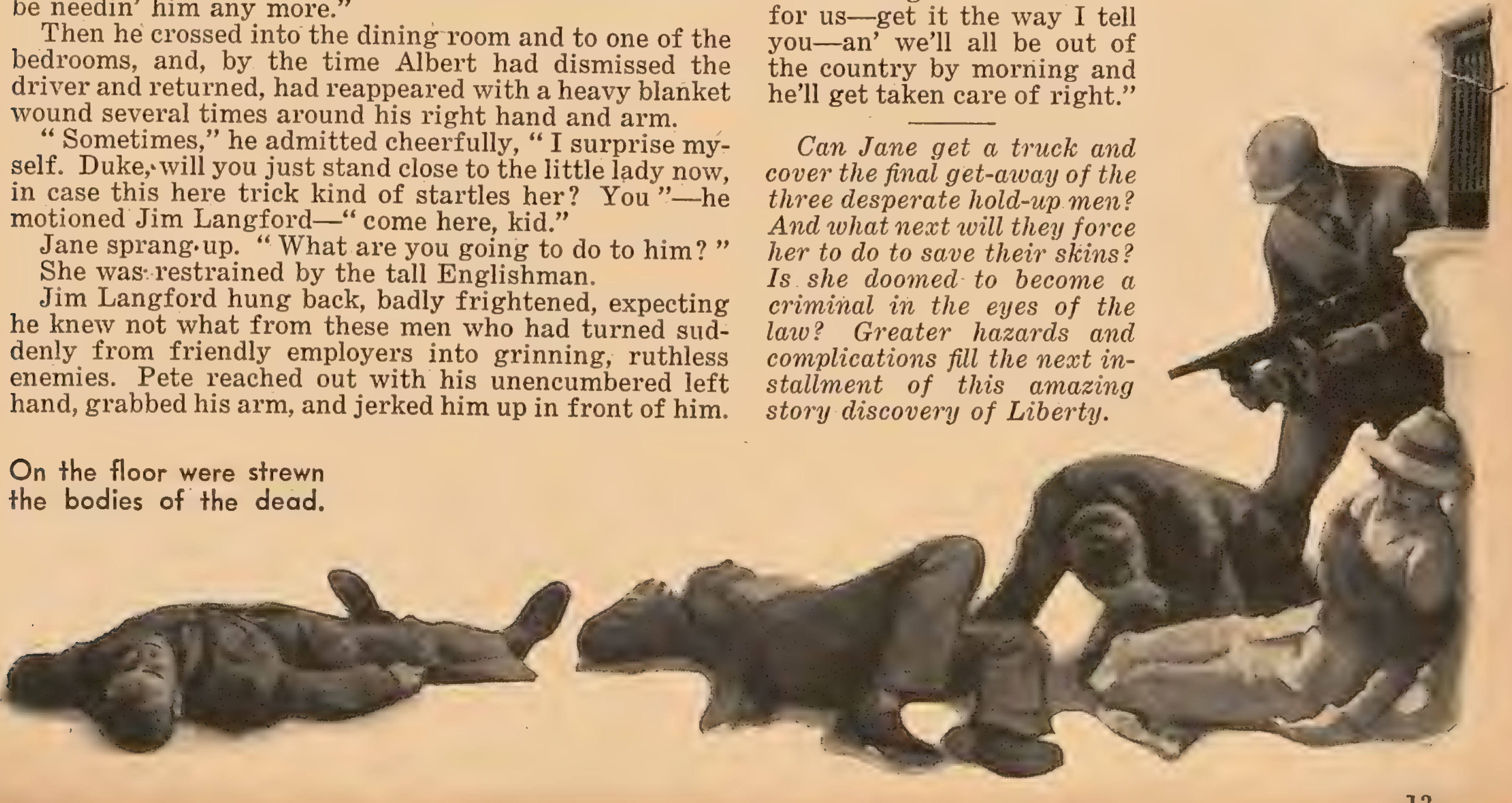
Stark amazement erased the wrath from her eyes. "Truck!" she gasped.

Pete grinned. "Sure! What you was sayin' when we come in kind of hurt me. Made me feel like we'd left Jim, here, out of things—like he wasn't one of the boys. But I've fixed that now. Why, Jim got shot in the bank, helpin' his pals." The grin vanished. "You tell the coppers different, if you want. They'll be needin' a good laugh about now."

"You devil!" the girl gasped. "You grinning, ugly mad dog!"

"I oughta slap you cockeyed for that!" He scowled. Then, with pitiless calculation: "The kid needs a doctor; pretty quick he'll need one a lot worse. Call one here, an' he hangs. Get the truck for us—get it the way I tell you—an' we'll all be out of the country by morning and he'll get taken care of right."

Can Jane get a truck and cover the final get-away of the three desperate hold-up men? And what next will they force her to do to save their skins? Is she doomed to become a criminal in the eyes of the law? Greater hazards and complications fill the next installment of this amazing story discovery of Liberty.



On the floor were strewn the bodies of the dead.

Could the Next Pope Be

The answer to an oft-heard question: Why a thought-provoking possibility is not likely to become a reality

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

DEAR EDITOR: When His Holiness Pope Pius XI was reported so ill last spring, the thought occurred to me, "If he dies, why couldn't we have an American Pope?" Ever since, at odd intervals, I've asked myself and my friends the same question. Must an Italian cardinal be chosen? Is there some rule about that? Haven't our American cardinals a chance? Understand, I hope the present Pope lives many more years, but I am curious.

THIS is typical of scores of letters recently opened in the offices of Liberty. Apparently thousands of people all over the country are interested in the possibility of an American Pope.

The possibility, at best, is vague.

There is no rule that an Italian cardinal must be elected to the Holy See. The successful candidate need not be a cardinal. He may not even be a priest. Any Catholic layman could become Pope. That is, legally.

However, it is almost certain the successor to Pius XI will be a cardinal and an Italian.

The Sacred Conclave of Cardinals, which elects the Pope, take many things into consideration. If they elect a German they may antagonize France, they fear. If they elect an American there may be bad feeling in the British Empire, because so many American Catholics are opposed to England.

The Italian cardinals are not so nationally minded, as a rule. Many of them, like the present Pope, who was Papal Nuncio to Warsaw, have served in other countries, and are therefore better qualified to view world affairs objectively.

The Vatican is always seeking young priests to train in diplomacy. These, after long and careful preparation, are usually placed in important positions in the Vatican or in foreign countries. Obviously, one of these men is better qualified to take over the cosmopolite and complex duty of the papacy than one whose thought and training have been along merely national lines.

The cardinals realize this, and vote accordingly. Incidentally, the majority of the trained church diplomats are Italians. Since the end of the sixteenth century only Italians have been chosen as successors of St. Peter. There is no reason to believe the precedent will be broken at the next election.

When a Pope dies all the cardinals are summoned to the conclave, which convenes a week or ten days later. They come from all over the earth, and are shut up in the Vatican, the largest palace in the world, until they have elected one of their number to the Chair of St. Peter. They are given quarters surrounding the Sistine Chapel. Each cardinal may take with him into the conclave one secretary and one servant.

Besides these there are the sacristan, the general secretary of the conclave, the marshal, a dozen or more cooks, some waiters, two or three doctors, and watchmen, firemen, barbers, and other workmen.

Once the doors are closed, these persons may not leave until the new Pope has been elected. They may have no communication with the outer world. Laundry may be sent out and food and medicine may be brought in through a window in a door—a window with a revolving shelf built into it.

The conclave begins with Mass in the chapel, celebrated by the cardinal dean. There are two ballots each day, one in the forenoon, one in the afternoon. Balloting continues until one candidate receives a two-thirds majority of the votes. Voting is held in the chapel; and the ballots are burned after every vote.

So long as the ballots fail of election they are mixed with straw or wet hay before they are burned, and a little tow is added so that the smoke rising from the chimney will be black.

When a two-thirds majority has been reached, the successful candidate is asked if he agrees to be Pope. On giving his consent and telling the name by which he will thereafter be known, he is clothed in papal vestments and receives the homage of the cardinals. They kiss his hands and his feet, and the cardinal chamberlain puts on his finger the Fisherman's ring.

Meantime the final ballots are burned—and nothing that will make black smoke is mixed with them. The smoke will be white. And the tens of thousands of people outside will know that a new hand guides the destinies of the Church.

The crowds outside St. Peter's at such times are the most colorful to be seen—peasants in donkey carts, patricians in limousines with uniformed flunkies waiting on them, monks of all kinds, soldiers, tourists, artists with their easels, photographers, policemen, journalists, barefooted children.

Here you may see such a donkey cart as you will find only in Sicily, painted a dozen gaudy colors and bearing sacred and profane pictures on each panel. The donkey will be small and covered with red pompons and tarnished silver bells. And there may be a big family living in the cart, waiting patiently for the white-smoke signal.

There are sure to be the tunics and sashes of dozens of different orders of monks, white tunics and red sashes, black tunics and green sashes, red tunics and purple sashes. There are sure to be the uniforms of many Italian regiments—gorgeous uniforms, sometimes topped with the feathers of the Bersaglieri. There will be families who have brought their blankets as well as their food and wine. There will be a few who have even brought their cots—so that they can sleep through the night in the square.

Twice a day black smoke goes up from the chimney, and now and then there's a spiral of white smoke from another chimney, which sets the watchers to running forward, crying out in hundreds of different dialects and tongues, "They've elected a new Pope!"

But the right chimney is easily distinguished. It is a narrow metal cylinder, bent at an angle. How many times it has belched out white smoke to bless the populace nobody seems to know.

The white smoke goes up into the sweet blue sky, and thousands of people roar and hurry toward the narrow entrance of the church or to the balcony of the Basilica. There is always confusion here, struggle, pain, violence, men and women fainting. Nuns are close by in first-aid stations to care for those who are hurt. And troops are there, and the papal servants with red liveries rich with gold embroideries, and Swiss Guards in their medieval costumes, with pikes and swords.

The men in red and gold appear on the central balcony over the main door of the Basilica and hang out the large cloth of white satin adorned with the papal arms and

an American?

edged with red velvet. This is an awful, an exquisite moment.

The white smoke and the hanging of the white cloth from the balcony have announced the election of a new pontiff.

But who is he? Is he Italian? Is he French or Spanish or German, or American, or English?

Oh, it is true that for more than three hundred years every Pope has been an Italian. But it is possible the rule may be broken this time. Anything is possible. And the Roman populace usually has its own favorite candidates for the papacy. Will the new Pope be one of them? Which one?

After a while the shouting will die, the disorder subside. Presently the dean of the cardinals will come out on to the balcony accompanied by other cardinals. He will carry the spear-headed pontifical silver cross in his right hand. Now the identity of the new Pope will be made known.

As the name is spoken, the new Pope will come into view dressed entirely in white, in splendid contrast to the cardinals in their crimson robes, and—while the pontifical cross is held over his head—he will turn to the north, the east, the south, and the west and give his first blessing—"*urbi et orbi*"—to the city and the world. On the lower of his two extended fingers, as they are lifted in benediction, you can see the ring—the Fisherman's ring.

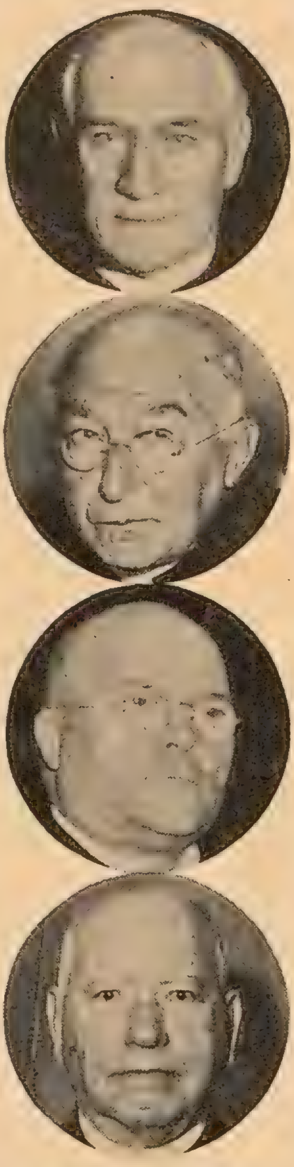
Every man and woman and child will be on his knees, waiting that blessing.

Now hear the bells of St. Peter's ring out and listen to all the other bells of the city answer. See the troops present arms. Watch the pilgrims rise, weeping, laughing, shouting, praying, hugging each other, throwing up their arms, throwing up their hats.

You may even hear a bray of joy from the patient little donkey attached to the Sicilian cart—and your imagination may hear bells ringing all over the Christian world, and choirs chanting "*Te deum laudamus,*" while candlelights glint on stained-glass windows.

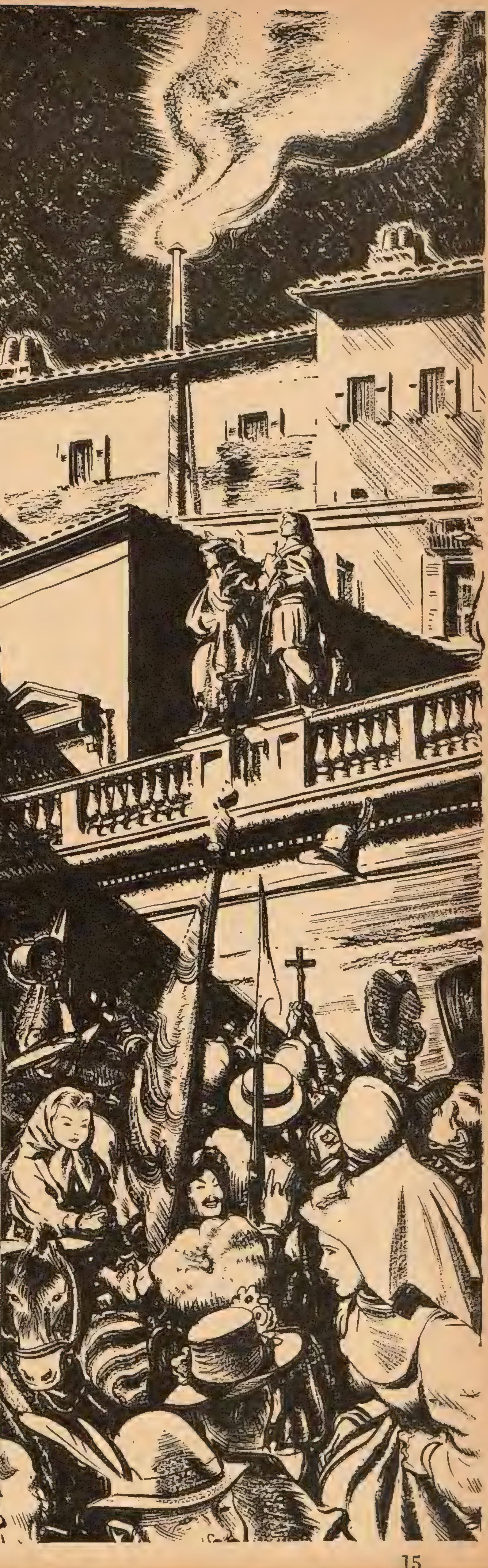
Many tourists will return to their homes after this, but others will linger in the city to see the pomp and splendor of the coronation, and to gain an audience, if possible, with the new Pope, so they may bring back to their friends and relatives medals and scapulars and rosaries and prayer books he has blessed.

THE END



Will one of these Americans become Pope? From top to bottom they are Cardinals Hayes, Mundelein, Dougherty, and O'Connell.

Ballots are burned.



Fortune beckons Mr. Beed

BY WALTER BROOKS

For husbands—the chucklesome story of a trick that came home to roost

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

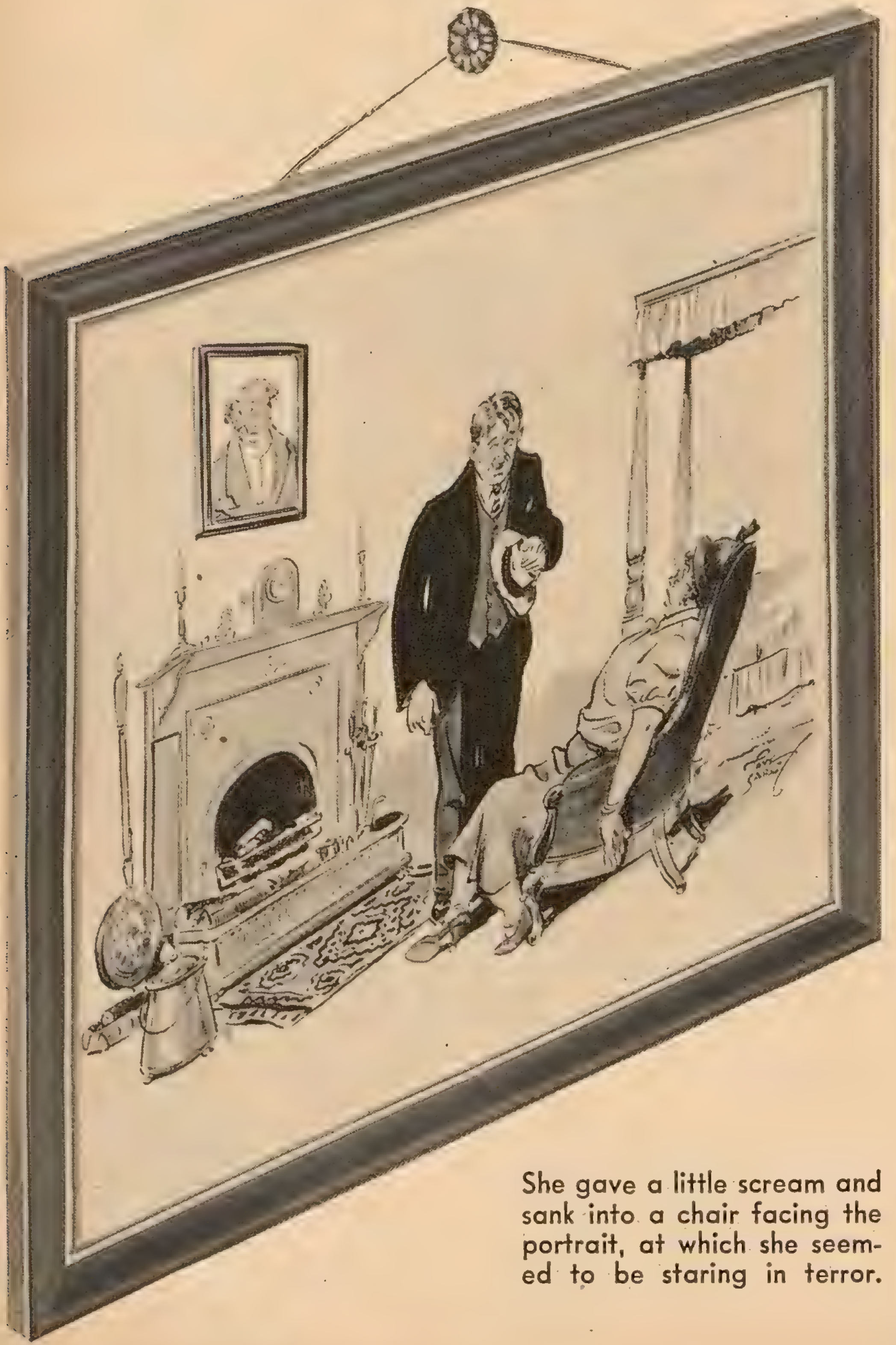
ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WELL, it was a year or so ago during the Tercentenary, when the people of Connecticut got out their ancestors and dusted them off and put them in the front windows, that this happened. There was a Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Beed who lived in Dorset, which is down Lyme way, in a salt-box house full of churns and powder horns and warming pans. The house had been built in 1692 or maybe it was 1776 by Captain Barnabas Beed, who had made a fortune in the China trade. That can't be right, because the China trade came later. I guess I have got the genealogy a little mixed. But anyway there *was* a Captain Barnabas Beed in the China trade. Maybe he was the grandson of the first Captain Barnabas, who probably wasn't a captain.

Well, anyway, he made a fortune, and mistrusting banks he buried the bulk of it somewhere about the place. He didn't tell his wife where he buried it, either. And so when he went off to sea again and his bark, the Lonesome Libby, went down with all hands in a typhoon, his wife and children were left pretty darn near penniless.

Well, Mrs. Beed supported herself by doing plain sewing, or maybe it was crewelwork, and she dug around the house in likely places and pulled bricks out of the well and the chimney and so on, but she never found the money. So she brought up the children the best way she could and then died.

Well, there's no need of going into the family history because I'd only get it mixed up again. Even Mr. Wilson Beed has to refer to a sort of chart when he talks about it. Some of the family went West and some went to New York, and they had children and died and made money and lost it, and the upshot of the whole thing was Mr. Wilson Beed, who at the time of the Tercentenary was the only Beed left. He lived in the old house which the family had somehow managed to keep, although they had long ago given up all belief in the treasure.



She gave a little scream and sank into a chair facing the portrait, at which she seemed to be staring in terror.

Now Mr. Beed was not very well off but he was pretty happy. He wrote adventure stories for boys, and as he had never visited any of the wild places he wrote about, he was able to make them seem very exciting and glamorous, and so the stories sold fairly well. He was able to support a wife and a 1930 car and a Gordon setter named Captain, if not in luxury, at least in a sort of comfortable squalor.

Well, one day an antique dealer who lived down the road stopped in. His name was Rennie and he was a slick article. "Say, Mr. Beed," he said, "I've been up to the Burnham place looking over the stuff that's to be auctioned Saturday and I found something I thought you'd like to know about."

"Say, listen," said Mr. Beed. "I've got a houseful of antiques now, and what good do they do me?"

"I'll buy 'em off you any time you want to sell," said Mr. Rennie, "and anyway this is different; this is a portrait of Captain Barnabas Beed."

"I wouldn't know whether it was or not," said Mr. Beed, "for there aren't any pictures of him."

"I remember you told me once there wasn't," said Mr. Rennie, "but what if I tell you his name and the date 1839 is on the back of the frame?"

"Well, what if you do?" said Mr. Beed, and Mr. Rennie said: "Well, gosh, what more do you want? One of your folks married a Burnham, didn't he? And if you want to drive over and look at the picture you can judge for yourself whether he's a Beed or not. I just stopped to tell you—it's nothing to me."

Well, this began to interest Mr. Beed, and he said: "I might drive over. But suppose by some incredible chance I should want it."

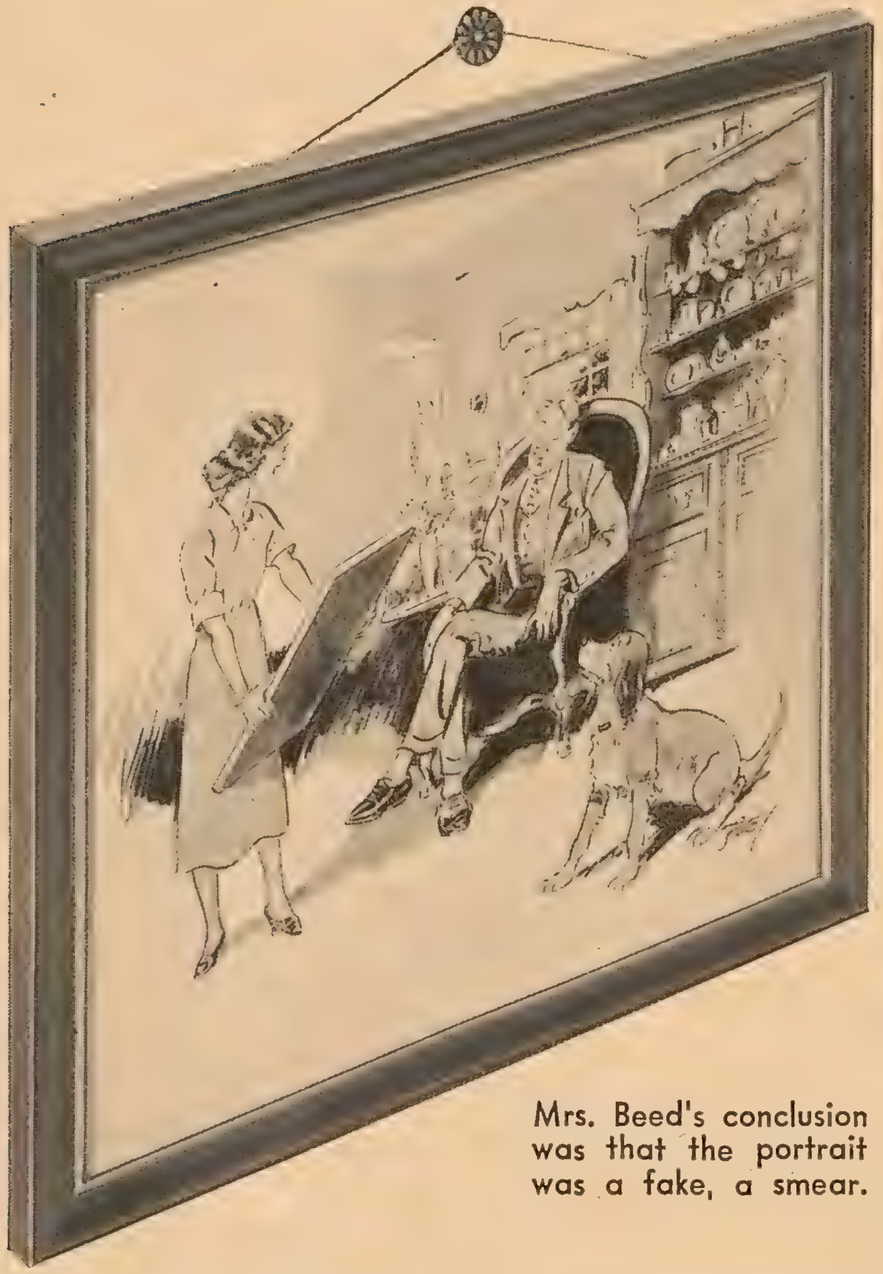
"The executor's Judge Windle," said Mr. Rennie. "He might let it go to you before the sale. If you wait, with dealers there and all, it might run up pretty high—$300 or more."

"It's out of the question, then," said Mrs. Beed, speaking for the first time.

"Yes, I guess it is," said Mr. Beed. "But I might look at it."

Now, Mrs. Beed had the kind of dreamy romantic prettiness that made you think she'd be easy to get along with, and indeed she was if you did what she wanted you to. If you didn't she put her foot down. She put it down now.

"See here, Wilson," she said; "you're not going to use the automobile money to buy any old portrait and don't think you are."



Mrs. Beed's conclusion was that the portrait was a fake, a smear.

"Oh, what's the matter with you!" said Mr. Beed. "I haven't even seen the thing yet."

"Well, I know how you are," said Mrs. Beed, "and family pride is all very well, but if you let that crook Rennie persuade you into buying it—" And she stopped and left the threat blank, which was always more effective with Mr. Beed because of his imagination.

But at the moment Mr. Beed's imagination was busy wondering what old Captain Barnabas had really looked like, so he just grunted and went out and got in the car and started for the Burnham place. The car was pretty old. At 25 it began to smell and at 32 it boiled and at 36 it blew gaskets and burned out bearings and sometimes froze tight. Conversation was impossible in it at any speed. It generated such intense heat that the Beeds sometimes thought it would be more economical to install it in the cellar in place of the furnace. They had saved up $230, and when they had $250 they intended to trade it in for a later and cooler model.

At the Burnham place Mr. Beed found Judge Windle and a scattering of dealers who muttered secretively, and summer residents who chattered the jargon of the antique shops, which has a practical value of minus three. And then he saw Mr. Rennie, and Mr. Rennie took him upstairs to see the portrait.

It was on the bedroom wall. "Looks like you, eh?" said Mr. Rennie.

"Most any two people look alike in a dark cellar," said Mr. Beed, "which is where this picture seems to have been painted."

"Clean it up and those colors'll come up as bright as the day they were put on," said Mr. Rennie.

"If that's any advantage," said Mr. Beed. "Well, where's the name?"

So Mr. Rennie lifted the canvas reverently down and turned it around, and sure enough, on the wood of the stretcher in faded brown ink were the words: "Captain Barnabas Beed 1839." Mr. Beed said "H'm" and took the picture over to the window. "It has the family look, sure enough," he said after a minute, and I must say I think it was a pretty brave thing to say, for in the light the face was that of a pretty villainous old party. But then that is almost a mark of authenticity in old New England portraits.

"Pity he can't speak and tell you where he hid the money," said Rennie.

"My private opinion is that he took it with him," said Mr. Beed, "and it went down with the Lonesome Libby. Probably told his wife he'd buried it to keep her occupied and out of mischief while he was away."

"Why don't you talk to the judge about it?" said Mr. Rennie, and then he turned and went downstairs.

Well, the more Mr. Beed looked at the picture the more family likeness he found in it. It would look swell over the mantel, he thought, instead of that cockeyed daub of Great-uncle Cephas. If I were only sure it was Barnabas, I could maybe go a hundred. And then he thought about Mrs. Beed and how she'd have to wait another year to trade in the car, and he shook his head and turned toward the door. And just as he did so a woman came in and began looking vaguely around.

WELL, she was rather plump and nearsighted, though young, and so Mr. Beed bowed slightly and started to go out. But suddenly she gave a little scream and sank into a chair facing the portrait, at which she seemed to be staring in terror.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Beed. "Are you ill? Is there anything I can do?"

"That man," whispered the woman, pointing at the picture. "That is the man I saw in my dream." And then she sat up and gave an embarrassed giggle and said: "Oh, thank you, I guess I'm all right; but it was—well, it was rather a shock."

"You saw him in a dream?" asked Mr. Beed.

"Oh, I did. It was only a couple of nights ago. I saw him as plainly as I see you. —Why, you look rather like him!" she exclaimed.

"Really?" said Mr. Beed. "That's interesting. But do tell me about it."

"Why, it was nothing much, really," she said. "It seemed to be a storm I was in, and then this face came close to me and I woke. It said something—"

"Can you remember what?"

"Yes, I think so. It was *Tell Sabra*—that isn't a name, is it? But anyway it was *Tell Sabra to look in the well.*"

"Really?" said Mr. Beed, and he was startled, for the name of Captain Barnabas' wife had been Sabra. Then he questioned the young woman, but she couldn't remember anything more. And then he asked her if she lived in the neighborhood, but she said she lived in Bridgeport and had stopped in out of curiosity as she was passing through on her way to Boston. So being a New Englander he didn't tell her how odd her dream really was, but asked her if she felt better, and she said she did, so he went downstairs and asked Judge Windle if he could buy the portrait before the auction.

The judge was an old friend of the family, and he said: "Well, as long as it's your ancestor I guess I'd be justified in taking it out of the auction. Though Rennie made me an offer for it yesterday and I told him he'd have to bid it in if he wanted it. Because there's a number of old portraits to be sold, and I understand four or five dealers are coming out from New York. They go for what they call these American primitives nowadays."

"Rennie wants it, does he?" said Mr. Beed. "That's funny, because he was the one that put me on to it."

"Probably thought he could sell it to you at a profit," said the judge. "He was the one that found Captain Barnabas' name on the back."

"Well, I'd give a hundred for it," said Mr. Beed.

"With all those dealers coming it wouldn't be fair to the owners to take so little," said the judge. "But if you can go to two fifty—"

"A hundred and a quarter," said Mr. Beed, and the judge climbed down a little way, and then Mr. Beed climbed up, and at last they met at $175. And Mr. Beed shoved the portrait into the car and steamed back home and into trouble.

Well, there's no sense repeating all that was said, but Mrs. Beed's final conclusion was that the portrait was a fake and a smear and not worth two dollars, and if Mr. Beed thought so little of her wishes and her comfort that he could spend the car money on such a thing because of some fat woman's dream, why then she was through and it was the last straw and the crowning insult and she hoped he'd go down the well to find his old treasure and never come up again. And then she went up and packed a bag and got in the car and drove off. At least she started to drive off, but the timer fell apart before she had got out of the gate, and to save her embarrassment Mr. Beed went for a walk.

HE passed the old well that Captain Barnabas had indicated to the young woman in her dream without looking at it. There was no use looking at it. Early Beeds had torn it apart stone by stone in their search. Just the same, said Mr. Beed to himself, that dream was a queer thing. Suppose the old boy did hide the money in the well. We don't know all that happened. Somebody outside the family might have found it and kept quiet about it, or seen him at work and stolen it. And how could a stranger get the name Sabra? He puzzled over it as he walked. But of one thing he was convinced: that portrait was the portrait of the old captain.

When he got home at seven the car was still by the gate, but Mrs. Beed was gone, and a note on the mantel said that she had telephoned to her cousin, Sybil Newnes, in Haddam, and Sybil and Henry had driven down for her. And it said that if he would get the car money back she would come home, but not until. And at the end it said: "Henry says your old picture is a phony. He says not only is it painted in the worst style of the seventies, but the name on the back is written in a kind of ink that was not made before 1900. So what does that make you?"

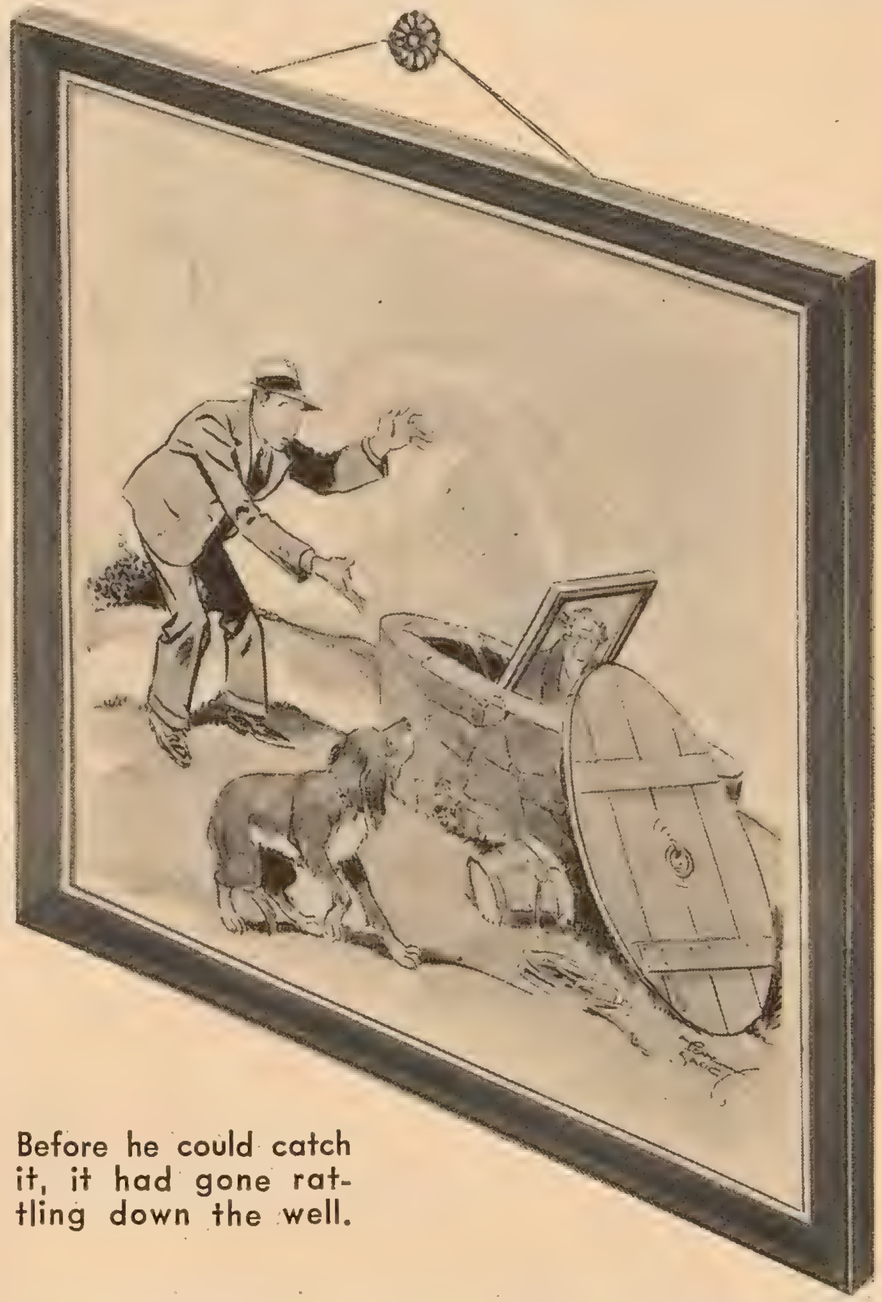
Well, one thing it made Mr. Beed was pretty darn nervous. For Mr. Newnes had once been chief chemist for an ink company and he certainly would know what he was talking about. On the other hand, what if the name *had* been written on in 1900? Wasn't it reasonable that the owner of the portrait, knowing who it was, might have written it on in 1900 or later so there'd be a record for posterity? Of course it was. He had supper and admired the portrait for a while, and then he took a walk with Captain, and then he read a book on cannibals until bedtime.

The next morning he tried to work, but the house seemed empty and queer without Mrs. Beed in it, so he wandered aimlessly around. He took the cover off the old well and looked down it, wondering if there ever had been a treasure, and then he ate a cooky, and then he went in and phoned the garageman to come up and put the timer together, and then he smoked a pipe and looked at the portrait. And at last he got a rag and some turpentine and took it to the porch and started to clean it.

Well, the picture was dirty all right. And as the dirt came off, two things became apparent. One was a railroad train in the background. And the other was a deduction from the first which made jelly of Mr. Beed's spine. He was a little weak on dates, but he did know enough to realize that chronologically Captain Barnabas Beed and the steam engine did not overlap. Whoever the morose old party was, he was not Captain Barnabas.

Mr. Beed threw down the rag and carried the portrait out into the full sunlight. Under his careful scrubbing some of the paint had loosened and flaked off, showing a pinkish underpainting. But it didn't matter. That obscene engine was what mattered, and it stood out strong and clear. With a groan Mr. Beed sank down on the curb of the old well. He had been stuck, and stuck good. The car money was gone, Mrs. Beed was gone, and now the old captain, for whom he had exchanged them, was gone too. Suddenly his rage flared up. With a loud yell he lifted the picture and slammed it down hard on the well curb.

But the frame was stronger and more resilient than he had expected. Instead of smashing, it bounced back, he lost his grip, and before he could catch it, it had gone rattling down the well. There was a faint splash, then silence. Mr. Beed sat looking after it for a moment. Then he got up, said, "The hell with it," pulled the cover over the well, and walked calmly back into the house.


Before he could catch it, it had gone rattling down the well.

And along came Mr. Rennie. He gave a toot on the horn and a swish through the gate, and Mr. Beed dashed out, thinking it might be Mrs. Beed back.

"It would have to be you!" he said disgustedly.

"Eh?" said Mr. Rennie. "Oh, ha-ha, yes—well, now look, Mr. Beed, about that portrait you bought—I been kind of worried about it."

"So you knew it was a fake, did you?" said Mr. Beed.

"A fake?" said Mr. Rennie. "You mean it *is* a fake?" And then as Mr. Beed just stared glumly at him he said: "Gosh, I got to thinking afterward about it—you know there was something about the brushwork that didn't look authentic for the date it was supposed to be painted."

"I don't know about the brushwork," said Mr. Beed, "but if that's Captain Barnabas, the guy that painted him must have been a seer or a prophet or something, for he got a steam engine into it." And he told Mr. Rennie about it.

Well, Mr. Rennie felt terrible. "Gosh," he said, "I got you into this and you got stung. It's all my fault. I should have spoken to you about that brushwork. Well, see here, Mr. Beed. I aim to pay for my mistakes, and I tell you what I'll do. I'll take it off your hands. What did you pay for it?"

"A hundred and seventy-five."

"Gosh," said Mr. Rennie. "Well, I'll give you a hundred and a quarter. That's fair, isn't it?"

"More than fair," said Mr. Beed. Indeed it was so much more that it was incredible. Particularly incredible to one brought up in New England where every third man is an antique dealer, and where if you own so much as an old ox yoke you have to mount a machine gun in the cupola to keep the dealers off. Mr. Beed knew dealers. He knew that any dealer who had bought something on which he could not make at least 300 per cent would pull down the shades of his shop and commit hara-kiri.

At this moment Mr. Beed's brain worked almost as swiftly as if he had been a dealer himself. It was a mystery why, if Rennie wanted the portrait, he had not kept quiet and bid it in at the auction. But the essential point was that he wanted it.

"That's damn decent of you, Rennie," said Mr. Beed. "But I can't let you suffer for my mistakes. And, you know, I've sort of got to liking the daub. Picturesque things, those old engines."

"You're damn decent yourself," said Rennie, "to take all the blame. But please don't pretend that you aren't stung, just to save my feelings. Gosh, Mr. Beed, I couldn't sleep a wink tonight if I thought about your spending all that money on a worthless picture that I recommended! Well, I'll give you just what you paid—$175."

"That's fine of you," said Mr. Beed. "Fine! But if it comes to that, how much do you suppose *I'd* sleep if I let you do it? No, no, Rennie! I appreciate your honesty, but I think it's a little overstrained. Let's just forget the whole thing."

"You make this very hard for me," said Mr. Rennie. "Sort of bidding against myself. But I'll go to $250. It's worth that to quiet my conscience."

"Cheap at twice the price," said Mr. Beed. "No, I'm joking, of course. I see what you mean. I'm making things difficult for you by holding out. Well—" He stopped and thought a minute. After all, $250 was a profit of $75, and more than what they needed for another car. And there was no use pushing Rennie too far. —And then suddenly he remembered the picture was down the well.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said. "I think I'll probably take your offer. Can't afford not to. But I'd like to sleep on it. I'll call you tomorrow morning and let you know yes or no."

Well, Mr. Rennie obviously didn't want to go without the picture, but just then the garageman came to fix the timer, so he said all right and left.

Mr. Beed didn't want to fish for the picture while the garageman was there, and he thought an hour or more in the water certainly wouldn't hurt it much, so he stood around watching, and when the timer was fixed they went for a little spin up the road. The timer hung together all right, but just as they were turning back a car passed them, and driving it was the plump popeyed young woman who had had the dream about Captain Barnabas.

Mr. Beed stepped on the brake, and the car whistled, shivered, and came to a bone-racking stop. "Did you see that girl?" said Mr. Beed.

"Sure," said the garageman, grinning. "She give you the eye?"

"Don't be a fool," said Mr. Beed. "I just wonder what she's doing around here. She was at the Burnhams' yesterday and said she was just passing through."

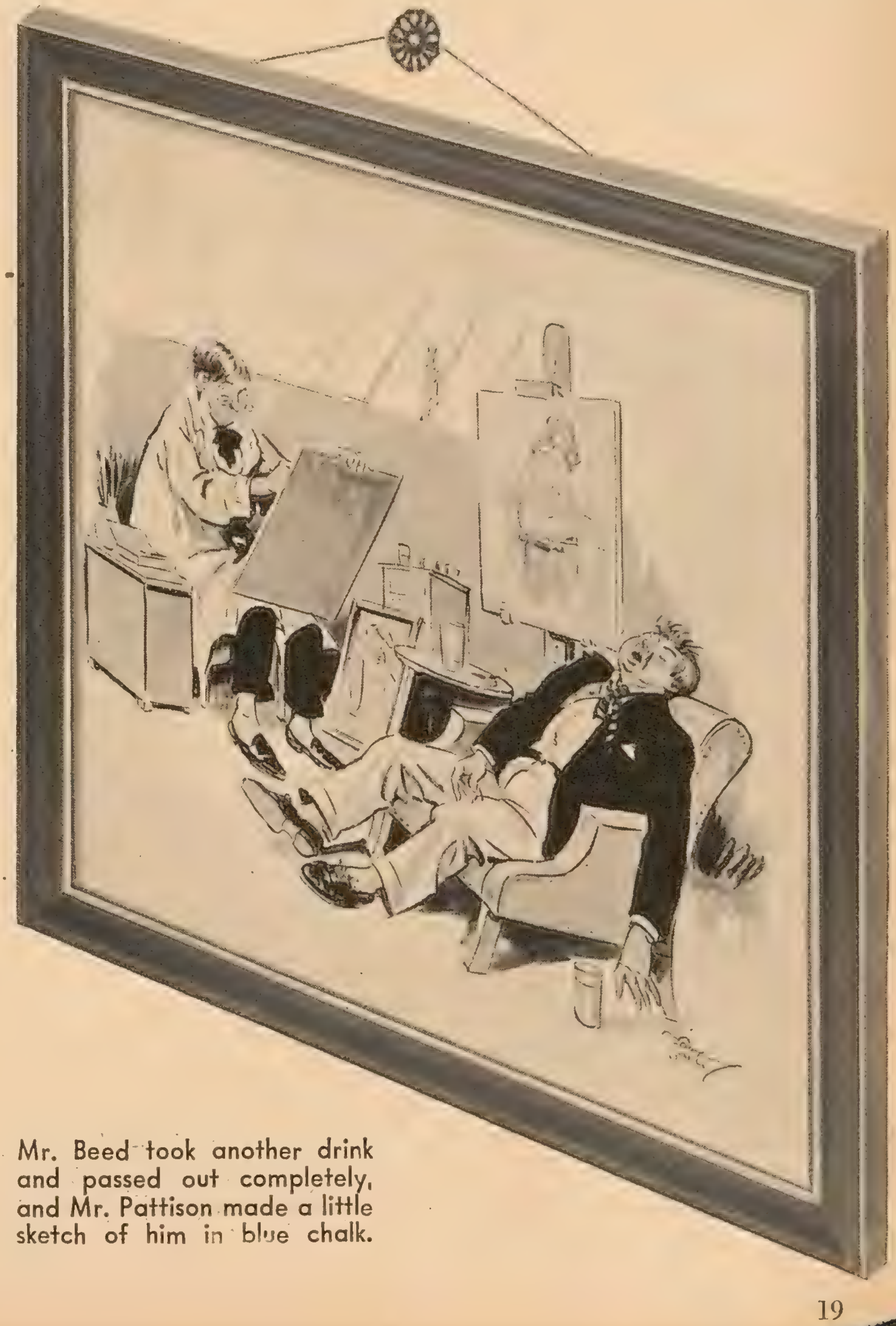
"Passing through nothing!" said the garageman. "She's old Rennie's niece. Been staying with him three-four days."

"Rennie's niece!" exclaimed Mr. Beed. And then he slammed in the clutch. "Hell, I've got to get home!"

So the dream was a fake too, said Mr. Beed to himself as he boiled recklessly over the road. Rennie certainly wanted that portrait. I wonder what the devil he's up to? He turned on the windshield wiper to clear the glass of the steam and hot water that fizzed out of the radiator, and as soon as he was inside the gate he jumped out, got rid of the garageman, and ran to the barn for something to fish with.

It took some fishing to get the portrait up, but he did finally. The water didn't seem to have harmed it. A few loosened bits of paint had flaked off, exposing more of that pink underpainting. He patted it dry with his handkerchief and laid it face up on the grass in the sun.

And then he gave a loud dramatic cry. For the sunlight, slanting across the wet surface, brought out something he hadn't noticed before—a pattern of slightly raised brush strokes under the brush strokes that had made the false Captain Barnabas, and having nothing to do with them. There was an underpainting, but it was not, as he had supposed when he had seen the pink color, part of the upper portrait. He could see the outline clearly—a head—larger than the other and placed



Mr. Beed took another drink and passed out completely, and Mr. Pattison made a little sketch of him in blue chalk.

higher; a head that was vaguely familiar too, with the square jaw and a little roll of hair over the ear.

So Mr. Beed took the picture and drove over to Lyme to see Prince Pattison. Mr. Pattison did portraits in pastel but he also knew a good deal about art. He took one look at the picture and then pushed Mr. Beed aside and propped it up on an easel and shifted it to get different lights. After a few minutes of that, he got out a magnifying glass and examined the exposed bits of underpainting, and compared them with some enlarged photographs of paintings in a big book. And then he went to the phone and called a New Haven number.

"Mr. Ducray, please. . . . Mr. Ducray? This is Pattison. I knew you were in New Haven today, and hoped I could catch you. . . . Yes, thank you. . . . What would you give for a Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington of the Vaughan type? Condition probably good as the one Wilkes found last year. . . . Eh? . . . Oh, come, this isn't a copy of the Athenaeum bust; it's an entirely different pose and— . . . Eh? Sure; it's in the studio now. . . . Well, yes, do that. . . . Sure, we'll be here." He hung up and turned to Mr. Beed. "Ducray'll come out. Lucky to catch him. Where on earth did you find this, Wilson?"

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Beed. "You mean to say this is a Stuart Washington?"

"Sure of it," said Mr. Pattison. "Take a look at that pink part that's exposed. That's the end of a nose, and it's nobody's nose but Washington's. There's the characteristic Stuart brushwork and color. And take the glass and compare the little cracks in the paint with those in these photographs. In the work of most painters you'll find that the cracks follow nearly the same pattern. See how these correspond with the Stuart photograph. Of course we can't be sure until we get it all out, but I'll guarantee that Ducray'll give you at least $25,000 for it."

"He'll give me *what?*" yelled Mr. Beed. "My God, why don't he come!"

It took some time and part of a bottle of whisky for Mr. Pattison to get his friend's story. But it was all pretty plain now. Rennie, too, had seen the brushwork of the underpainting, had guessed its value. He had tried to buy it before the auction, and failing, had feared to rouse the judge's suspicions by offering more. But why not bid it in at the auction? Because he was afraid that the New York dealers would see what he had seen. So he had arranged the scheme to get Mr. Beed to buy it. Once in Mr. Beed's possession, he could prove it a fake and then generously take it off Mr. Beed's hands.

Mr. Beed had just finished his story when Mr. Ducray came. The art dealer was as cold and as carefully groomed as a shark. He examined every inch of the picture in silence. Then he said to Mr. Beed: "How much?"

MAKE an offer," said Mr. Beed.

"Twenty thousand as it stands," said Mr. Ducray. Mr. Beed started to say "Done," but found that his voice had left him. Before he could get it back, he saw Mr. Pattison shake his head slightly, and leaning heavily on his four drinks, he said: "Not enough."

"I don't bargain," said Mr. Ducray. "As it stands, $20,000. There may be serious defects, you understand. However, let me take it and have it restored, and if it's what we think it is, I'll give you $70,000."

For the second time Mr. Beed's voice left him, and this time it did not come back. But he saw Mr. Pattison nod, so he nodded too. "Good," said Mr. Ducray, and he sat down and wrote out a short agreement which they both signed. Then he wrote a check for $1,000 to bind the bargain, congratulated Mr. Beed, thanked Mr. Pattison, took the portrait, and vanished.

"Washington's there all right, and he knew it," said Mr. Pattison. "Don't worry. Here, have another drink." So Mr. Beed took another drink and immediately passed out completely, and Mr. Pattison made a little sketch of him in blue chalk, and then put him to bed.

And what had become of Mrs. Beed all this time? Well, Mrs. Beed had been having a pretty sour time at the Newneses'. Not that there wasn't plenty of gaiety and genteel carousing, and she and Sybil were very fond of each other too. But the Newneses didn't take her as seriously as Mr. Beed, and when she put her foot down they only giggled. Also, not having Mr. Beed around gave her a queer feeling—as if there was a kind of emptiness in everything. So after a week she couldn't stand it any longer and she got Mrs. Newnes to drive her back home.

When they drove into the yard, Mr. Beed was sitting on the porch, looking at a brand-new dark green coupé which was drawn up in front of him. "Hello, darlings," he said, coming down the steps.

There was something cocksure in his manner that made Mrs. Beed suspicious. "Is there some one here?" she asked, looking at the coupé as she kissed him.

"Only me," said Mr. Beed. "Captain, I believe, has gone to see a dog about a woodchuck."

BUT that car," said Mrs. Beed. "—Why, it's got our number plates on it!" she burst out. "Haven't you any sense at all? You spend all our car money on that worthless portrait, and then you let some slick salesman persuade you into—"

"Hey, wait a minute!" shouted Mr. Beed, breaking away from her to run out into the road and stop a car that was driving past. The car pulled up and Mr. Rennie's head was stuck out.

"Hello, Mr. Beed," he said. "Well, have you changed your mind about the portrait?"

"Oh, that?" said Mr. Beed. "No. No, I sold the portrait. What I wanted to say—"

"You sold it!" interrupted Mr. Rennie.

"Yes. But what I wanted to see you about was to thank you for that dream about the well. You see, it was the dream that really convinced me that I ought to buy the picture. And the dream was true, you know. The treasure really was in the well. Odd, wasn't it?"

"I don't get you," said Mr. Rennie.

"I didn't get you for quite a while," said Mr. Beed. "So long, Rennie. My kindest regards to your niece."

"What on earth are you talking about?" demanded Mrs. Beed, as he turned away from the drooping and puzzled dealer. "Oh, Wilson, I came back because I thought you'd be lonesome for me, and maybe you had really regretted buying that picture and had found some way of getting your money back, and I find you still harping on that fat woman's dream."

"Now wait a minute," said Mr. Beed. "Have you seen the papers this morning?"

"No," said Mrs. Beed.

"Then you came back because you really wanted to?"

"Yes I did!" said Mrs. Beed. And then she broke down and threw her arms around him and said, "Oh, Wilson, I did! And you are an awful fool but I love you. Only," she said, "I do wish—"

"Hold on," said Mr. Beed, "don't begin to qualify. Get into that car." And he bundled her into the shiny coupé and ran into the house.

Mrs. Beed frowned and sniffled and started to get out of the car again, and then she saw a card, and on it was written: "Compliments of Capt. Barnabas Beed. For Mrs. Wilson Beed." And then Mr. Beed came running out and shoved a copy of the New York Times into her hand. And in it was the whole story. Mrs. Beed read it through, and when she got to the $70,000 she had hysterics. So Mr. Beed knew that everything was all right.

But Mrs. Newnes was as mad as fury at Mr. Newnes because he hadn't recognized the portrait for a Stuart. She wouldn't speak to him for three days.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

★ ★ ★ ★ **GENERAL CHIANG KAI-SHEK** by General and Madame Chiang Kai-shek. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

China's strong woman talks again. This time in book form you have the articles brought back from China by the editor of Liberty Magazine, and which we have published. Along with her article on what China has faced, Madame Chiang Kai-shek talks of Sian; a *coup d'état;* and the Generalissimo reveals extracts from the diary he kept during his captivity.

Are the Unions Headed for CIVIL WAR?

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The final article in

WILL IRWIN'S

distinguished series,

WILL LABOR SEIZE THE BALANCE OF POWER?

WHEN in the early spring of 1937 the C. I. O. won recognition for its union of automobile employees, it seemed to be riding a tide. Everything was coming its way. The Wagner Labor Act virtually compelled employers to recognize some form of collective bargaining. Anticipating events, certain companies had encouraged the formation of "company unions." Many of these soon marched under the shelter of the C. I. O.

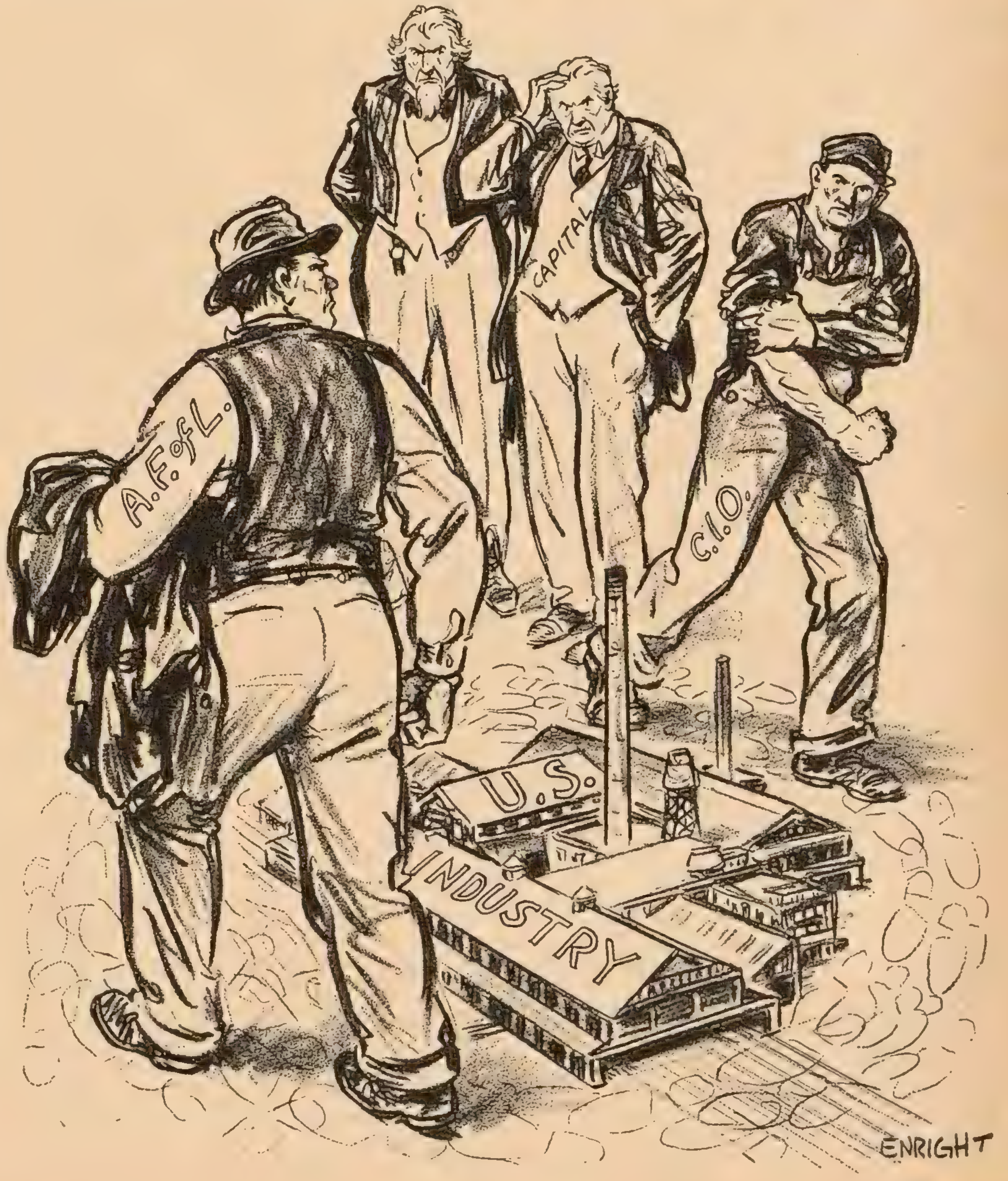
Before the sudden uprising of the Detroit automobile workers, Lewis was paying special attention to the steelworkers. There his organizers had a tough job. So far as they knew in the beginning, every big company intended to resist "outside" unionism to the last ditch. In the past, some of these corporations had protected their own company unions with spies and even sluggers.

Making concessions to the spirit of the times, the companies generally abandoned these tactics. In both the Pittsburgh and Chicago areas the new C. I. O. unions dared even hold open meetings. But the "employee representation plan" was long established in steel. Also the companies had gradually lowered hours and had often adjusted wages to meet increases in the cost of living. The unions in steel grew more slowly than had those in the unorganized automobile industry. Yet Wall Street and labor alike expected a strike which would make the battles of Detroit look like skirmishes.

Lewis does everything dramatically; and surprise is the spice of drama. When, early in 1937, Myron C. Taylor, chairman of the board of United States Steel, declared in a public speech that capital and labor must come together and work together as a matter of Christian duty, Wall Street and labor alike felt that this was only a last desperate attempt to keep the peace and avert a costly strike. It had quite another meaning.

On March 1 Lewis announced that the Carnegie-Illinois unit of United States Steel was negotiating with the C. I. O. an agreement as to hours, wages, and conditions in its mills. This constituted union recognition. Two weeks later the C. I. O. and United States Steel signed an agreement to settle labor disputes "by means other than strikes." Almost simultaneously the company granted a substantial raise of wages. Lewis admitted that these agreements had followed a series of private conferences, man to man, between him and Myron C. Taylor.

The very scenes of these sessions remain a mystery. Taylor divides his time between the United States and his villa at Florence, Italy. In the summer of 1936 the reporters caught Lewis in the act of boarding a transatlantic steamer. Cornered, he said he was merely going away for a rest. Taylor was in Europe at the time. But this inquiry is perhaps trivial. Taylor had reversed a policy as old as United States Steel; and the important ques-



tion is not when or where he decided to do it, but why.

The answer, probably, lies in the peculiar situation of his company at the beginning of 1937. In its early years few could compete with it successfully in heavy steel. The independents were forced into the fabrication of fine and specialized products. Then the automobile industry created a demand for bodies, axles, frames, and a hundred small parts. Big Steel ignored this development. The Little Steels grasped the opportunity. But in those expansive years there was room for both. Then came the depression.

If it intended to keep its supremacy, the corporation must prepare to compete not only in raw steel and the larger forms of fabricated product but in the more specialized forms. This involved overhauling and even rebuilding plants, purchasing new machinery, revising its human set-up, general expansion. Early in 1935 it went ahead with this new program—which, however, would not reach completion until about 1939. Any serious strike would prove awkward. Better to sign up with the one body of "outside" unionists which had ever found a foothold in its plants.

Probably there were other reasons for this complete about-face in the labor policy of Big Steel. Its stock is one of the most widely owned of any on the big board, and some of its directors have worked intimately with the New Deal. Taylor himself may have foreseen that in present circumstances the United States was bound to see a rise in union membership, and have felt, as an American, that conciliation was better for all persons concerned than violent industrial war.

LEWIS and Taylor may have struck another agreement, never put on paper and never announced. A news commentator has told us over the air that Lewis promised, as a condition of recognition by United States Steel, to "organize" the large independent companies, such as Youngstown, National, Republic, and Bethlehem. When the reporters rushed to confirm this story, the replies had a kind of diplomatic evasiveness. But most of the Little Steels differed hotly and angrily with Taylor. The Iron and Steel Institute is a loose federation of the important companies in this industry. Tom M. Girdler of Republic serves as its president; but, according to Lewis, Eugene G. Grace of Bethlehem Steel is its boss and mainspring. Lewis or his representatives approached the Institute. It responded that it had no power to make general agreements for its members.

In the face of this rebuff C. I. O. won another easy and sensational victory. The Jones and Laughlin Company held an employees' election. The vote was in favor of the C. I. O., and by a majority of 80 per cent. A few days later, Crucible capitulated on much the same terms as United States Steel.

It was high tide for the C. I. O.

But most of the independents in the Iron and Steel Institute declared that they would have no dealings with outside unionism. In the circumstances, this was a flat declaration of war.

The C. I. O. speeded up the drive for membership and girded its loins for battle. Then occurred an odd, important episode. The organizing committee had scored such notable success in the Massillon, Ohio, plant of Republic Steel that a vote would probably have favored the C. I. O. union. Suddenly, and apparently for no business reason, Girdler closed this plant and transferred its personnel to other mills. These men spread the report that every independent mill would close as soon as a majority of its employees joined the C. I. O. The Communistic element helped to lash up the fighting spirit. If Girdler closed the Massillon plant with deliberate intent to provoke a premature attack, it was a pretty piece of tactics.

Lewis and company surveyed the situation, and determined to attack at once in full force. At Detroit the strike itself had proved their best organizer. They counted, too, on the politicians. Full steam ahead—let us run with the tide!

They did not know it, but the tide was receding. Even in the first week Lewis must have felt disappointment. In a few plants most of the force struck; in others only the C. I. O. minority. Some of these plants managed to keep going. One or two others closed down and made it a lockout. In still others the strike fizzled on the first day. None of the independents had strikes in all of its plants. But, within their comparatively narrow range, these were bitter and violent strikes. Eighteen men on the labor side lost their lives. The strikers passed into a sullen mood. Citizens, probably not always uninspired by the companies, formed vigilance committees. Last vital episode of all: The strike in the Bethlehem works at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, was dying away when an expedition of C. I. O. mass pickets, some of them armed, made for the town. The authorities met them on the road and disarmed them. A month after the strikes began they had virtually ended. The mills were producing about as usual and the companies had not signed up with the C. I. O.

For Lewis and his executive committee had failed to consider two or three vital factors. The determining one was the state of public opinion, which made these strikes hopeless from the first. People in general believed at last that prosperity had dawned, and wanted to settle down to business as usual. And all the irritations came to focus in an aversion to sit-down strikes. True, there were no sit-downs in this last affair. But the country remembered vividly that bizarre craze and nailed responsibility to the C. I. O. Public opinion turned thumbs down. "Propaganda did it," say the supporters of Lewis. "A capitalist press; millions of money." But in this case propaganda had a real irritation to work on. It sunk its teeth into the sit-down strike. Also, Communist support for the C. I. O., plus exaggerated stories of revolutionary Red influence within the organization, helped mightily.

For Robert E. Lee, only two months from Chancellorsville to Gettysburg; for John L. Lewis, only three months from his militant victory at Detroit and his diplomatic victory in the conferences with Taylor to the decided check at the independent steel mills. However, fringing the steel industry and important to it are scores of small companies making special fabricated products, each employing 200 to 2,000 men. Most of these have quietly signed agreements with C. I. O. unions. Added to the employees of Big Steel and Jones and Laughlin, they make—on paper—nearly half of the workers in the whole steel industry. Yet these do not entirely represent stable gains.

Of late, the West Virginia members of the A. F. of L., expelled for "treason," have gone over to Lewis; since when, the C. I. O. has on paper an advantage over the parent with whom it has quarreled so violently. But most members of the A. F. of L. are tried and seasoned unionists who will stick by habit. Actual fighting strength may stand about at balance. Making all these allowances, however, the C. I. O. has in two years directly or indirectly doubled trade-union membership in the United States.

SINCE the steel strikes, Lewis and his minions seem almost to have rested on their oars. So far without disturbance, the organizing committees are pushing into new fields. Sidney Hillman commands a body of 300 expert leaders who are trying to gather up the machine tenders of the textile mills. Organizers are at work in the oil fields and refineries; and here they run squarely against the hostile A. F. of L.

In a dozen other industries the two factions seem to be approaching a conflict which may express itself in action. The marine situation is especially ticklish.

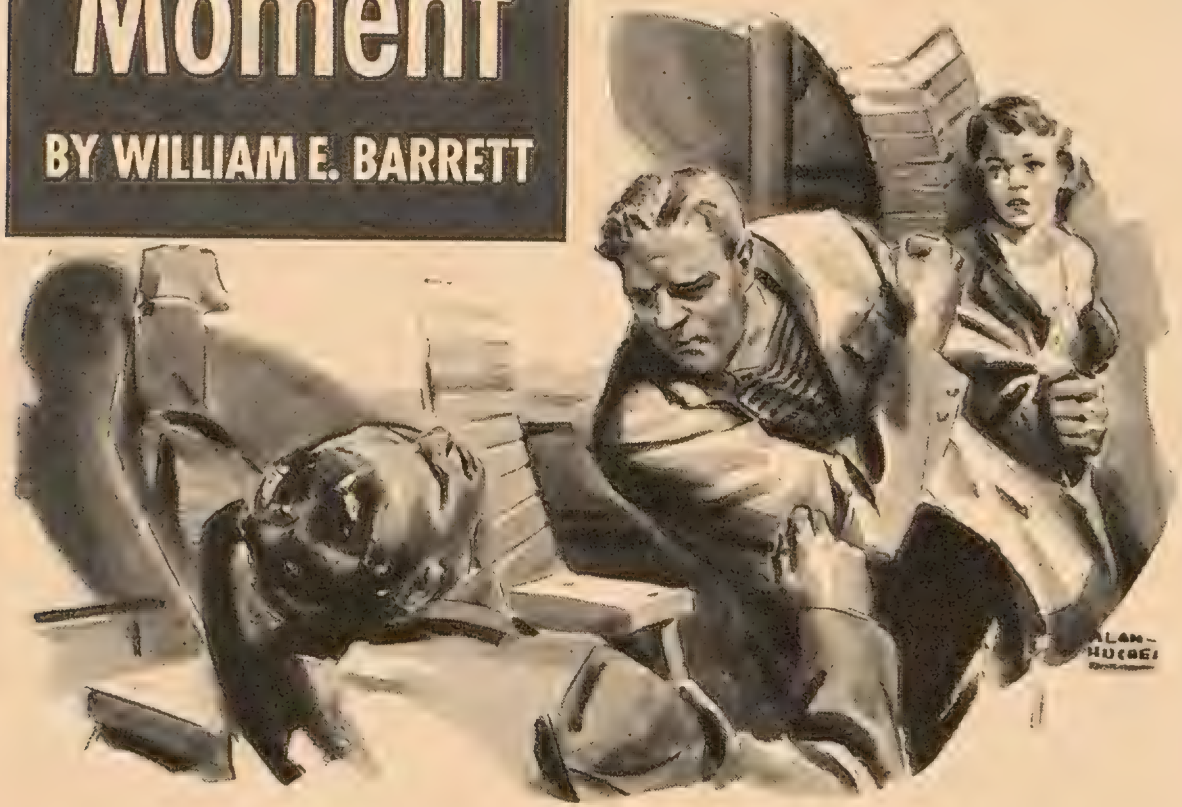
Because we have better conditions and a less definite gulf between employer and employed, organized labor can never in this generation absorb such a proportion of our industrial population as it has in Great Britain and in France, or in Germany before the Nazi regime replaced real unionism with faked unionism. Yet, with both our mother unions straining every nerve to attract new members and keep old ones, organization has normally still a few more millions to go. If the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. turn their flank to capital and face each other in a bitter civil war, they will check their own drive.

THE END

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT

Shanghai Moment

BY WILLIAM E. BARRETT



READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SHELLS were falling into the streets of Shanghai and Stoddard was frightened. There was no reason why he should be other than frightened. He was not a soldier, but a scholar. There had been a time when he wanted desperately to be a swashbuckler, a swaggering adventurer, a hero. That day was gone. He was nearly forty and basically timid; he knew it and had ceased to regret it.

Then the woman screamed.

Stoddard jerked to a sudden stop and looked around. He had hurried down a badly lighted street in an effort to reach the protected area which he should never have left in the first place. Three planes were droning overhead in the night sky and the heavy guns were coughing along the river. There was no one in sight along the length of the street. Stoddard shuddered.

"A frightened woman in one of these houses," he muttered. "None of my business."

He started to walk again and the woman screamed a second time. Her voice came clearly to the man in the street:

"No, no, no! Let me go! . . ."

Stoddard's knees trembled and he stared at the closed door of the English-style house on his right. A woman was in danger behind that door, a white woman, an American. He looked desperately along the still deserted street. No one else seemed to have heard the cry. He was alone with responsibility.

"I've got to see about it. A man has to . . ."

He took three steps before he completed the thought in his mind and flung open the door. By the light of an old-fashioned lamp on a circular table, he saw the white face of a woman and the bulky shoulders of a man. The man was pressing the woman into a corner, tearing at her.

The closing of the door behind Stoddard was as loud as a shot. The man whirled. A glance was sufficient to assure him that Stoddard lacked the authority of a uniform or the menace of muscle.

"What do you want?" he growled.

Stoddard was looking rather helplessly at the girl. She was about twenty-five, a trifle stocky, and harder than he was himself. He recognized the hardness instinctively. She was frightened and desperate but there was the look of a fighter in her face; a look such as even a desperate Stoddard would never wear. Stoddard was a thinker. He was more out of his element than she was.

The man had taken a couple of steps behind his challenge, and Stoddard stood where he was. The man was obviously a sailor and had been drinking; a powerful thick-shouldered lout who probably obeyed whatever impulse came to him and did no thinking whatever. There was nothing that Stoddard could say to him, and the man seemed to resent that more than the passing of an insult.

He took one more step and threw his right fist savagely.

Stoddard experienced a flash of white light behind his eyes and for a moment he had a sensation of floating; then he was lying in the corner and watching while the man and woman fought.

Futile. Completely futile. I should have stayed out of it, he thought.

And yet he struggled to regain his feet. Hard or not, the woman was fighting to defend herself against assault and the man was a savage brute. He was forcing the woman to the floor and Stoddard exerted every effort of will behind the effort to rise.

He got one knee under him when he heard the whining scream of a dropping bomb. The room seemed to blow up in his face.

Everything was black for a moment, then Stoddard blinked. He was still on one knee and the sailor was standing with his legs braced, looking down on the woman. His voice came huskily.

"That one hit close," he said.

"Awfully close." The woman shuddered. She was looking wide-eyed at the man. The man passed his hand across his forehead.

"I—I'm sorry," he said. "What I tried to do to you, I mean."

THE woman stared at him, her eyes puzzled. "That's all right. It was my fault. I could have stopped you any time in the first five minutes. After that, it was too late. . . ."

She stood up and passed her hands over her clothing aimlessly. The sailor's hand hesitated over his pocket.

"Cigarette?"

"Yes." The woman held out her hand, then withdrew it. "No, I guess not. . . ."

"I don't think that I have any, anyway."

The sailor appeared dazed, uncertain of himself. "Those—those—" He hesitated and seemed to be reaching out for profanity which would not come to him. "Those Japs!" he said at length. "Bombing people! Maybe it's just a job. Maybe they are not as bad as a guy like me. I . . ."

The woman stood stiffly, staring. "What's come over you?" she said. "And me? I . . ."

They stood looking at each other, as helpless as the timid Stoddard who had stepped into this room at the call of an indefinable impulse. And Stoddard laughed.

In his corner of the room Stoddard had had nothing to do for the past minute or so but watch and think. A feeling of unreasoning content pervaded him, a sense of fulfillment. His laughter was kindly but it was laughter.

The man and the woman turned, as though seeing him for the first time. The sailor took a step.

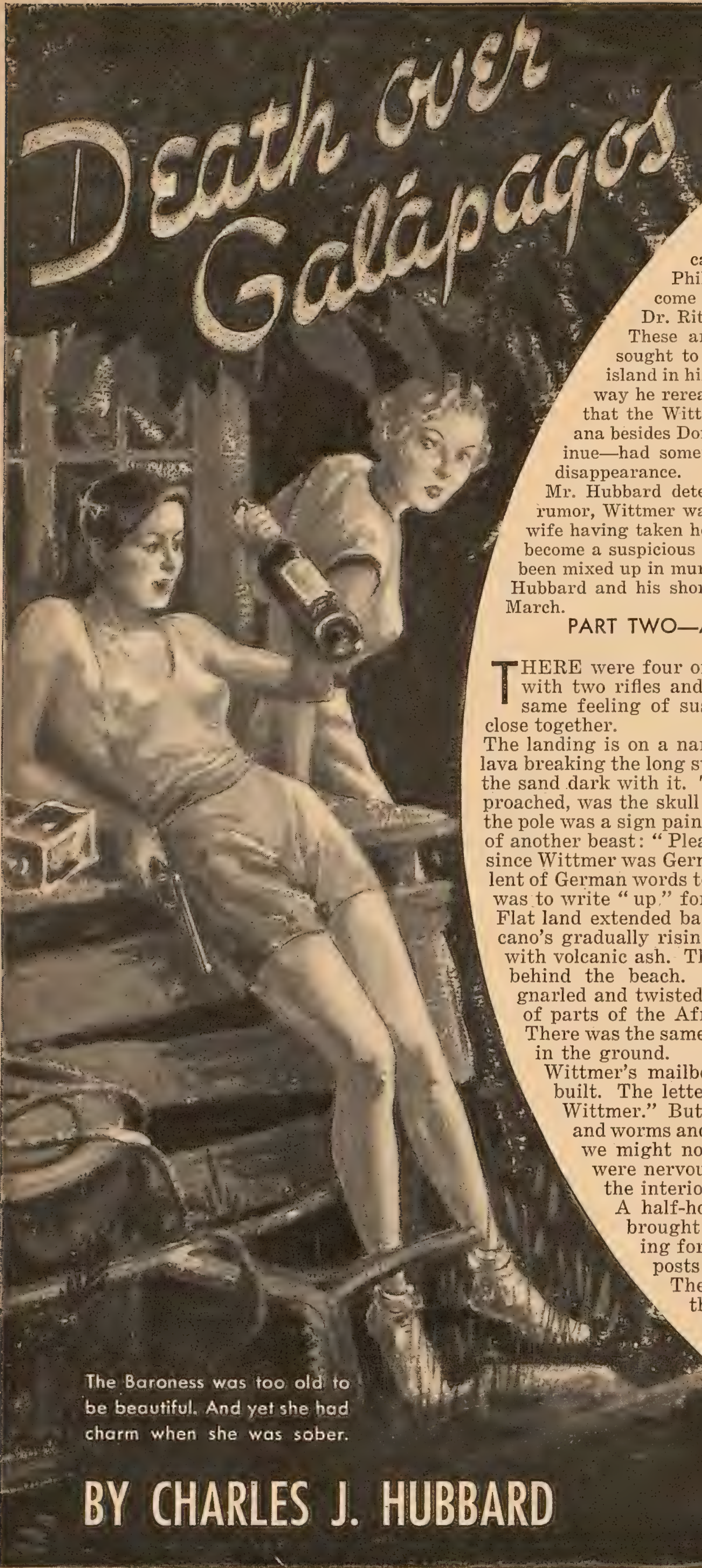
"I don't see anything funny, mister," he said grimly.

Stoddard looked up at him and then past him to the four walls that were no longer there.

"It is funnier than you think," he said. "We are all dead."

THE END

Death over Galápagos



The Baroness was too old to be beautiful. And yet she had charm when she was sober.

BY CHARLES J. HUBBARD

WHAT really happened on tropical Floreana, the Galápagos island that reached newspaper headlines some five years ago? Did Dore Strauch, who left her husband, Körwin, and settled there with Dr. Friedrich Ritter, tell the whole truth in her book, Satan Came to Eden? What became of the strange Baroness and her lover, Philippson? How did Lorenz, her other lover, come to die of thirst on a waterless beach? Was Dr. Ritter murdered?

These are the questions that Charles J. Hubbard sought to answer for Liberty when he sailed to the island in his forty-seven-foot schooner, Zavorah. On the way he reread Dore Strauch's book, in which she hinted that the Wittmers—the only other inhabitants of Floreana besides Dore, Dr. Ritter, and the Baroness and her retinue—had something to do with the Baroness' mysterious disappearance.

Mr. Hubbard determined to get at the truth. According to rumor, Wittmer was now on Floreana with his son Harry, his wife having taken her baby and left him. He might easily have become a suspicious and dangerous hermit—especially if he had been mixed up in murder. It was with some trepidation that Mr. Hubbard and his shore party landed on the island one day last March.

PART TWO—A SURPRISE ON FLOREANA

THERE were four of us in the shore party. We were armed with two rifles and a machete. I think each of us had the same feeling of suspense, for as we moved about we kept close together.

The landing is on a narrow shelf of sand between two reefs of lava breaking the long swells of the Pacific. The lava is black and the sand dark with it. The marker for the place I saw, as I approached, was the skull of a cow hung on a pole. At the base of the pole was a sign painted in red on the whitened shoulder blade of another beast: "Please Do Not Fire Up Donkey." Obviously, since Wittmer was German, he had looked up the English equivalent of German words to make the sentence, and his only mistake was to write "up," for "upon."

Flat land extended back from the shore to the foot of the volcano's gradually rising slope. The ground was gritty and dry with volcanic ash. The short grass was yellow in the opening behind the beach. The trees were squat and spreading, gnarled and twisted and all thorny. The place reminded me of parts of the African veld at the end of the dry season. There was the same blazing sun and the same thirsty feeling in the ground.

Wittmer's mailbox, nailed against a tree, was strongly built. The lettering on that also was neat: "Correo—Wittmer." But inside was only a great collection of ants and worms and beetles. I began to wonder then whether we might not find the whole island abandoned. We were nervous as we took the well worn path toward the interior.

A half-hour's easy climb through the dry scrub brought us to a barbed-wire fence with an opening for the path. Beyond we could see a few old posts still standing. It was Ritter's place. There was just enough left of it to bring back the pictures I had seen. To one side lay a pile of rotten dynamite which I could remember Dore's mentioning. A broken wicker clothes hamper hid among the weeds, and in it were a few old medicine bottles and what had once been a stiff collar, marked "F. R."

The path ahead was marked by pieces of bone and the skulls

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

of cattle hung on trees, white as the blazes in our northern woods. We followed diagonally up the long arid slope of the volcano's foot to the crest of the ridge encircling the central valley. There, nearly a thousand feet above the sea, rain is more plentiful. The grass was green before us. The oranges, we discovered, had not yet begun to ripen. Signs of wild cattle were plentiful, but we saw none, though twice we heard them crashing through the neighboring bush. Looking across the end of the valley, I saw the flash of sunlight on broad leaves. Only banana trees have such sheets of foliage. Banana trees do not grow wild on Floreana. I knew it must be Wittmer's plantation.

We passed a donkey tethered out to graze. Beyond was a garden planted with truck vegetables and a banana grove with sugar cane growing between the trees. A deep drainage ditch recently dug ran along the path. Certainly Wittmer was not afraid to work.

We had reached the foot of the second volcano. The rocks rose abruptly in a low cliff covered with dense tropical growth. Above us, set close against the cliff's foot, we saw the roof of the house over the gently waving fronds of the bananas. Smoke drifted from the chimney.

A gate in a barbed-wire fence stood open. Three broad stone steps led to a well kept gravel path bordered with rocks. On the right was a second banana plantation, and more gardens on the left. A flock of brown speckled hens flickered through the shadows and a handsome cock crowed a greeting.

Massed in flowers, the house at the end of the path was hardly visible. Curved stone steps led up to a little terrace. Orange and yellow nasturtiums covered the low stone wall of the terrace. At the foot of the bank bloomed roses, white and pink. The door of the house and the casement windows opened through a wall of green and crimson, flowering hibiscus with blossoms as large as butter plates. To the left the whole length of the house was glass.

There were voices as we approached, and then Wittmer came out to greet us. "*Bitte, bitte.* Please. Come," he said as he ushered us toward the door. "*Guten Tag.* Ah! No Deutsch? Bad!" He turned to the door and called, "Margaret."

"No English?" I asked as we shook hands. "No français?" He said, "*Nein,*" and we both laughed, for laughter can be understood in any language. Herr Wittmer was a lean, strong, honest, fearless person with a sense of humor in his eyes and genuine hospitality in the strong grip of his hand. I have seldom met any one to whom I took a more sudden liking.

Every detail in my imagination had been wrong.

How the thrilling story of the last woman in the tragedy-darkened Eden was found—Next week it will be told

The rumor that his wife had left him had been wrong, too. Later I learned that she had gone to Germany for a six-months visit and had recently returned. She came to the door when he called, "Margaret."

SHE spoke a little English, and, like her husband, her hospitality and friendship was written in her face. She was pretty. Perfect white teeth flashed when she smiled. Her blue eyes twinkled. She was young and vivacious and full of humor, laughing and pulling us inside.

Frau Wittmer was large with child, but even that did not dampen her enthusiasm. She brought clean towels for us to dry the perspiration after our long walk in the heat of the day. She brought a pitcher of cool spring water and set out a bowl of bananas. Soon we were all around the table, laughing and unable to think of anything to say in words of one syllable.

The sitting room was restfully dark after the extreme brilliance of the tropic sunshine. The cement floor was cool and the rag rug homelike. Bookshelves lined the wall beside the window and near the door was a high old-fashioned desk and cupboard. At the back stood the table with a comfortable settee fitted into the corner of the wall, and beside it an open fireplace of stones and mud plaster. Through the door on the right I could catch a glimpse of an airy glass-walled bedroom and a wide double bed spread with clean white linen. Another doorway opposite opened to the kitchen. It might have been an old New England sitting room except for the view from the single wide window. Above the sea of banana fronds the slender trunk of a papaya tree carried its crown of leaves and hanging golden fruit. The valley beyond swept to the far volcano and beyond that to the sea five miles away.

After we had cooled off and eaten more bananas than we should, we had to see the rest of the establishment, and the caves where the Wittmers had lived before they had any house at all.

Frau Wittmer had prepared afternoon "tea" for us when we got back to the house. It was coffee, with Galápagos cakes, as she called them, made of corn meal and brown sugar. There was even some fudge left over from the boy Harry's birthday party. We settled down to talk. They wanted to know why we had come. I said we were fishing and exploring. I thought it best not to explain my real errand until we could be better acquainted.

FRAU WITTMER had been examined by the doctor from Vincent Astor's yacht Nourmahal, which had stopped at Floreana only a few days before. She had been assured that everything would go according to schedule; and according to schedule this day should have been a birthday. But it did not seem imminent in spite of the doctor's advice, for she was in fine spirits and kept the conversation flying.

We forgot the time till I suddenly noticed that the sun was nearly down. We met the children as we started down back to the ship. They had been gathering wood with Hans, the older donkey. Harry proved to be a likable youth, and perfectly normal except for his eyesight. Frau Wittmer had told me he was half blind. He came up the path, bareheaded, strong and bronzed as an Indian, carrying a coil of rope over his shoulder and a rifle in his hand. Little Rolfe, four years old and born there on the island, was even more astonishing. He followed respectfully behind his brother, very straight and determined, with a tiny knapsack on his back and a tiny coil of rope. As man to man, he came and shook hands all around, bowing stiffly and saying, "*Guten Tag—Guten Tag.*"

Before I slept that night I reread certain passages from Satan Came to Eden. I could see how Dore had misled me. For the sake of sensationalism she had distorted every character in her tale, even including herself. The Wittmers had not read it, I knew, for I had asked. Frau Wittmer found translating English too laborious.

For two more days I said nothing about the real purpose of my visit to Floreana. On the third day the Nourmahal came along the shore. They lowered a motor tender and in five minutes Mr. Astor was aboard the Zavorah. He had been exploring in the other islands of the Galápagos and returned to make sure Frau Wittmer was all right. Would we come to dinner on the Nourmahal?

That evening I discussed Frau Wittmer's condition with the doctor. He asked me, if it was convenient, to stand by in case of need. In an emergency it would be possible to take Frau Wittmer to the little settlement on Chatham Island, where there would at least be other women.

For a week after that we stood by. And daily we became more worried as there was no baby. By Frau

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GRAHAM KAYE

Wittmer's count she had then carried the child ten months, and the medical books said no woman could carry longer. We decided that I should go to Chatham and try to reach the Nourmahal through the little radio station of the Galápagos Trading Company, to ask the doctor's advice. If he should consider the situation dangerous, I would try to bring back assistance to Floreana.

Every one on Chatham Island, from the Galápagos governor to the dark-skinned vaquero who provided the horses for our ride up to the town, went out of their way to make us welcome.

The Trading Company, at Chatham town, sacrificed precious fuel for the dynamo to operate the radio at all hours, trying to reach some passing ship with a more powerful set, to relay our message. It was no fault of theirs that we failed. The radio itself was inadequate.

The schooner Zavorah and her skipper Charles J. Hubbard, who sailed her to Floreana.

The three days we spent at Chatham were not wasted. We needed to stock up on provisions for our return trip to the United States.

When our four mule loads of supplies had finally been stowed away, we hove up the anchor and headed back toward Floreana. We had a strange ship's company. There was a "wife dog" for Wittmer's Lump, a friendly animal by the name of Diana. We had found a puppy for ourselves which we called Lump Junior. And a Galápagos turtle as a parting gift from the governor. And two hens, one of which immediately laid an egg on the skylight.

We had accomplished nothing with the radio and we took no assistance with us. The opinion of the doctor on the governor's staff at Chatham was that there had been an error in counting the number of months of Frau Wittmer's pregnancy.

When we approached Floreana on the following morning we found that a strange yacht had come to anchor in Post Office Bay. The ship was the Metha Nelson from Los Angeles, with a party of sport fishermen. There was a doctor aboard, and he promised to see Frau Wittmer.

I tramped up the hill again, with Diana at my heels. Herr Wittmer met me on the terrace with the same cheerful smile and genial welcome. No baby? *Nein!*

When the doctor finally came up the path, he must have been surprised to hear shouts of laughter. In a short examination he straightened out the situation. Everything was in perfect order, he said. There was nothing to worry about. There had been an error in the calculation of time, but that was very common. The baby might not come for two weeks yet.

I decided to spend that night at the Wittmers' and get about the real business of my journey to Floreana. I wanted to ask Frau Wittmer to tell me everything that she could about the Baroness and about the Ritters. I wanted to get their side of the picture. I told them that Liberty had sent me on my voyage to find the story which they had to tell. More people would have a chance to read it than had ever heard of Dore Strauch.

I took out my copy of Satan Comes to Eden. I could appreciate how difficult it would be for Frau Wittmer to translate even a whole page, and yet I wanted her to know how exaggerated Dore's account had been. I had chosen and marked all the key passages in the book to show how Dore twisted things until she finally accused Frau Wittmer of complicity in murder. I went to bed then, leaving her to read.

At breakfast Frau Wittmer was animated, but she said nothing till we had finished and sat around the coffeepot. "I do not understand Dora," she began. "I did not like Dora, for she was not the same as us. She did not want to work. She want only to talk. But we help Dora when Ritter died, and we were good to her. Now she is very bad with us."

Suddenly she was very angry. "Look!" she said, taking the book and opening it at a dog-eared page. I read: "We thought Herr Wittmer was unfortunate in his partner, for she was not well bred and was obviously dazzled by the proximity of nobility . . . hand in glove with the Baroness. . . ."

"The Baroness I did not like," Frau Wittmer said. "She was cruel and very foolish. But I was sorry for her. Dora did not have pity. She was very hard.

"AND here," Frau Wittmer went on, pointing to another passage. "She say I have stolen a tea set and tablecloth from the Baroness' things. This is the tea set." She held up her cup. "I buy it in Guayaquil before we come here. This is the cloth. It is from my sister in Germany."

I asked all the questions I could think of. I learned that Herr Wittmer had been married before and young Harry was his son by the first union. After the war, he had become active in politics. But he espoused the Nazi cause as his platform in an early election when the Nazis were seriously defeated. He was then faced by an abrupt end to his career and the necessity of starting a new way of living.

In the German newspapers the Wittmers read glowing accounts of Floreana, sent home by Dr. Ritter and Dore, who were trying to justify their own experiment in psychological living. The Wittmers were not interested in psychological living. They are no different from hundreds of other ordinary people. He had had no experience in the wilderness and she had never even baked bread before. But they had great courage. They were not afraid to work. They could learn the things they did not know. They set their goal before them and looked neither to left nor right.

Was it true, I asked, that Dr. Ritter had iron teeth? Frau Wittmer laughed then. Ritter had steel teeth, but they were enameled white like ordinary false ones. He pulled out all Dore's teeth too, and they took turns wearing the iron ones when visitors arrived.

And the Baroness. Was she beautiful? She was too old to be beautiful, Frau Wittmer said. She was over forty. And yet she had charm when she was sober.

At last I asked the most important questions: Did the Wittmers know where the body of the Baroness was hidden? Did Lorenz murder her and Philippson? Did they know the answer to the mystery?

Frau Wittmer looked at me a long time. Finally she said, "I have a better way."

She got up and went into the bedroom. She came back carrying a bound sheaf of typewritten manuscript. "I have written here all that we know," she said. "Take it."

Thus I found the story which I sailed so far to get! The job was finished. At midnight we hoisted the Zavorah's anchor and headed west-northwest toward Los Angeles, three thousand miles away.

Will Greta's diary answer the questions Dore Strauch (Frau Körwin) avoided? Don't miss her amazing story of life on Floreana, with its picture of the astonishing Ritter ménage, its revelations of the mad escapades of the Baroness. In next week's Liberty!

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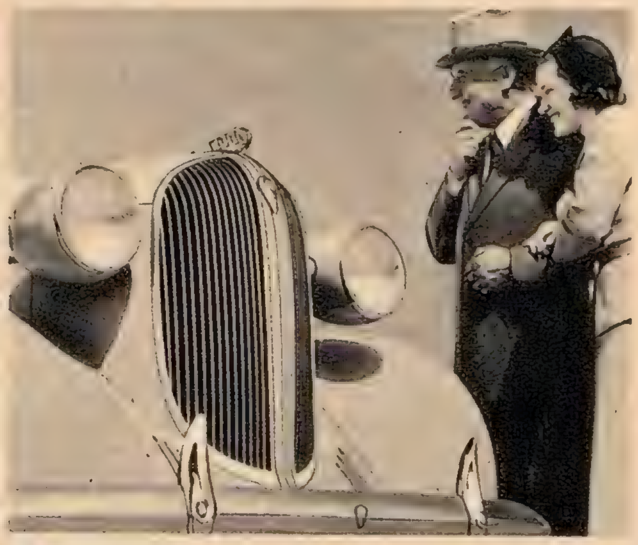

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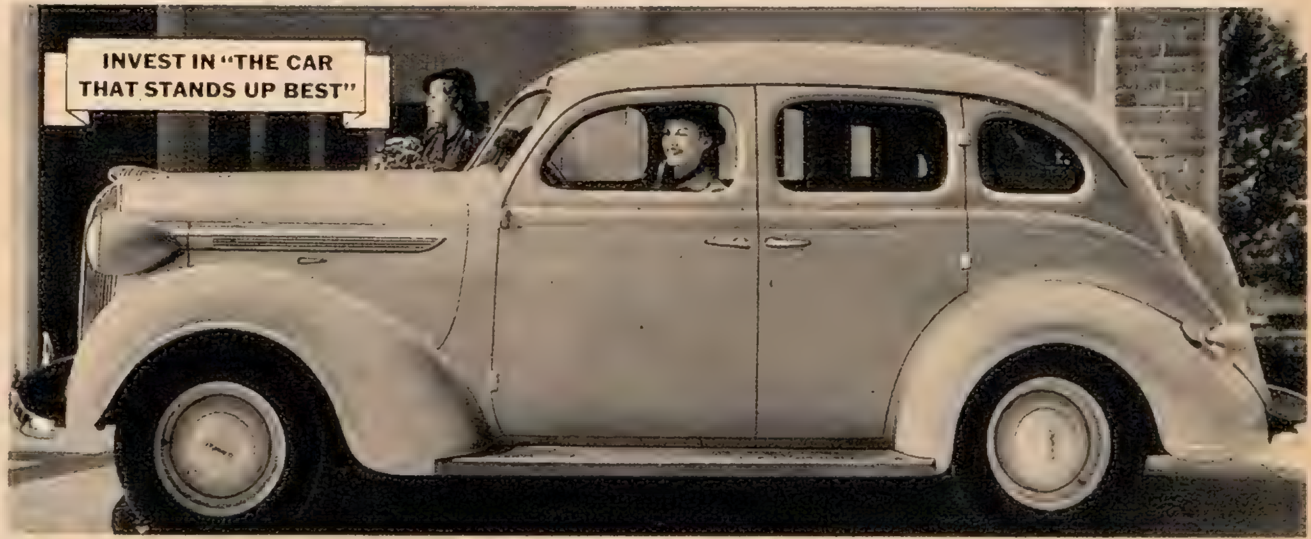

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HALLOWEEN— it ain't what it used to be!

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

By the time I had attained the advanced age of fourteen, when Hall & Knight's Algebra and Collar & Daniell's First Latin Book kept me in every evening —at Armour Scientific Academy the homework took from about four in the afternoon to ten at night, and I burned many a Welsbach mantle to ascertain how many men would do a piece of work in how many days (no allowance for minimum wages, maximum hours, or the WPA), and when two trains would pass one another, and how *utor, fruor, potior, fungor,* and *vescor* governed the dative—by that time I had put the boyish joys of Halloween behind me. But the nights of October 31 are vivider to me than the *n*th root and the fifth declension.

It was only yesterday, as you might say, that I knew that All Hallow's Eve was the night before All Saints' Day, and only today, doing my homework for this very article, that I discovered that it is the Day of All Saints that don't have a special day for them. Really, it is All Other Saints' Day.

In the bliss of my ignorance of that information, it seems to me that Llewellyn Henry, Ed Kirchberger, Cy Garnett, Toots McCormick, Art Loeb, and John Finerty had a lot of fun. One big Halloween began in the afternoon after school. A house was about to be built on Calumet Avenue, across the alley from our house; and in a cave we had dug in the sand pile we built a fire and roasted potatoes stolen from various kitchens. I remember that some boy thought we ought to have salt. Lots were drawn and—I had no luck—and the loser, though we considered him the winner, had to steal some salt.

So one of the boys—I'll be fair with you; I forget which—went for salt to some kitchen—you had to climb the fence to the back yard, for all gates were hooked to keep out tramps—and came back with enough to make Lake Michigan briny. He was a hero, for it hadn't taken him five minutes. He returned with a tale of derring-do; he had scaled the fence, had gone with great stealth into Nicholses' kitchen, pacified a fierce dog, gone to the pantry and stolen the salt, and got away just as Mr. Charles Nichols—he must have been thirty-one, but he was Old Man Nichols—himself chased him.

We found out later that the boy was a forerunner of Caspar Milquetoast. For what he had done was to go to his own kitchen and ask his mother please to give him some salt, please, for some potatoes that the boys were roasting. "Certainly," she said. . . . I never tried to be a hero at the time of heroism, but in the effort to recall some not particularly courageous act of my boyhood—or even of a year or two ago—it is narrowly possible that I not only gloss it over but make myself appear far braver than I was. Or am.

Nowadays Halloween is just October 31, the night before the bills come in. Like the old story of the leisurely and unemployed Negro who, having heard the noon whistle blow, said, "Lunchtime fo' lots o' folks, but jus' twelve o'clock fo' Gawge."

But in my Halloween days I was not conscious of the date. I knew that I went out, after hurrying through supper, and joined the other boys. The first thing we did was to rig up a ticktack, by means of a long string, to knock on somebody's window. Imagination runs high in a boy. Never do I recall seeing evidences of the terror we caused in the occupants of that room with the ticktacked window, but we imagined Mr. and Mrs. Gatzert trembling in fear at this strange tapping at the pane. "Did you hear that noise?" we would picture her saying. "It must be ghosts!" our guess made him say. And neither of them would sleep a wink all night in their fright. Psychoanalytically, I suppose it was a demonstration of power, a revolt against authority. It is not unlike what used to happen in the old melodramas when somebody, preferably a boy, outwitted a policeman, usually a pompous one. That—ask Owen Davis, who wrote hundreds of such melodramas—was the signal for great applause and laughter: authority erased, dictatorship confuted. . . . Probably there are lots of persons who would like to ticktack Hitler's window.

It seems to me that the doorbell ringing was the most fun, for the parental discomfiture was visible. We rang all the bells in the neighborhood, and ran away and hid, watching somebody come to the door, open it, and look, to find nobody there. We would giggle, the non-gigglers practically hollering, "Sh!"

I found out later that many a parent answered the doorbell just to humor the kids; they knew it all the time. Of course, we rang and ran. Nowadays the young demons paste wax on the bells and they ring endlessly. How the Hayses let their David do such things I don't know; no discipline. My Timmy rings bells and runs.

The only other thing I recall we did was to steal gates. Gates to front yards, or to back yards; sometimes we'd build a bonfire with them. And sometimes prudent neighbors would take in their gates that night. It wasn't until we had outgrown what we began to call Those Childish Pranks—in short, when sex upraised its lovely head—that we went in for Halloween's indoor sports. We bobbed for apples; we threw the apple peels over our shoulders, and the initial it formed was that of the person we would marry. Usually it formed S, but we decoded that formation into the initial of somebody present, regardless.

The handsome boys did a lot of kissing—post office, and clap in and clap out—but I feared a "Take that, you beast!" I was brought up, as many of us were, that you didn't kiss a girl unless you were Engaged, though how you became engaged to her without at least that experiment didn't enter my head. A boy, a man, was

The things kids do now! A philosopher heaves a sigh for his innocent past

a Low Animal Not Fit to Touch the Hem of a Good Woman's Garment. Not to put too fine a point on it, I know that I wasted a lot of time and missed a lot of fun.

I still feel inferior whenever this thing of the equality of the sexes comes up; the girls always seem superior. Me, I'd settle for equality, and consider it a great promotion for my side. Years after, girls, to put me at my ease, would look at me and say, "I don't care for handsome men."

Many children used to dress up for Halloween, other rememberers tell me. The girls wore their mothers' old long dresses; the boys wore pop's long pants, and sometimes dressed as girls. They begged pennies, and they say that they had great times. By the time I heard about it, it seemed silly to me; age is snooty about the childhood games it didn't play, and sentimentally fond of those it did. I spent hours playing marbles; I had kneepads to keep my stockings from wearing through. My boys hear Junior G-Men on the radio, and spend hours playing a silly game of cops and robbers.

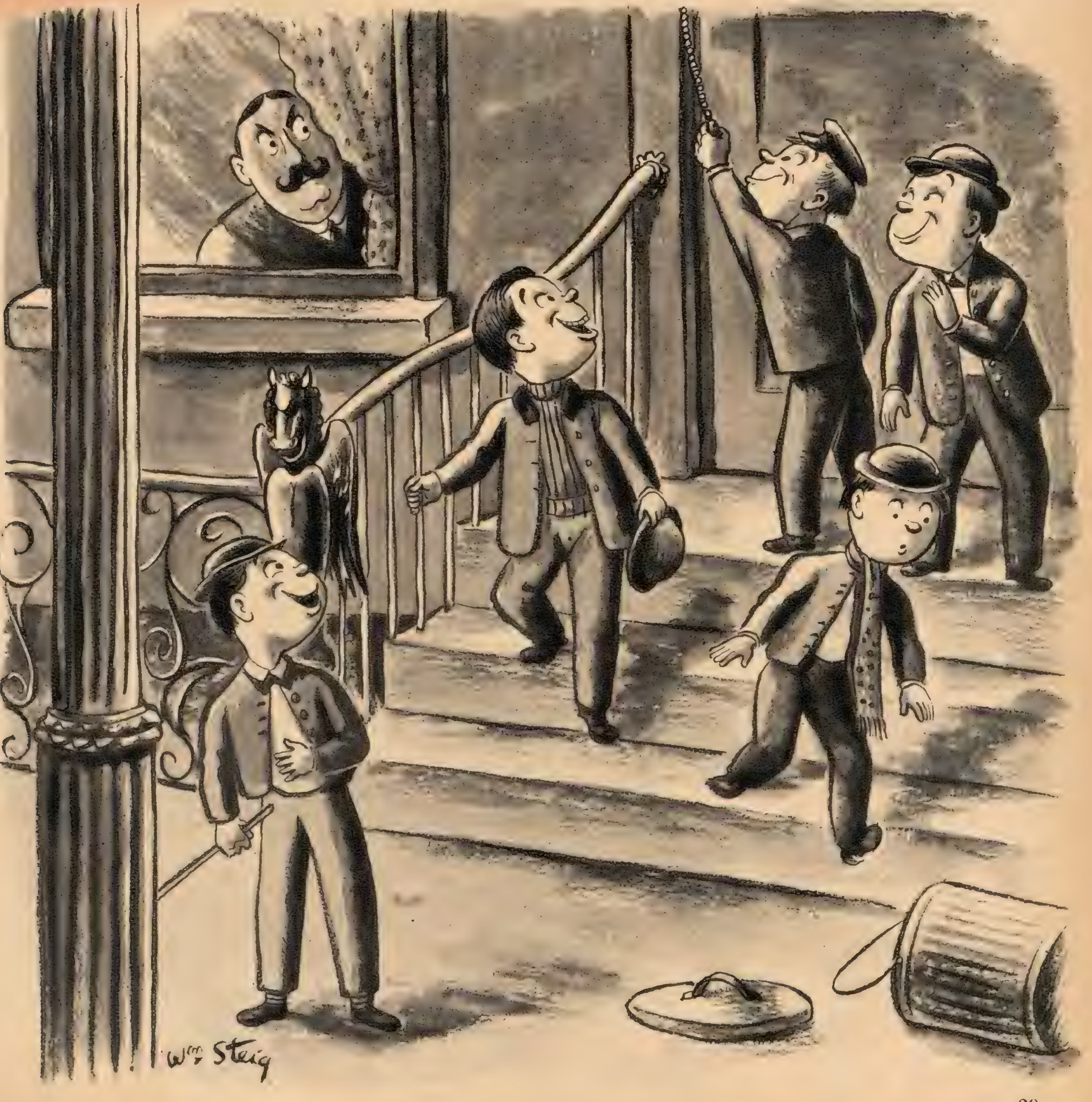
Of course, all this Halloween business is Old Stuff. It is a relic of pagan times, for there is nothing in the church observance of the ensuing Day of All Saints that makes it even a night of strange and supernatural doings. In the North of England it is called Nutcrack Night, probably because of the custom of putting nuts on the fire. The nuts are named for lovers; if a nut cracks, the lovers will be unfaithful; if it blazes or burns, there is regard; if nuts named for a girl and her lover burn together, they will be married. Burns, for one, wrote a poem on Halloween; a child born on October 31—reread Scott's The Monastery—is supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers.

Ghosts were supposed to emerge on that night; and all those things we did undoubtedly were manifestations of that. We were the ghosts.

Ours was innocuous sport; maliciousness is the boys' motto today. Like this:

When I was aged about thirteen
What fun I had on Halloween!
A merry lad I was, and bent
On innocentest merriment.
As gently as a summer rain
We ticktacked on the windowpane.
The neighbors' doorbells we would ring,
And run away like everything . . .
Irreverent children, wild and mean,
Now stalk about on Halloween.
Even my excellent kids are bent
On many kinds of devilment.
They scare their parents half insane
By knocking on the windowpane;
Our bell rings twenty times a night;
I answer, but they've taken flight.
Rowdier kids I never saw.
I say, there ought to be a law!

THE END



ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

LOVE IS NOT LOST

BY ROGER GARIS

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

HE told the others who worked in the park that he got a job on the scenic railway because he used to live near a junction when he was a kid. He said he felt more at home working around tracks and cars, even little ones. He was a strange sort of fellow, Ben Laurie. One day he'd be fine, laughing, kidding with everybody, and the next depressed and silent. Big, broad-shouldered, with hard muscular forearms, but not very heavy—maybe one sixty. And young. Twenty-two, at a guess.

His blond hair was usually mussed, for he didn't wear a hat in summer. Good-looking youngster he was, eyes deeply blue, and with white, even teeth. One night a group of fellows and girls bought tickets for rides on the scenic. They were too gay, their laughter uncontrolled. Ben watched them tumble into a car and was about to start them off, when a girl stood up and began singing, "Come, Josephine, in my flying machine."

He walked over to them and said: "Listen, sister. You got to sit down. You might get tossed out and I'd be responsible."

She cut the song off short and stared at him. "My hero," she said. "My handsome hero."

Ben laughed. "How about it, sister—do you sit down so I can start this crate? Customers waiting."

The girl—she was slim and pretty and very tanned—leaned toward him. "I'll sit on your lap, my hero," she said. "I'd love to sit on your lap."

"Can't be done," Ben told her shortly. "I'm no nursemaid. I just work here."

The man with her grew suddenly angry, the whisky he had drunk turning sour. "See here," he exclaimed, "who the hell do you think you are? Don't talk like that to Miss Sayre, or I'll hang one on your chin!"

Ben looked at him carefully. "I think," he said, "you all better get out. There might be an accident. Out you go, the whole gang. You're holding up traffic. Have your money refunded at the gate."

"Wait a second." The man stepped to the platform. He faced Ben and moved his shoulders, which were sloping and heavy, like a wrestler's. "I don't like your attitude," he said. "You got a nasty tongue and just for luck I think I'll put the sluggeroo on you."

"O. K.," Ben said.

The fellow stepped back and then in. He led with his left, properly, and tried to cross with the right but his judgment of distance was bad. The left caught Ben on the forehead. The right was short and Ben blocked it and sank his own right into the stomach, just where the ribs join. There was plenty of power in the blow. The upper part of Ben's body swayed a bit to the left so that his weight followed the punch. A spasm of pain twisted the other's face and he sank down on one knee, both hands over his stomach, groaning. Then he was sick, there on the platform.

The rest of the crowd sobered up fast. Two of the fellows got out and started toward Ben, but they didn't seem anxious to fight.

The tanned slim girl said sharply: "Let him alone, Ernie—Lynn. It was Court's own fault. Let's go."

The people waiting for rides were pressing forward, eager to see the excitement. Court was still doubled up, making grunting sounds. The others lifted him by his arms as a little puffing man pushed through the entrance.

"What's this, what's this?" he yelped. "Laurie, again you going crazy?"

"Listen, Mr. Schultz," Ben said. "I couldn't help it. Do you expect me to stand there and get socked?"

"Socked! All you think about is socked!" Schultz raved. "You ruin my business! Ach, such a terrible thing—is he hurt bad?" He gazed at Court solicitously.

Court jerked loose from the grasp of his friends. "Maybe I'll see you again," he said to Ben. "Maybe we can get together again sometime."

"Any time at all," Ben told him.

"You ain't sore, are you?" Schultz implored. "I give your money back and you keep the tickets—you come again and ride free . . . "

"I think we've all had a free ride, especially Mr. Prescott," the tanned girl—Miss Sayre—said calmly. "It was coming to us." She turned toward Ben. "Sorry," she said. "Too many old-fashioneds. Call it a night?" She held out her hand.

"Why, sure," Ben replied, suddenly embarrassed. He took her hand but dropped it quickly. "I'm sorry I hit him so hard."

"Forget it. Vamoose, gang. So long, mister." She waved to Ben and led the way out. Ben looked after her, until Schultz seized his arm. "Now you run your ride. Be lucky I don't fire you, you socker—"

He swung about and trotted off. He did not see the swift glint of fear that shot into Ben's eyes at that threat of losing his job.

The next day was overcast and business was poor all afternoon at the park. Ben, leaning idly against the railing outside the ticket booth, heard some one say: "Hello. Remember me?"

It was Miss Sayre. Ben answered awkwardly: "Sure, I remember you. How's everything?"

"All right with me." She gazed at him steadily. Her eyes were dove-gray set wide in a thin sensitive face. Her mouth was not small but beautifully, cleanly curved. She was hatless, and her dark hair fitted close about her head. "I came to make certain you weren't fired for what happened last night."

"Thanks, I wasn't." He lit a cigarette, stared defiantly at the panorama of the park. The girl went on:

"We'd been to a dinner party—thought it would be fun to visit an amusement park. Old-fashioneds do crazy things to you."

"Yeah—to some people."

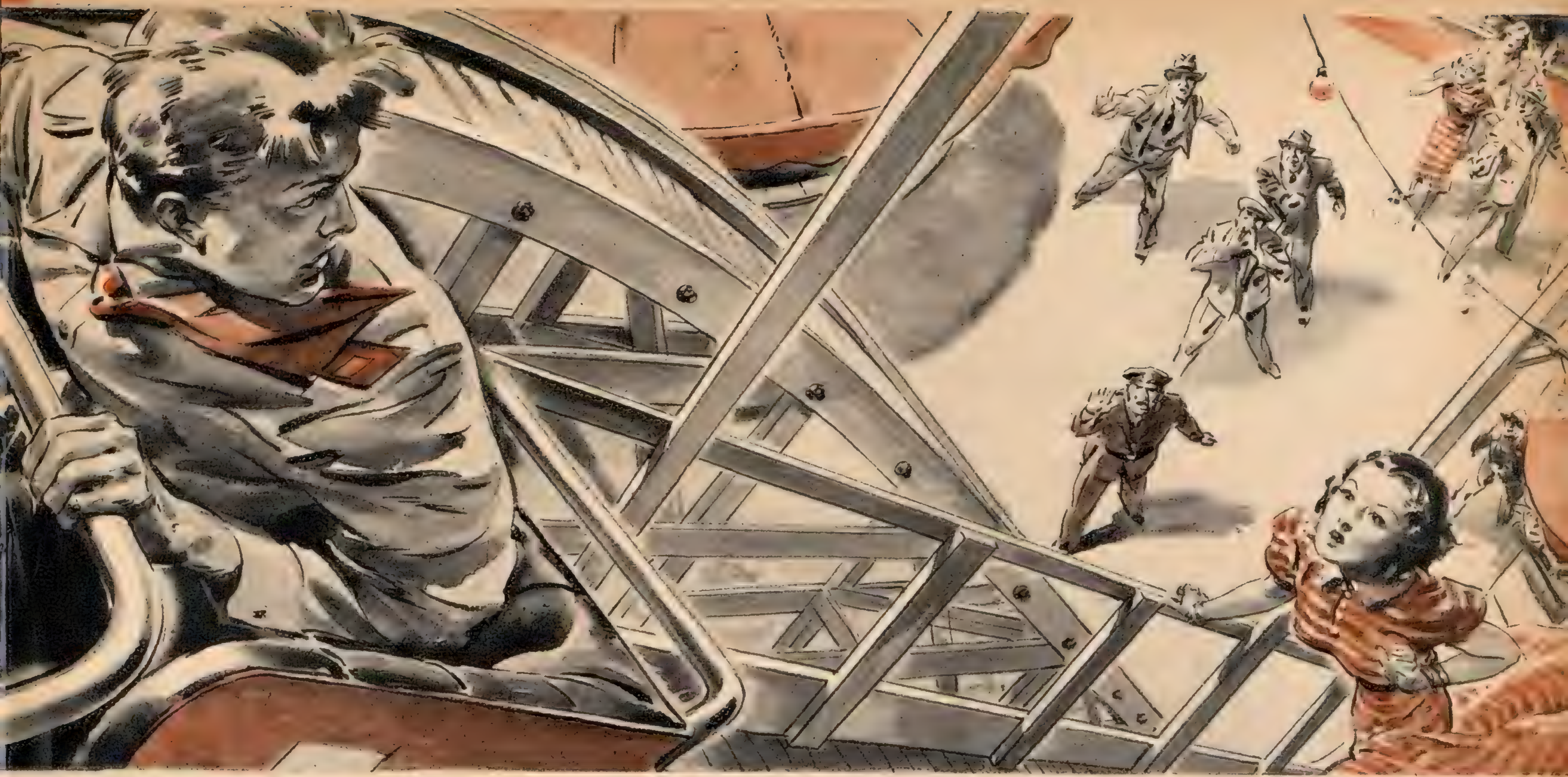
His eyes, for one so young, were somber. There was on his lean face a look of withdrawal from others.

"Mr. Laurie—that's your name, isn't it?"

"Right."

"I wonder if you would do me a favor. Will you show me around the park and explain things to me? I've always wanted to see an amusement park from the inside."

She thought he was going to refuse. A shadow, almost of fear, crossed his face. But then he said carelessly: "Sure. Why not? I can get Pop Hartman to watch the



"You coward!" she shouted. "Do you hear me? You're a coward!" She saw his head turn.

coaster for me. I'll be with you in a minute. . . ."

Ben led Joan Sayre through the park, but actually it was she who showed him the attractions. Her vivid comments made him see the park in a new light. And two hours later, when Ben left Joan at her car, he said, with wonder in his voice: "That was queer. Me doing those things. I've been here two years, and I never thought of trying the rides. I guess no park man does."

Joan smiled. "It's about time you did, then. We miss too much because it's so close to us. Well, Ben—"

She looked up at him. For an instant their eyes met, then his fled from the contact. She said: "Ben, when is your night off?"

"Monday."

"Like to take me to a movie next Monday?"

The words pulled his gaze to her. A sudden yearning, a hunger, strained at his face, then was gone. He murmured: "I don't see why you want to bother with me. . . ."

"Meet you at the Clark Street gate," Joan said briskly. "Seven thirty."

Their worlds were far apart. Yet there was something that brought them together and made them find happiness in each other. The secret entrances to the heart are jealously guarded, but there are those who can discover a pathway, clear and straight, within.

During August Joan and Ben met several times a week. Joan would drive to the park and leave her car, and when Ben could get off they would go to a show, or to some small restaurant, or for a walk. In these weeks Ben seemed happier, less moody. Pop Hartman, the old fellow who did odd jobs around the place, said to him: "Son, you've changed. The cow's off your foot. Guess this ain't such a bad world after all, hey?"

"It'll do," Ben grinned, "until a new one comes along."

"Sure," Pop said, and nodded. "Mighty nice girl you got, son. Hang on to her. That's my advice, and I ain't been wrong—not very often, anyhow. . . ."

That was August. One month out of a lifetime. Four short weeks.

One Monday night, after the movies, Joan and Ben had chop suey at Charlie's, near the park. Ben did not eat much but drank three highballs, which served only to deepen the depression that had been growing on him all evening. Joan pretended not to notice until they were almost ready to leave, when she asked quietly: "Ben, what is it? You're worried. Care to tell me?"

"Oh, it's nothing. I—" He tried to smile. "These fits come on me every once in a while. Must have the vapors. Sorry, Joan. I'll snap out of it. Have another drink?"

"Is it money, Ben?" she inquired gently. "If it is, I wish you'd let me—"

"It isn't money. It's something I— Oh, what the hell's the use? Waiter! Check. Hurry it up."

He drove her to her home, a large house in a fashionable section of the city. Swinging into the drive, he stopped, and they sat speechless, their shoulders touching. There was no moon. With the headlights off it was quite dark.

Joan asked, finally: "When shall I see you again, Ben—Wednesday?"

WHAT? Oh, Wednesday." His face was hidden, but she knew from his tone that he was smiling crookedly. "I guess it's time the alarm clock went off, Joan. It's been swell while it lasted. No, I'm not going to meet you Wednesday."

Steadily she said: "You could at least tell me why. If it's anything I've done—"

"Why try to fool ourselves?" His voice was savage. "You've got everything you want now. Swell house, money, no worries. Me, I've got a room in a joint on Fourth Street and a job in an amusement park. Ever think of that?"

"Yes, I've thought of it." Low: "It doesn't matter."

"Oh, doesn't it! Besides, there's something else—a reason why we can't ever see each other again—"

"Ben." Her face was close to his. "Will you kiss me?"

"Joan, don't—"

With a sound in his throat like a sob he gathered her to him fiercely. His lips pressed against hers and fed upon them. Her arms were about his neck, clinging. She

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whispered: "You see? I knew that's how it would be—darling—darling!"

His breath was tortured. He was like a man emerged from unbearable depths. Hands on her shoulders, holding her from him, he choked: "No, Joan—we can't—you don't understand. I've got to tell you something."

"I don't care what it is—nothing can make any difference—nothing in all the world—"

"I'm married."

He could feel her jerk back from him as if he had struck her. He did not try to reach after her.

"Now you understand. I had to tell you. . . ."

"Of course. I should have guessed something like that, I suppose—but you're so young and alone, the way I felt—"

"I was married at eighteen—a girl from my home town."

"Where is she, Ben?"

"Saranac. She's been there three years. I send her all the money I can. The doctors say she'll never be well again but she may live quite a while. It's awful hard on her, because she used to be so gay and pretty when I married her—"

SO much unuttered, a whirling maelstrom of felt, unspoken things between them. Out of it came Joan's simple: "I'm sorry for you, Ben."

"Don't worry about me. I get along all right. But when I met you, I couldn't help—it's been such a long time, and you were kind and sweet—if you only knew how it—"

"I know." A pause. "Do you love her so very much?"

"I can't talk about love." His fingers gripped the wheel. "When I go up there to see her it almost tears my heart out. She smiles at me and tries to be gay, the way she used to be. God, this world can be hell!"

"Yes, Ben, it can be. If there was only something I could do to help you. I want to help you! Can't I lend you some money, or—"

"I don't need it. Good of you, but I'm making out. They know how I'm fixed up there. They don't charge much. And, whatever it is, I've got to pay it. Nobody else. Do you see that?"

"Yes, I see. You're brave, Ben. You're a—pretty swell guy."

"Hey!" He peered at her, then brushed her cheek with his hand. "What, you crying? Fine way to end an evening, that is! Worse than me with the vapors. Come out of it!"

"O. K., Ben." She took a quick breath. "Only you might lend a poor girl a handkerchief—I can't find mine—" Trite, but it served; it was a bridge.

She dabbed at her eyes, gave the handkerchief back to him. "It's sort of damp—hope you don't mind—"

He climbed from the car and opened the door for her.

"So long, Ben." Her hand grasped his hard, warmly.

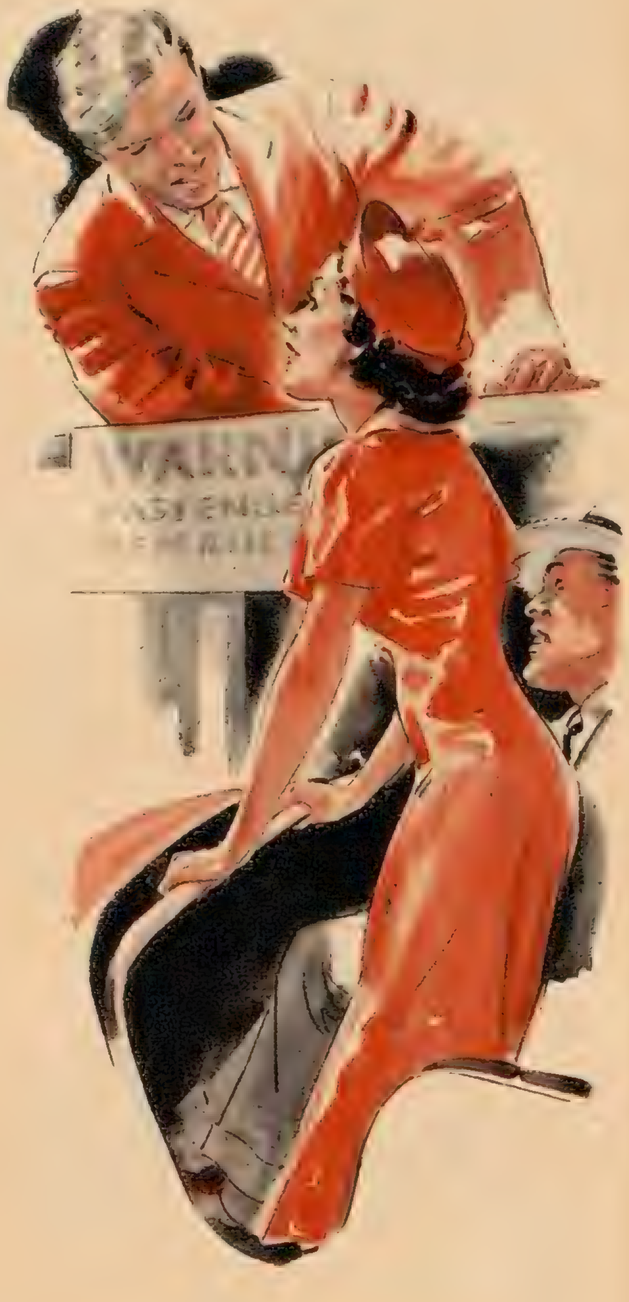
"Don't want me to go to the door with you?"

"No. Let's say good-by here, now."

"Right. Good-by, Joan."

"Good-by. . . ." For an instant she was motionless, then she quickly bent toward him and her lips touched his fleetingly. "God bless you, dear," she whispered, and was gone.

Joan did not come to the park again that summer. She sent Ben two notes, addressing them in care of the park management. She said simply that she hoped he was all right and that his wife was improving. The letters were sympathetic and friendly. Nothing more. Joan was careful about that. She could not know whether he had received them, for she indicated that she did not expect an answer.



"Listen, sister. You got to sit down."

September was a dreary time for Joan. She tried to pick up her old life, go out with the friends she had once enjoyed, but it was useless. There were no tears. Her shoulders were as straight as ever, her gaze as steady. Yet within her, always: It's finished. Nothing more for me. Even if his wife died—don't let me wish for that; don't let me have murder in my heart. . . .

It frightened her. She would escape from that terror, not let it grow. She booked passage to England, where she would remain until this was torn out of her.

Two days before she was scheduled to leave, Pop Hartman, from the park, came to her house. It was early evening. She saw him in the library, and the old man, hat turning uncertainly in his hands, his glance sweeping the richness of the room with mild curiosity, told her:

"Ben. Ben Laurie. You're his friend? He's—in a bad way. His wife died."

"Oh!" Joan whispered, and held on to the back of a chair. That overpowering sickening sense of guilt. . . .

"Nobody knows but me. Nobody at the park knew he was married but me. He told me last week. I guess he figured then she was going to die. Miss Sayre, I'm afraid he's going to harm himself."

She stared at Pop, her eyes wide, dazed. "Harm himself? I don't understand—"

Pop stepped toward her suddenly. "What's the matter with you—can't you understand English? He'll kill himself unless some one does something! I've seen men like that before—I know the symptoms. I know, I tell you!" His body was shaking. "Well? Does that mean anything to you?"

"Yes," she breathed. "But I—there isn't anything I can—"

"You're the only one who can. No one else. He's alone. That's the way he is—he stays alone, inside himself. You can break through."

"But why do you come to me? Why should I—"

The scorn in his eyes was a lash. Joan lowered her head.

"It's true," she said. "You do know, don't you? I love him. But there's something you don't know, and I can't tell you. There's a reason why I can't go to him. Please, please—"

HE said nothing. The moments that passed as these two faced each other—the old man whose battle was near an end and the girl who now was in the midst of the conflict—hammered and beat at her.

She whispered finally: "All right. . . . I'll try. . . . "

"Hurry up," Pop said. "Don't think any more; just hurry up."

When they reached the park and got out of the car, Pop told her: "He's at the roller coaster. He'll be alone. No customers this early."

As she mounted the steps to the scenic-railway platform she saw him kneeling, bending over a wheel on one of the cars.

"Ben," she said.

His head turned swiftly, and the sight of his ravaged face, thinner than ever, the eyes sunken and wretched, hurt her. "Ben, I had to come—"

"Hello, Joan." His voice was false with assumed indifference. "How are you?"

"Pop told me. He said— Ben, don't look at me that way!" Courage fled. Fiercely she clutched at it: "You did all you could. There isn't anything to regret."

(Continued on page 36)

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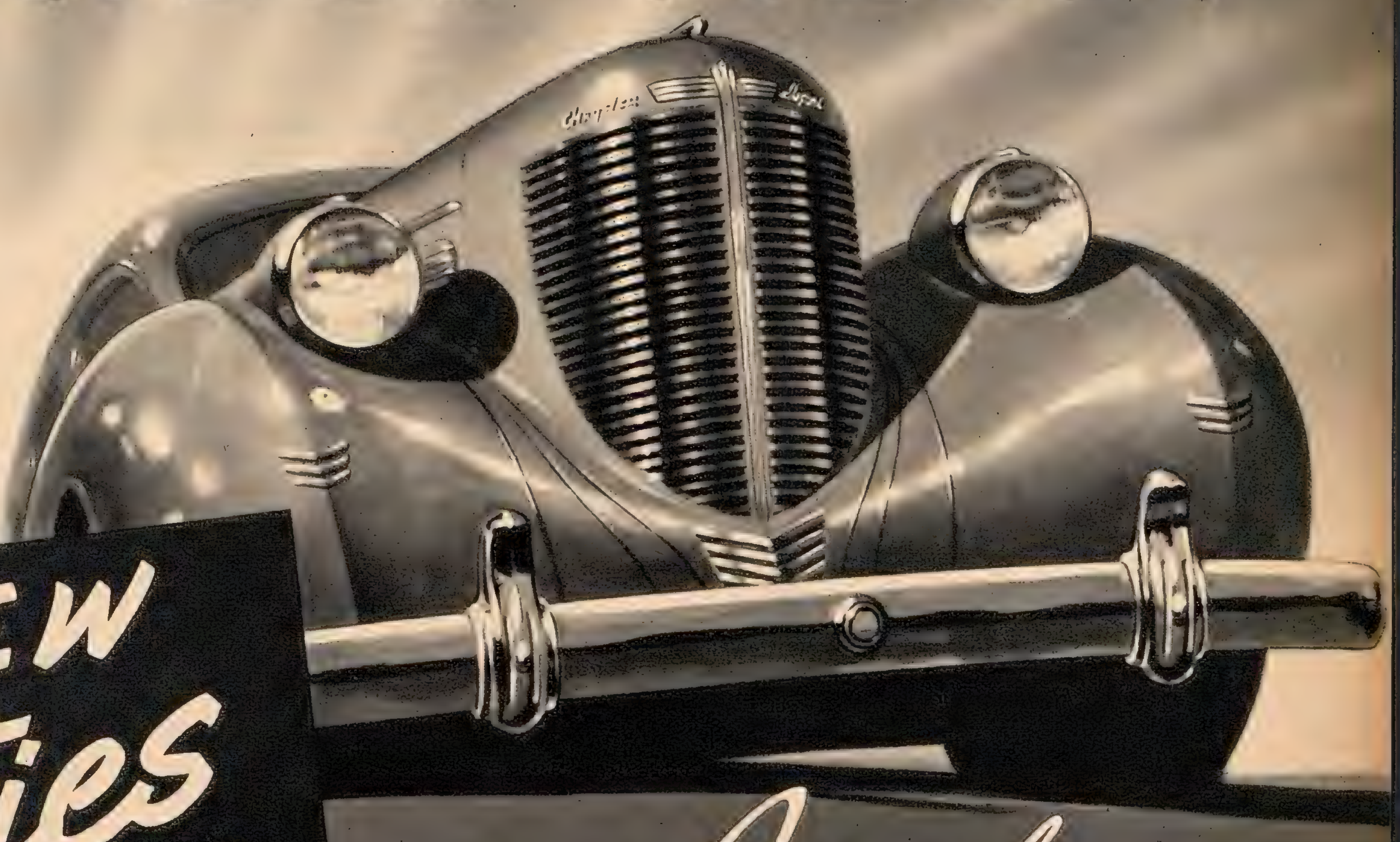

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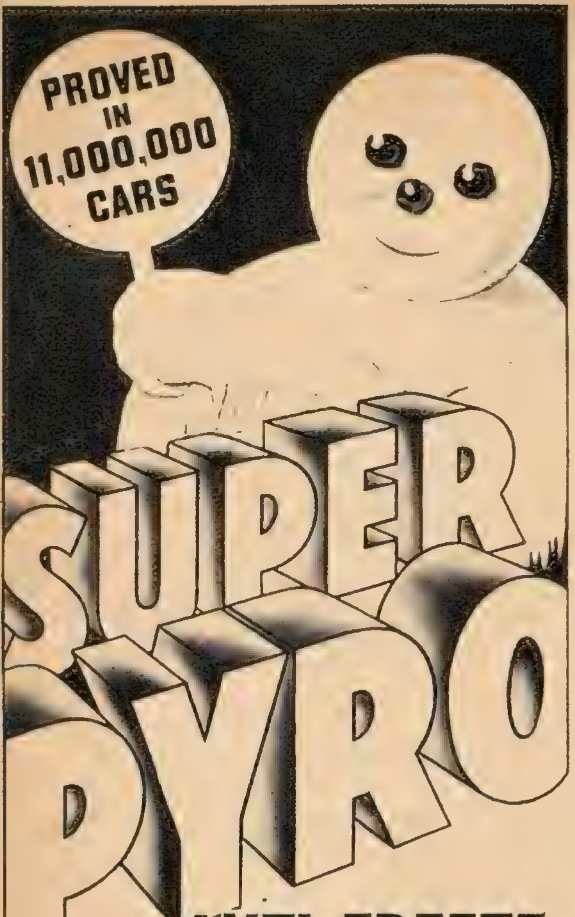

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(*Continued from page 33*)

"Isn't there?" He laughed harshly. "Sure I did all I could. I sent Doris money. Generous of me, that was."

"Don't, Ben! Oh, if only I could make you . . . " No pause. There could be no silence between them now. "She died . . . without pain?"

He nodded. "Before I got there. It was just as well, I suppose . . . she never liked good-bys." He was standing; one hand grasped a wrench unsteadily. "Funny, she looked sort of content and happy, like she was on the day I married her."

"Maybe she was happy because it was over—and she was free—"

"Yeah, I guess maybe that was it. Doris always hated to be indoors. She loved to be outside. I'm glad she saw this one more summer."

He looked off at the hills beyond the park.

Joan said: "Ben, will you come for a ride with me? It's early—there won't be any customers for a while—"

"I can't. I've got to fix this car. Something the matter with a wheel."

"For a little while. You can get Pop to stay here for you. I'll wait until you're ready."

"I can't, I tell you . . . "

Suddenly he leaned toward her. "She's dead. We wanted her dead, didn't we? Both of us. So we could marry and be happy like two people in some damned love story! Well, we got our wish—she's dead, and I'm free. Free!" His mouth was wrenched. "I'll never be free now. Neither will you. As soon as you heard, you came to me. Wouldn't it have been more in line with your social code to wait at least a week?"

SHE stepped back, stumbling. "Ben, don't say any more," she begged, horror in her eyes.

"I won't. What's the use? We both know the words."

"You're wrong. I didn't want to come—Pop told me you were going to harm yourself. He meant—"

His hand shot out, grasped hers fiercely. "Joan, don't lie. Did Pop ask you to come here?"

"Yes. He said if I didn't, you'd kill yourself—that I was the only one who could stop you."

He was motionless for a moment, staring at her. Then his shoulders sagged and he said dully: "So that was it. Suicide. No, Joan, I wouldn't kill myself. Dying wouldn't help. I'm not a tragic guy. We go on living, most of us, no matter what. In a year, or two years, things change—the way they will with us."

She saw clearly into the depth of his prison. There was no way by which she could release him.

"Ben, I hope you will—"

She could say no more. Blindly she turned from him, and found the stairs with her stumbling feet. As she went she heard the cold clang of metal hammering metal, and knew that Ben was at work on one of the cars.

Passing the orange-juice stand, the man behind the counter, recognizing her, called cheerfully: "Hello, Miss Sayre." Joan answered: "Hello." Many of the park men knew her now. Probably they used to speak of her as "Ben's girl." That, too, was ended. In two days she would be on her way to England. Perhaps there she might forget—

"Like a glass of orange juice, Miss Sayre—on me?"

"No, thank you." That lost look on Ben's face! Would she ever forget that?

"Just made it five minutes ago! Nice and fresh—"

She halted, hearing a rumble that she had heard many times before. Yet now it held a strange threat. Joan said: "Isn't that the roller coaster?"

"Yeah. Ben must be trying it out. Haven't seen you around lately, Miss Sayre. Been away?"

"Away . . . "

BEN, with that wrench in his hand. Fixing a car. Something the matter with a wheel. It would be so easy to—

"Hey, Miss Sayre! What's the matter? Wait—"

Joan was running wildly, desperately, toward the roller coaster.

She flung herself up the steps and through the gate. The car, with its lone figure in the rear, was at the beginning of the incline. Joan screamed: "Ben!"

He did not look around. He could not have heard.

"Ben—Ben!" she called again, and then began to climb the incline, holding to a low rail at the side, heedless of danger in her necessity to save him. He could get out of the car now, while it was moving slowly. Once it topped the rise it would be too late. There would be that first terrific drop, and a moment, perhaps, before the wheel that he had loosened came off and tossed him far out and down. . . .

She was at a steep part of the climb now, and could go no farther. She clung there, swaying. The car was moving ever away from her, toward the peak. What could she say to make him get out of the car, to save himself?

Clinging there, dazed from her effort and from emotional assault, Joan suddenly found new strength. When she screamed this time her voice carried to him.

"You coward!" she shouted. "Do you hear me, Ben Laurie? You're a coward!" She saw his head turn. Her vision was distorted and she could not see his face plainly. "Go ahead and kill yourself! Do you think I'd want a weakling for a husband? A man who gives in to self-pity, refuses love for some warped idea of loyalty to a dead wife?" She could no longer control her voice and it rose shrilly. Below her men were running toward the roller-coaster stairs, but she was unaware of them.

"You licked Court Prescott with one punch, didn't you? A strong, brave man, who can't lick himself!"

A girl balancing herself on the narrow footing of the roller-coaster ties, shouting crazily to a man leaning over the back of an ascending car. A slim lovely girl who now was transformed into some one almost savage. "What do I care what happens to you?" she cried. "Because you had to fight for a living, because you gave everything up—including me—even after your wife died, I thought you were a hero!" She laughed shakily. "You're not a hero, Ben Laurie! You're a fool! You're a child who's afraid of real emotion!" Her breath was choked, and she barely managed: "We didn't want Doris to die—we couldn't help being in love—but I don't love you any more, Ben Laurie—go ahead and kill yourself—go ahead—"

The park men whose stands were near the roller coaster and who saw Joan on the track had reached the platform, calling: "Hey, lady, hang on there! We'll get you down— What the hell's the matter? You drunk?"

THEY got to her before Ben, who had vaulted from the car just before it reached the top of the grade. He leaped and slid down the incline, shouting: "Joan—Joan, for God's sake, don't fall! I'm coming! . . ."

She was in the arms of the man from the orange-juice stand as Ben stumbled toward them. The man was saying: "All right, Miss Sayre—all right." And Joan was sobbing: "He was going to kill himself—because we were in love with each other—and his wife died—he fixed a wheel so it would come off—I hate him—I hate him!"

"Get away," Ben said harshly to the orange-juice man, and took Joan from him. Suddenly her head fell back and she went limp.

"Can you carry her?" some one asked, and again Ben said: "Get away." He bore her to the platform, stepping from tie to tie firmly, unhesitantly. The others, when they noticed his face, left him alone, walking silently down the steps. Ben lowered himself to a bench, holding Joan tightly.

She opened her eyes as the car in which Ben had been riding shot down the last drop and coasted to a stop.

"It didn't go off," she whispered. "It wasn't wrecked."

"No," Ben said. "The wheel stayed on."

She looked up at him. "Were you really trying to die?"

"No," he told her. "But it wouldn't have mattered much, then."

She began to cry softly. "I made a horrible fool of myself," she murmured quaveringly, "shouting all those things—I must have been crazy—but I thought you were. . . . "

"You weren't crazy," Ben said. "I was. All those things you said were true. Joan. Is it too late, dear? Could you love a coward and a baby and a fool?"

"I never stopped," she said.

THE END

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THE WORLD GOES SMASH

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CLYMER

HUGH FARRAGUT, Attorney General of the United States under the new Forward Party President, Frank J. Winters, is fighting desperately to unmask the leaders of a powerful nation-wide crime ring. Chief among them is Happy Harold James, father of Dorrie, the girl Farragut loves. James, hand in glove with Caleb Keeler, the Vice-President, has been appointed Postmaster General, and Farragut realizes that the wily politician is preparing to seize control of the party and the government. Winters, warned of this, says he can do nothing until he has proof of James' crimes.

The Attorney General finds this proof in a mine in New Jersey where James and his friends are storing illegal gold and—more important—where they have also been hiding batteries of big guns. With the approval of the President, he accuses James in Cabinet meeting. The Vice-President, Secretary of Arbitration and Adjustment Tim McBride, and others of James' crowd rally to the Postmaster General's defense. The meeting ends in a fight between McBride and Farragut after the President has demanded James' resignation within a week.

Farragut flies to a retreat on Long Island to see Dorrie James, who has been hiding there from some of her father's colleagues who have attempted to kidnap her because they believe she knows too much. Even James cannot control them. With him the Attorney General takes some capsules d'espion, given him by a Swiss chemist, Vignal, who believes that there will soon be a terrible war in America. One whiff of a broken capsule brings death swiftly and mercifully as an escape from the slow torture of horrible gases and disease bombs. Hugh intends giving Dorrie a capsule to use in case the kidnapers succeed in capturing her.

At the retreat, Dorrie begs Hugh to take her to Washington with him. He consents. Just as they are getting ready to leave, a telephone call brings disastrous news.

The President has been found dead in bed!

PART EIGHT—REVOLUTION !

HUGH sat flaccid in his chair, his face twisted. Dorrie's lips on his hair brought him to himself.

“ Darling—darling ! ” she murmured.

He caught her hand, pressed it to his cheek.

“ I warned him,” he said lamentably.

“ Warned him? Hugh ! You don't think—”

“ Yes. Murder.”

Struggling to keep the panic from her voice, she protested, “ But they said only that he was found dead, didn't they ? Who was it that telephoned ? It may not even be true ! ”

“ That's what I have to find out,” he muttered. He got heavily to his feet.

“ I suppose you've got to go back,” said she.

“ Of course. At once,” he returned.

“ Is it safe ? Especially if what you think is true ? ”

“ Of course not. Nothing is safe.”

She left him and walked over to the door. “ Honor ! Am I packed ? ”

“ Almost,” came the response from within.

Hugh regarded her with anguished uncertainty. “ How can I risk taking you with me now ? ”

“ Yes, it's as bad one way as another.”

“ At least we'll be together.”

At that he caught her to him in a desperate embrace. She gave a small startled cry. Dr. Courtenay Tell had opened the outer door. Back of him stood three guards. Hugh stepped before the girl just as Honor Slogage appeared from the inner room carrying a small week-end trunk.

“ What is this ? ” he demanded.

“ Mr. Attorney General,” returned the physician, “ I shall have to ask you to leave.”

“ I am leaving. Miss James is going with me.”

“ That I cannot allow.” He stepped forward. One of his attendants closed and bolted the door.

Hugh measured the situation. That the three men were armed he had no doubt. If he drew his gun there would be shooting, and Dorrie was as likely to be killed as any one else.

“ Cahm on, mister. Get goin',” hoarsely advised the foremost of the intruders.

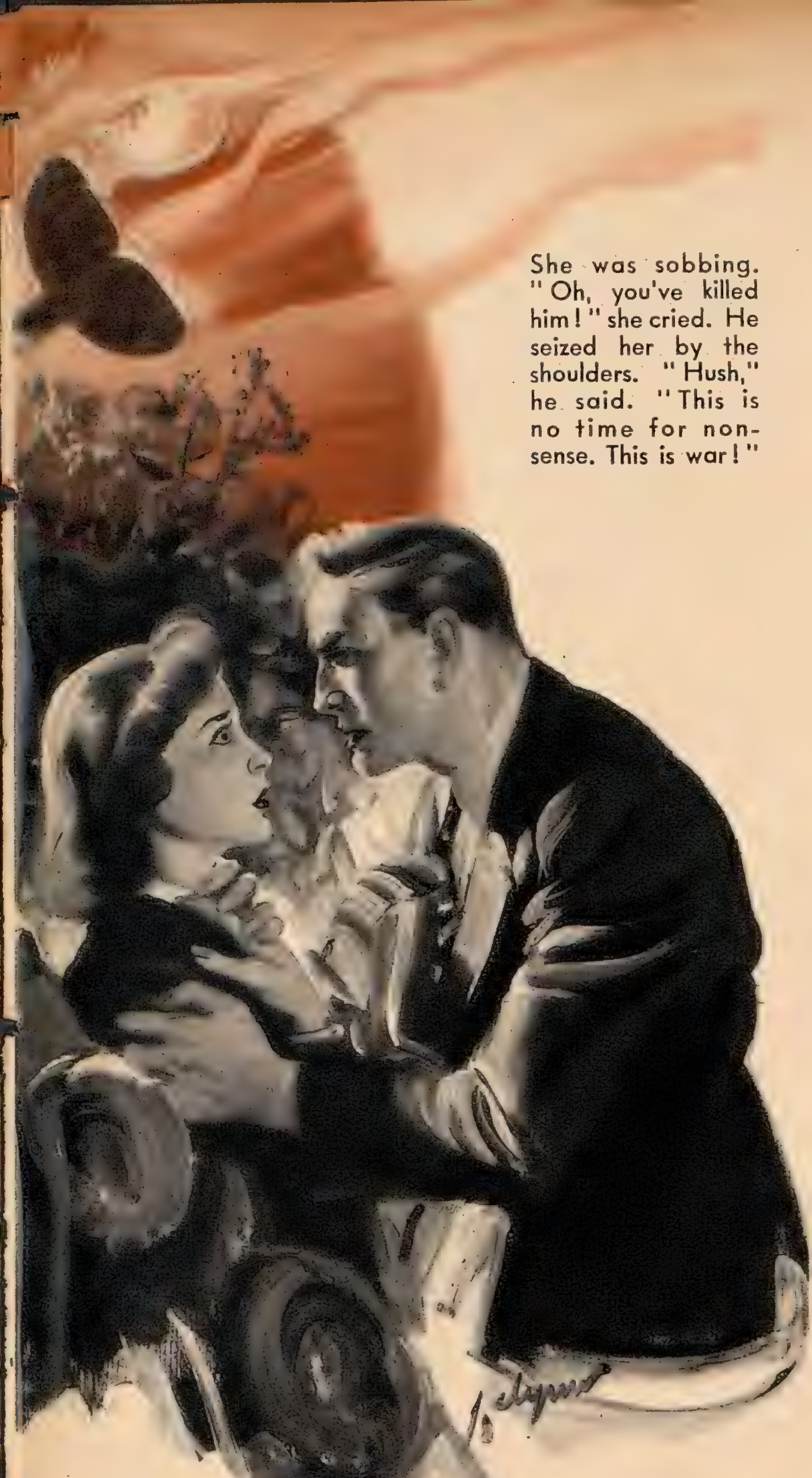
Hugh heard the thud before his astonished eyes fully appraised the situation. The weighty piece of baggage, swung from Honor Slogage's practiced hand, had knocked the man completely out. Almost before he was on the floor, she had dived into the biggest of the thugs and tossed him over her shoulder against the wall, where he crumpled, groaning. Sweeping a heavy inkwell from the desk, Hugh laid out the third gladiator, whipped out his automatic, and stood over him.

“ Open that door ! ” He snapped out the command to Dr. Tell, who, white to the gills, obeyed.

Honor frisked the fallen men, collecting three weapons. One she gave to Dorrie, keeping the other two herself.

“ What will we do with this lot ? ” she asked Hugh.

Catastrophe strikes . . two lovers face death—



She was sobbing. "Oh, you've killed him!" she cried. He seized her by the shoulders. "Hush," he said. "This is no time for nonsense. This is war!"

"Lock them in the bedroom." They were bundled inside and Hugh fortified the door with the heavy desk.

"I have a notion," remarked Honor, "that I'm about to become a jobless lady."

"Hugh," said Dorrie, "we can't leave her here."

"I'll send the whole family to New York with the boys."

They collected William Slogage and the twins. No interference was offered at the gate. Carson Wilde came forward to meet them.

"Something doing in that patch of woodland yonder, Chief."

From the place indicated, Fresneau, the substitute aviator, stepped out, followed by another man. He hurried to the plane, raising his hand to Hugh as if for a signal of readiness.

"Get back of the car," Hugh sharply directed the girl. To the pilot he called out: "Come over here, Fresneau."

Instead the man climbed to his seat.

"Get out of that plane!"

Fresneau thrust forth his head. The other man moved toward the propeller. "Ain't I flying you back, sir?"

"Can you fly that machine?" asked Hugh of Dorrie.

"Yes." She stepped to his side.

The man on the ground spun the blades. In the roar of the engine the shot from Fresneau's pistol was smothered. Involuntarily Hugh dodged a bullet which had already spurted earth back of him.

"Cover, everybody!" he shouted, and, as the gyro drew the plane almost vertically upward, ran forward, shooting. Still the mechanism rose. Scattered reports from the underbrush of the copse answered. Reckless of himself, Hugh discharged his last two shots almost directly upward. The plane leveled out. It seemed to shiver. Then it darted at full speed and, with a sidelong sweep, crashed in an orchard. A flame shot hideously forth.

Hugh ran back to Dorrie. She was sobbing. "Oh, you've killed him!" she cried.

He seized her by the shoulders. "Hush," he said. "This is no time for nonsense. This is war!"

Harris Magill and Carson Wilde came on a dead run. "Any damage?" they gasped.

DAMAGE!" snapped Hugh, his jaw tense. "How am I to get to Washington now?"

Dorothy said: "Get me to Southampton. My Terris Dart is there. I'll fly you down."

The lurkers Carson Wilde had seen in the wood had retired, conveniently abandoning their car. Hugh lifted Dorrie in and turned to say in Magill's ear:

"If I'm alive and free at six o'clock tonight I'll telephone. Good luck!"

Settling himself at the wheel, he concentrated upon driving. Nor did his companion speak until the radio before her began sparking. It was the Universal Clearance signal, indicating that the air was given over to an impending message of prime importance. An emotionless enunciation delivered a formula:

"The government of the United States speaking on all wave lengths. Stand by at twelve o'clock, noon, for a Clearance message."

"They're covering up something," said Hugh.

"Who?"

"Whoever killed the President."

"Who did kill him, Hugh?"

Tonelessly he answered, "Wait."

She bent forward. He would not meet her eyes. There was no need; she could read the grisly suspicion in his mind. Back into memory floated her father's confident boast: "I shall have more power than Mussolini or Hitler ever had, and exercise it with more skill." Could he have known what was coming to pass? No; she could not believe that. She must not believe it!

The car was making sixty-five now; seventy; eighty, and still the needle advanced in its arc. . . . They roared into the wide driveway of the James estate east of Southampton. Dorrie's amazed mechanic came running out from the private hangar.

"How long to tune up?" she shot at him. "I'll help."

"Fifteen to twenty minutes."

"Let's get at it."

Hugh said, "Can you get me paper and carbon?"

She took him to her study, called a maid, gave brief instructions, and left him. In a little more than eighteen minutes she was tapping at the window.

"All ready, Hugh."

"Come in here."

She entered.

"Where are you going when we reach Washington?"

"Wherever you go."

"No. I can't let you. You'd be in the way."

"I'll go to dad's house," she decided. "You'll know where to find me. What are the papers?" He was holding out to her carbon copies of his penciled scripts.

"Emergency plans," he replied shortly. "If anything happens to me when we land—"

"What could happen?" she queried with parted lips. He evaded the question. "Nothing, probably. They

A great novel reaches new heights of drama aren't going to let this break before noon if they can help it, and I don't see how they can have traced us. But if I am intercepted, take those papers to the Secretary of State and tell him"—his voice deepened and shook with a profound emotion—" for the love of his country and his God, not to question or delay, but to carry out those instructions. If matters work out as I fear, it may be war by tomorrow. Those plans are the answer—if there is any answer," he added dejectedly.

" Shall we go? "

His gaze enveloped her with an intensity hardly to be borne.

" Don't look like that, darling," she besought. " You—you frighten me. What's that? "

His left hand went slowly to his pocket and brought out a small object. It was M. Vignal's capsule d'espion.

" No one can tell what may happen from now on, Dorrie. I can't be with you to watch over you. I can't protect you against death, if it threatens. But I can save you from what might be worse." He held out the tiny gleaming object and briefly explained the nature of the instantaneous and merciful poison. " Only at the last extremity," said he hoarsely. " I can trust you, my darling."

She took the capsule. " Yes; you can trust me," she said. Setting both hands upon his shoulders, she kissed his lips long, closely, clingingly, without passion.

The plane rose and leveled out upon its appointed course.

No commotion or excitement was noticeable when they landed in the forbidden precincts of Potomac Park, back of the White House. Motor and foot police gathered with a rush, but withdrew their protests upon recognizing the Attorney General of the United States.

" Set a guard on the plane until I send my men to relieve you," he directed. He looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes past nine. A taxi drew in.

" Where to, sir? "

" Department of Justice."

" Then you *are* going to take me with you," said Dorrie hopefully as they started.

" No. That was for the police," he answered. " I'm taking you to Du Pont Circle. Do you mind stopping for a moment on the way? I want to see Bennett Eyre."

Eyre was a veteran newspaperman, now in charge of a great syndicate's Washington office. As he did not deal in immediate news, it was his duty to interpret trends and movements—to know in advance what of vital significance was likely to develop tomorrow, next week, or a month hence; to be a repository of inside information. He was widely informed, universally trusted, careful in judgment, and of wise counsel. Stopping the taxi before the G Street office, Hugh sent the driver up to ask if Mr. Eyre would come down.

EYRE appeared at once. Ordinarily the neatest of men, he looked as if he had slept in his suit. Barely acknowledging his presentation to the girl, he said to Hugh, with a penetrating glance:

" I heard you had left town."

" I had," said he. " I came back."

Eyre's bloodshot eyes still scrutinized him queerly. The clear-cut, heavily lined visage worked. " There's something hellish going on, Mr. Attorney General," he blurted out.

Dorrie, who had been studying him with absorption, brought to bear that swift and analytical judgment of men which had so often served her father. " Tell him, Hugh," she urged.

" Eyre, do you know anything of the President? "

" What is it? " the correspondent breathed. " That noon Clearance broadcast? "

" Yes. I have reason to believe that he is dead."

" Dead? " Eyre's face was like chalk now. " How? "

" I don't know. I only suspect."

" Happy James! "

Dorothy gave a cry.

" This is Happy James' daughter," said Hugh sharply. " I think you did not understand."

Only momentarily discountenanced, the journalist continued, with an assumption of completing an interrupted sentence: " Happy James becomes the real President. Keeler is a piece of putty. I'm going to the White House."

" Get in."

The taxi buzzed into Pennsylvania Avenue, stopping opposite the main entrance to the grounds.

" Are you coming in? " asked Eyre.

" Not now. Officially I'm not here. Everything I have said is strictly confidential, you understand."

Eyre nodded. " I'll be back soon or send you word."

In five minutes he had returned. His bearing told of anger and profound depression. " That's the first time I've ever been turned back at the gate. A shifty thug named Gristman seems to be in charge."

" Sam Gristman? " asked Dorrie quickly.

" Yes. What do you know of him? " inquired Eyre.

" He was one of the old gang shown up in the Mercer investigation scandals."

" Of course he was! He's only just taken over this White House assignment."

" Oh, Hugh! " cried the girl. " Why didn't you warn the President of what Honor told you? "

" I did. I wrote it to him. Perhaps I shouldn't have trusted to writing."

" You shouldn't," said the newspaperman bluntly. " A lot of important stuff, both official and unofficial, has been getting blocked off from Frank J. Winters. They've had him pretty well isolated." He scowled. " This looks worse and worse. I don't like it at all. I'm going to do some scouting."

" Come to my office at noon," invited Hugh.

HE dropped Dorrie at the door of Happy James' house and went at once to the department. There he talked briefly on the telephone with the Secretary of State and with the venerable and beloved Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Thomas Severn, both of whom had called up to ask guardedly that he hold himself in readiness for a conference any time that day. He then settled down to the task of developing the plans which he had commenced at Southampton.

At three minutes before noon Bennett Eyre was admitted. He was haggard.

" Washington is in such a state as I've never before known, and I've seen three wars and two panics. It's like hidden insanity. There's fear and—"

" Stand by for Universal Clearance," announced the suave voice of the radio. " Dale Arbuthnot speaking for the government. All citizens are urged to remain calm in the face of tragic news. President Frank J. Winters has been found dead in his room. Death was from natural causes. Dr. Selah Minturn's examination shows—"

" Minturn! That crook and quack! " broke in Bennett Eyre violently. " Why, he's deep in the federal dope ring." He sat lost in thought while the mournful and liquid syllables of Arbuthnot's trained locution dribbled from the radio. When he lifted his head, his voice was hard with conviction:

" There is just one man in the country who can handle this. Mr. Attorney General, this is up to you now."

Something like fear darkened Hugh Farragut's expression. There was no doubt in his mind as to what the veteran correspondent meant. He, as Attorney General of the United States, must take action if the country was to be saved from the politico-criminal control of Happy James and his conspiracy. But action of what sort? How could he prove the fraud and murder which he suspected? The legal head of the government was now Caleb Keeler. Action against Keeler would be action against the government. It would be rebellion. Dared he assume the responsibility, even if he had the power, of plunging his country into a fratricidal conflict?

Yet the crisis was not new to his thought, though the circumstances were terrifyingly different. Ever since his investigations into racketeering had revealed to him the co-operation and coalition of the crook rings all over the country, he had foreseen the day when the combination would make its attempt to take over the reins of government. He had even taken the initiatory step of forming a counterforce of keymen in various localities whose loyalty and courage were attested. In some of the larger cities there were secret Committees of Six, watchful of developments, who reported suspicious occurrences to his New York headquarters. But this was the merest skeleton organization. It was no basis for armed resistance. It could not formulate a war.

War! Unwittingly he must have spoken the word; for Bennett Eyre echoed it:

"Yes; war, if there is no other way."

"Who would declare it and lead it?"

The reply was that which he had dreaded to hear: "You, when the time comes."

"On what issue?"

"James and Keeler will supply us with an issue."

"Nothing that they might do would surprise me. They'll be drunk with power. And still I can't see—"

"Mr. Attorney General, there is one man in Washington who has, above any one else, the confidence of the nation—Chief Justice Severn. I have just come from his chambers. Why don't you call on him—unofficially?"

"I will," decided Hugh.

Asking Eyre to keep him informed, he got into his waiting car and was driven through seething streets to the Supreme Court Building. The Chief Justice received him without delay. In spite of his years he was as straight and firm as a white-ash tree, and Hugh thought that he had never looked into a face so expressive of benignity and high purpose.

WITH a contained simplicity the Chief Justice said: "Mr. Farragut, I shall not mince words in this crisis. Do you believe that President Winters was murdered?"

"I do."

"By direction of the Keeler-James faction?"

"In their interests at least."

"Can anything be proven?"

"Nothing, so far."

"Is it true that President Winters, in Cabinet meeting, had demanded Postmaster General James' resignation?"

"It is, sir. On charges brought by me."

"The fact is sufficient. We have no time to go into the nature of the charges. As to Vice-President Caleb Keeler's character and qualifications, I may assume, I think, that we are in agreement."

"*President* Caleb Keeler, God help the country!" amended Hugh bitterly.

"No. The Act of Procedure of 1938 prescribes that a successor to the Presidency shall be inducted by the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. I shall refuse to administer the oath of office to Acting President Keeler if there is public intimation that he achieved his office through a crime to which he was party. It is a maxim of common law that no man may legally profit by his own crime. . . . And now, as chief prosecuting officer of the government, what steps do you propose to take?"

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Drug Store Soda Fountains

"An emergency Cabinet meeting is called for five o'clock this afternoon. I shall demand an autopsy upon the body of Frank J. Winters."

"Good! Pending the findings of such autopsy, Caleb Keeler will be well advised to defer the formalities of assuming office." From his desk he took a slip of paper inscribed with a list of names in his own small and strong handwriting. "I am inviting these gentlemen, together with yourself, to meet here at ten o'clock this evening. Have you any suggestions?"

The roster was short: Secretaries Gerritt and Hartshorn, General Devoe, Admiral Maxwell, Associate Justices Marin and Cresswell, George M. Wheeler, Jr., head of the new Aeronautical Board of Control, and Truslo Jones, president of the General Radio Corporation.

"I should like to add Secretary Levinson, and to have Mr. Bennett Eyre within call," said Hugh. "He may be a valuable source of information."

The Chief Justice made a note. His face was inscrutable as he said: "Efforts to locate Secretary Levinson have been futile. I think, Mr. Farragut, that we must be prepared for any eventuality. *Any* eventuality," he repeated. "I thank you for coming to me."

Three hours remained to Hugh before the Cabinet meeting. In that brief period he must amplify and clarify his plans. Shutting himself into his private office, he gave orders that he would tolerate no interruption until he opened the door. Nearly two hours had passed when a crash of glass brought him to his feet. A rock had shattered the pane opposite his desk. Hugh jumped to the window.

Below, a man in the garb of a Catholic priest stood, passive, in the grasp of a policeman. Father Dulany's calm and powerful voice called up:

"It is necessary that I see you at once, Mr. Farragut. There was no other way but this."

"Bring him up," ordered Hugh.

HE was shocked when the priest entered. Not all the rigid training in emotional control imposed by the Church had sufficed to keep the marks of anguish from the benignant face. He faltered toward the desk, the officer supporting him. Hugh pushed a chair back of him and motioned the policeman out. Father Dulany said:

"When was he killed?"

Hugh's nerves gave a leap. "You knew what was going to happen?"

"Too late. Something pushed forward their plans. As soon as I knew, I came here to warn you. I should have wired. But I thought I had time to spare." Tears ran down his cheeks.

"Don't blame yourself. Tell me whatever you can."

"Peter Sully was poisoned last night, by a woman. The political feud in the Fourteenth was back of it. He was one of the inside ring. Before he died at eight o'clock this morning, he told me of the plot—not with any idea of vengeance but in the hope of making his peace with Heaven. They had an agent in the White House. He did not tell me the details; but in the course of time the President, you, and several others were to be put out of the way; Caleb Keeler would be President and Happy James would be in control. Something must have forced their hand."

Hugh paled. His denunciation of Happy James had brought about the premature killing. "Is there any supporting proof?"

"None. But, my son, it was truth spoken by a dying penitent in the fear of his God."

"Can you meet me here at nine forty-five this evening? I may ask you to repeat what you have told me before a gathering of men who can be trusted."

"I will do whatever I can," returned the priest quietly.

WORKING up to the last moment, Hugh arrived at the Cabinet meeting on the exact hour. All his colleagues were already in their places except Levinson and Happy James. Taking his seat, the Attorney General made a covert survey of the strained faces about him. Both women members looked as if tears were not far from them. Duryea and Burtis, he thought, were two frightened men. Hartshorn sat glowering. McBride was excited and, the observer thought, expectant. Porter absently made figures on a sheet of paper; a strange time to be figuring percentages, thought Hugh. From the bearing of the army and navy representatives nothing was to be learned. Judge Gerritt's quiet dignity was overshadowed with grief. At the head of the conference table, Caleb Keeler nervously fumbled some papers while casting glances toward the door.

For several minutes the meeting sat silent or with an infrequent exchange of whispers. The door opened to admit the Postmaster General. No more significant testimony of something having gone awry with his plans could have been afforded than his expression. His usually ruddy face was pallid as parchment. There were cruel hollows beneath his eyes. He spoke to no one, but slacked down into his chair. One might have thought him stricken with sorrow. Hugh knew better.

Caleb Keeler opened the meeting with a formal and official notice of the President's death, and read a stiff little eulogy. At its close, his regard rested querulously upon Happy James. The Postmaster General sat inert. It was Hugh Farragut who rose to claim the attention of the chair, and at that James raised his head and slowly shook it. Keeler took his cue.

"I will hear no matter foreign to this sad occasion," he pronounced.

"I had no such thought in mind, Mr. Acting President," stated Hugh, with a slight accent upon the qualified title. "My suggestion I believe to be pertinent. I ask that an autopsy be performed upon the body of the late President Winters."

"This is improper to the time and occasion."

Henry Hartshorn lifted his harsh and gloomy eyes. "Why?" he boomed.

Up from its chair shouldered the heavy form of the Secretary of Arbitration and Adjustment. "What's the idea?" he snarled, thrusting his belligerent jaw toward Hugh. "What you got in your mind?"

The Interior Department came to his support. "Yes; is the Attorney General hinting at something?"

"The Attorney General does not deal in hints," retorted that official.

"Then what is the purpose of this extraordinary and shocking suggestion?" sniffed Mrs. Larrabee.

"To allay public unrest," answered its proponent blandly. "And suspicion," he added.

Secretary Porter diverted his attention from his figures long enough to say nervously, "Yes. Must allay public unrest. Nothing can be done when public is suspicious."

"I consider the Attorney General's proposal both fitting and necessary," declared Secretary of State Gerritt.

"I consider it damned insulting nonsense," bumbled Secretary Martingell.

"Let those that stir up public unrest look to it," said Caleb Keeler, staring pointedly at Hugh. "I shall refuse—"

He stopped at an imperative gesture from Happy James, who had risen to his feet and now faced Hugh with a frozen smile.

"I can see no objection to the Attorney General's proposal. Ugly rumors are being circulated. It is necessary that they be silenced. That there may be no possible doubt, the autopsy should be certified by high medical authorities. I therefore suggest Dr. Selah Minturn of this city, Dr. Abner Fothergill, formerly of the staff of Johns Hopkins, and Dr. Courtenay Tell of Riverhead, Long Island."

The cynical effrontery of the selections astounded Hugh. Minturn was notorious. Courtenay Tell was practically an employee of Happy James. As for Fothergill, his standing and repute had been unexceptionable, but he was now a purblind and doddering relic. However, to protest the choice then and there would be useless. The Acting President accepted the nominations. But, as the announcement of adjournment was made, Hugh gave the gathering something to think about.

"The Department of Justice," he announced, "reserves the right to conduct its own examination with its own experts."

It was a bluff. Hugh knew well that his men would never be allowed entry to the White House as long as the body of Frank J. Winters lay there.

Happy James still smiled. But Hugh had the satisfaction of hearing McBride's sudden gulp and seeing Keeler's jaw loosen momentarily in its sockets.

FATHER DULANY had remained at the department. On Hugh's return he said: "I forgot one part of my errand. Look out for Chicago."

Hugh was momentarily puzzled. "Is that all?"

"It was the last word spoken to me by Peter Sully before he died: 'Tell them to look out for Chicago.'"

"I was expecting Detroit first," muttered Hugh. "I'll see what I can get." He gave orders over the telephone. A moment later he looked up with a blank countenance. "All connections off." He barked into the telephone: "Get me Detroit." The attempt was equally futile. With a sinking heart he called up New York. All was clear there. He told Harris Magill to establish touch with the various representatives and tell them to stand by for important communications within the next twenty-four hours.

With the hours still at his command he sent for Truslo Jones, the most powerful radio magnate in the country, and George M. Wheeler, Jr., head of the Air Control. Shocked and incredulous at first, their skepticism was shaken by the Attorney General's report of the Cabinet meeting, and they were finally convinced by Father Dulany's recital. Thereafter they were swept along on the current of Hugh's dynamic impetus. Between them they had, before the hour of the meeting, worked out a design to cover the nation from coast to coast and gulf to lakes. When the final decision was made, Paul Revere's spirit would that night ride the air on wings and waves, bearing the summons to a new revolution.

The four men left the department together for the Supreme Court Building. Father Dulany waited in the anteroom, where Hugh had expected to find Bennett Eyre. Instead there was a note in his writing which the Chief Justice, composed but white, handed to Hugh.

What historians were afterward to call the Counter-Cabinet went into session, Chief Justice Severn presiding. He introduced Hugh:

"The Attorney General of the United States has charges of the gravest import to present. You will form your own opinions as to their credibility and determine upon what action, if any, is desirable. Upon your decisions may depend the future of the United States of America."

In the simplest and briefest terms Hugh stated his suspicions. A dead silence followed. Associate Justice Marin broke it: "This is all assumption, Mr. Chairman. The circumstances are, I admit, suspicious. But should we be justified in acting hastily and on mere suspicion in a matter of such vital national concern?"

"Hastily if at all, I fear," returned the Chief Justice. "Will you hear Father Dulany, gentlemen?"

THE priest was summoned. After he had told his story, Justice Cresswell was the first to speak: "All this may be true. I am inclined to credit it. But I join with Justice Marin in questioning whether it is conclusive."

"May I adduce some collateral facts?" asked Hugh. "Secretary Gerritt can testify that after opposing Postmaster General James he was made the subject of an abortive attack. Secretary Levinson joined in the opposition to Mr. James. I will read you a message just received from a man in whom I have every confidence:

"'Secretary Levinson's body found in a culvert in Rock Creek Park. News officially suppressed.'

"That, gentlemen, is government by murder."

A long sigh passed through the assemblage. With a mien notably altered, Justice Marin turned to Hugh to ask:

"What do you propose, Mr. Farragut?"

"To dispatch at once a fleet of airplanes to all parts of the country, with warnings," replied Hugh with vigor. "To reach every radio listener with news of what threatens the peace and freedom of every American. To call them to their own defense."

"Is this a declaration of rebellion?" asked Justice Cresswell.

"Essentially it is."

The chairman turned his eyes toward General Devoe and Admiral Maxwell, who had been sitting in attentive silence. "These gentlemen are conversant with the general situation," said he. "General Devoe."

The soldier rose. His face worked. "Gentlemen, I am sworn to uphold the government of the United States."

"The government of the United States has passed into the hands of crooks and thugs," returned Hugh.

Devoe made a helpless gesture. "I know only my responsibility to constituted authority."

"If army and navy are against us, what chance have we?" said Secretary Gerritt.

"What else can we be but against you?" sadly asked the army man.

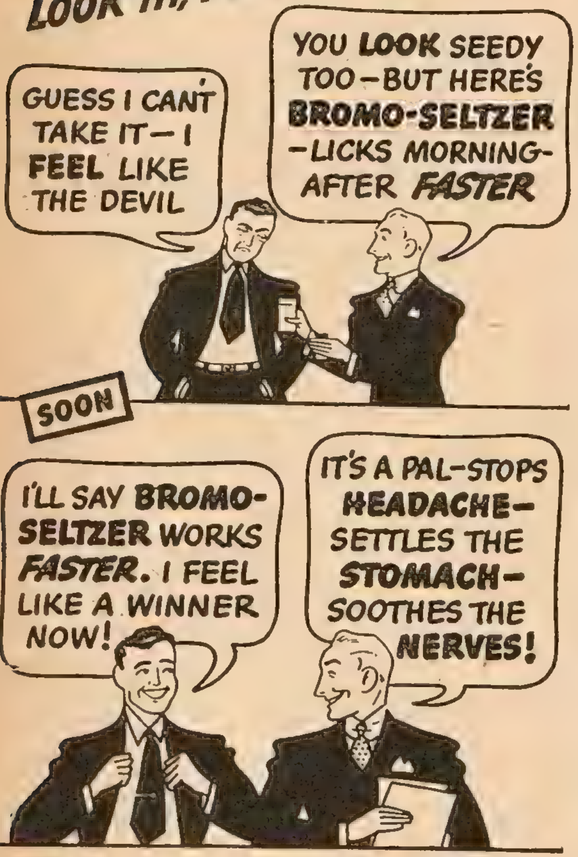
"Not me, by God!" cried choleric old Admiral Maxwell. "I know what hell those fellows have been playing with the navy. I'm fed up with Clerf and his lot. I'm resigning. Gentlemen, if it's war, I'm with you."

Hugh rose to face Devoe. He knew the general for a gallant officer, upright, honorable, and stiffly conscientious in his conception of his professional duty. He knew also the potency of the influence which, by virtue of his military record and high character, he wielded.

"I am asking you—we are asking you—to put patriotism above a technical loyalty," he said.

The other said painfully: "I cannot be a traitor to my duty as I see it."

HE'S A WEAK SISTER—COMING TO WORK WITH MORNING-AFTER
Then he learned how to LOOK fit, FEEL fit—FASTER!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YOU LOOK SEEDY TOO—BUT HERE'S BROMO-SELTZER—LICKS MORNING-AFTER FASTER
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Hugh was holding a card in reserve. "Assume that it is the control of the army that is traitorous."

"How can I entertain any such assumption?"

Again the Attorney General produced a sheet of paper scrawled over with Eyre's hasty message, only half of which he had presented before the meeting.

"All of us here know Mr. Bennett Eyre, I believe. No man in Washington has more reliable sources of information. This is from him." He read:

"'A massacre is in progress in Chicago. Mayor and other officials of reform administration killed by organized gang which has captured the City Hall and is looting the city. Taxi army converging on Springfield to take over state government, aided by three regiments of regulars, said to be acting on secret instructions from War Department.'" (General Devoe started.) "'Colonel Shore, Major Dibble, and other officers refusing to follow instructions have been shot by their men.'"

Devoe addressed the Chief Justice: "May I telephone, sir?"

"In the room outside."

When he returned he was tense and grim. "I have been cited for court-martial," said he. "Gentlemen, I am convinced. You may count on me."

The gathering settled down to a formulation of procedure. It was decided that Hugh Farragut should make the appeal to the nation at noon, Justice Severn lending the vast prestige of his office and his personality by presenting him. Secretary of State Gerritt would follow briefly, and finally the two service officers, calling their comrades of army and navy to the defense of the country.

As the meeting adjourned and the participants passed into the entry room they saw Bennett Eyre seated at the telephone. He urgently motioned them to wait.

"O. K.," they heard him say. "That rips it wide open." He carefully replaced the mechanism. "Gentlemen," said he, "every newspaper in Washington has been put under censorship. If you ask me, I should say that a state of emergency will be declared not later than tomorrow. In my opinion, it is time to leave."

TO Hugh this seemed sound advice. Washington would be in complete control of the administration gang. He looked at his watch and was startled to find that it was nearly four. Was there any chance of his seeing Dorrie James before he left? He would try, anyway.

"Du Pont Circle," he directed his chauffeur.

One wing of the house showed lights. To his surprise, Hugh found the front door yielding to his cautious attempt. Heavy-toned discussion was in progress in a room to his right. He went up to the second floor and knocked at door after door until Dorrie's voice answered.

"It's Hugh."

"Oh! I'm so glad. I've so wanted to see you."

"What's going on below?"

"Some sort of powwow. They've been at it all night."

"I'd better not be found here. Put on something and meet me at the corner."

As he cautiously descended he could hear Happy James: "Fools! Why didn't they wait for the word?"

A sulky rasp answered, "Couldn't hold 'em, big boy. They wanted action."

"Action! And the general plan only half worked out. Two weeks longer and we'd be all set. First that crazy lunatic in the White House. Now this Chicago break. Well, we're in for it now!"

The outer door opened silently. Two men appeared, taking the listener wholly by surprise. Before he could move he was covered by an automatic in the grip of an ugly reptilian creature faintly familiar to Hugh's memory. The other visitor was McBride.

LOOK who's here!" sniggered the gunman. He threw open the door to the occupied room. "Gents, the You Ess Attoiney General," he announced.

Happy James jumped to his feet. Amazement was succeeded on his visage by a still and savage satisfaction. "This is most opportune," said he silkily.

Hugh entered. There were eight men seated about the place with cigars and whisky glasses. "Good evening, gentlemen."

Unpleasant laughter answered his greeting. James resumed his seat. "You are under arrest," he said.

Hugh's eyebrows went up. "Indeed? On what charge?"

"Murder."

"I knew there had been murder going on hereabouts," returned the other composedly, "but I am not aware of having had any hand in it."

"You shot down Louis Fresneau in cold blood."

In the stress of events Hugh had already forgotten yesterday's crash.

The human reptile sidled up to him. "Leave me handle this boid," he snarled. "Before I'm through with him, he'll be breathin' mud and mortar. And breathin' it *slow.*"

The meaning was plain. Hugh cursed himself for the recklessness which had led him to this impasse. Martyrdom he could have faced in the cause; but this would be a sterile martyrdom. In the hands of the James gang he would simply vanish.

"Take him—" began Happy James—when the captive saw his expression alter and stiffen. His daughter was standing in the doorway.

Face to face with her father's villainy—what will Dorrie do? Can she save her lover from the crime ring's vengeance? Don't miss the next dramatic installment of this amazing novel of what could happen in the America of tomorrow. In next week's Liberty!

Men Who KILL Little Children

WHY THREE CALIFORNIA INNOCENTS HAD TO DIE

A detective's revelation by EUGENE D. WILLLIAMS

Chief of the Bureau of Investigation, District Attorney's Office, Los Angeles

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

LAST summer an appalling number of atrocious sex crimes were committed in the United States. The victims were children. Many of them were murdered.

This went on in every part of the country, until sensitive people must have dreaded to pick up their daily papers; for weeks there was an almost even chance that the front page would report another, still more sickening atrocity.

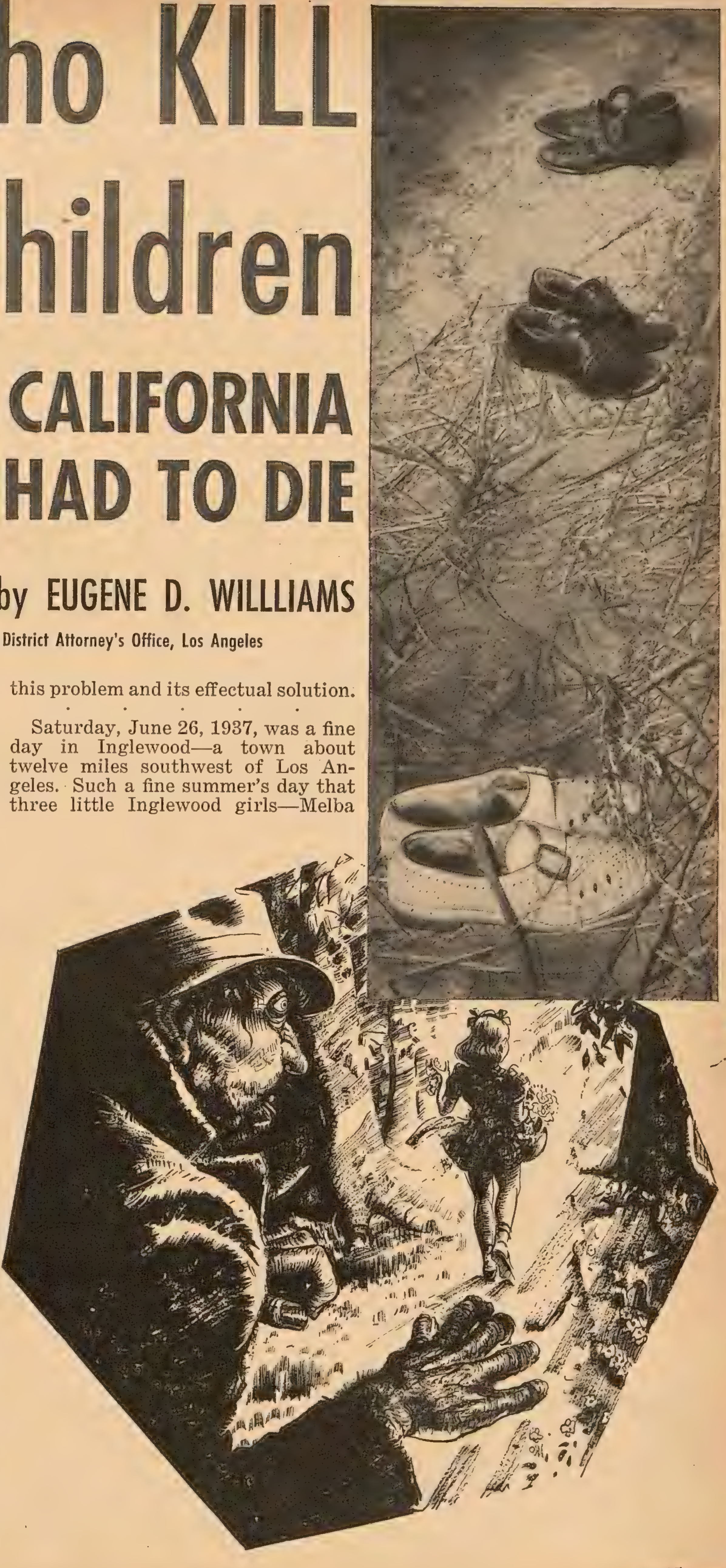
Many devoted parents everywhere must have lived in a kind of nightmare, as all certainly did in the localities where the crimes were committed, as long as the murderous perverts were still at large.

The entire country has since been asking itself what can be done about all this, realizing that what has been done is inadequate. For in case after case the sex criminal, when caught, has proved to have a record of like offenses. He had been caught before and locked up; but, since he had stopped short of murder and was legally sane, it was impossible under the existing laws to keep him confined more than a year or so; impossible, too, to take any measure that would preclude his committing more sex offenses after his release—as such perverts were known to be most likely to do.

The whole frightful thing has shot up into the murky proportions of a national problem. Our experience in Inglewood, California, where perhaps the most horrible of the recent crimes occurred, and our recommendations about what can and should be done, are offered here as throwing light upon this problem and its effectual solution.

. . . . .

Saturday, June 26, 1937, was a fine day in Inglewood—a town about twelve miles southwest of Los Angeles. Such a fine summer's day that three little Inglewood girls—Melba



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KATHANODE
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Everett, aged nine; her sister Madeline, aged seven; and their playmate Jeanette Stephens, aged eight—decided they ought to do something about it. They were sweet little girls, bursting with health and energy, and their parents were good American parents who loved them just as much as many of you who are reading this love your own. Bear this in mind as you read this, please: but for the grace of God those little girls might have belonged to *you!*

They betook themselves, romping and skylarking, to Centinela Park, only a few blocks from their homes. The park was owned by the city of Inglewood. It had baseball diamonds, bowling greens, tennis courts, two plunges, picnic grounds; and it *should* have been the safest kind of place for three happy little girls to visit. Certainly their parents had never had reason to think otherwise.

But—

They didn't come home that evening. They will never come home. In an American community—very much like *your* community—they became victims of perhaps the most nauseatingly horrible crime it has ever been my duty to investigate, a crime of a type which is becoming all too prevalent in America, *and which must be stamped out at all costs—even to a complete revision of some of our present-day notions of penology.*

After dinnertime their parents, getting anxious, started a search for them. They weren't in the park or at any of the homes of their little friends. Nine o'clock came. The Inglewood police were notified and the search got started in earnest. Neighbors joined in it and all night long they combed the town and its vicinity. Morning came and there was still no trace of the children.

Sunday was a fine day too—but it might as well have been black night so far as those poor parents were concerned. More and more Inglewood citizens joined in the search, without result. By Monday morning the whole community was in a state of excitement. American Legionnaires and Boy Scouts were organized into searching parties.

AT nine o'clock Monday morning I was ordered by District Attorney Buron Fitts of Los Angeles County to take such men as I had available in the Bureau of Investigation and go to Inglewood. I went, accompanied by Assistant Chief Jesse Winn and ten detectives.

In Inglewood I met Captain William Penphrase of the Los Angeles sheriff's office. Chief Campbell of the Inglewood Police Department told us he had two men out looking for a "hot" suspect, so while we were waiting for them to report I had my men range throughout the community, and Captain Winn and I did the same. We learned that on Friday some man in Centinela Park had told one of the girls that he would like to take them rabbit hunting.

This looked promising to us, of course. But, on checking with the children's parents, we found that the little girls had told about the incident and had been warned not to have anything to do with strange men; the danger had been made clear to them, and they were intelligent children. However, descriptions of the man said by park employees to have been seen with the girls Friday were broadcast to all the newspapers.

Since the parents were in moderate circumstances and no suggestion of ransom had been made, I concluded that the children had been lured from the park by a sex pervert, and that probably we would find they had been killed by him.

After questioning a number of persons I returned to the police station, just as some Boy Scouts and Legionnaires came in to report the finding of the bodies of the little girls about three and a half miles north of the park, in a ravine in the Baldwin Hills!

You can imagine how long it took us to get out there.

ON the southerly slopes of these hills are a number of oil wells and on the northerly slopes extensive bean fields. Running in a general northerly direction between two of the hills is a narrow, steep, and tortuous canyon. About half a mile down this canyon we came upon the bodies of the three little girls, obviously the victims of violent attack.

I shall never forget how I felt when I saw them.

The one lying farthest south I ascertained to be Melba Everett's. A few feet from her, around a sharp turn in the canyon, I found three pairs of children's shoes, placed carefully so that each pair was separated from the others. A short distance farther on down the canyon was the body of Madeline Everett, and about seventy feet below that was the body of Jeanette Stephens.

Each of them had been horribly ravished. . . .

Each had been strangled with a rope about the size of a window cord, tied tightly at the back of the neck.

We made a careful examination of the vicinity, but it was impossible to obtain any footprints or other physical evidence.

I returned, to find the Inglewood police station surrounded by angry citizens. Frankly, I was worried. Anybody we might bring in for interrogation might seem to them to be the killer. And you never can tell what a mob will do.

Chief Campbell turned his private office over to me, and Captain Penphrase of the sheriff's office and I assigned his deputies and my men to the gathering of all available evidence. We worked until midnight, bringing in and questioning suspects, and eliminating most of them.

About two in the morning I returned to the district attorney's office in Los Angeles where a council of war was held, with District Attorney Buron Fitts, Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, Chief of Detectives Joseph

Taylor of the Los Angeles Police Department, and myself in attendance. We decided that on the following morning Captain Penphrase, Lieutenant Leroy Sanderson, and I should organize a combined force of district-attorney detectives, deputy sheriffs, and police officers, and establish headquarters at Inglewood.

Accordingly, next morning we set up shop in Inglewood, in the mayor's office. There we worked like dogs all day Tuesday, all night long, and similarly on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. We took stenographic statements from about 350 persons. We communicated descriptions of certain suspects to all parts of the United States, we kept the state-wide teletype system busy, and I don't think we overlooked any bet. We made all suspects give detailed statements of their whereabouts at the time the crime was committed, then assigned officers to check their alibis.

On Friday evening a short, dark, muscular individual, wearing a WPA crossing-guard's cap, came into the office and walked up to me in a rather dramatic manner and wanted to know why *he* was suspected. "My name is Dyer," he said, "and I'm a WPA crossing guard near the park."

My first impression was that he was just another screwball. But there was something about the man—something feverish—that caught me.

"I didn't know you were accused of killing the girls," I said to him. "Who accused you?"

"It's here in the paper." He showed me a Los Angeles newspaper which stated that some suspicion had been cast on a crossing guard who worked near the park.

"Are you the only crossing guard in Inglewood?"

"No," he said.

"Are you the only one who works near the park?"

"No."

"Then what makes you think you are the one suspected?"

He just looked at me with that feverish expression and with his Adam's apple working up and down.

"Perhaps the paper means somebody else," I said.

He seemed relieved by that. I told him to sit down, and let him stew for about half an hour, observing him out of the corner of an eye. Then I called him over and took a stenographic statement from him. He stated he had spent the entire day of the crime from seven in the morning until dinnertime hoeing weeds in the yard of his home, and that he had been observed there by his wife and by his landlord, a Mr. Robinson. He also stated that he did not know the little girls, except possibly they might have crossed at his crossing.

I told him that would be all and that he could go. But I signaled to two of my men to tail him.

We checked with the local police and found that Dyer had already been questioned by them, but they had felt that he furnished a sufficient alibi.

Lieutenants Williams and Chandler of the L. A. P. D. started checking up on Dyer intensively, and by Sunday they were convinced that he had lied to me. They took him into custody and questioned him at some length. He made numerous statements which they knew to be untrue. So they communicated with us, and Penphrase, Sanderson, and I arranged to meet and talk with Dyer in a room we quietly rented away from the center of the investigation—and the crowd.

Sheriff Biscailuz joined us in this hideaway, and Williams and Chandler sneaked the man into it. He seemed quiet and collected enough; later I learned that he had been mingling with the crowds outside the City Hall, offering suggestions and advice, and saying what he would do to the fiend who perpetrated such a crime if he could ever get his hands on him! Had even been out to the canyon in the hills, shortly after the bodies were discovered there, shooting off his mouth in the same way!

We pointed out to him that we knew he had lied about his whereabouts on Saturday and his acquaintance with the children. After a while he admitted he'd been with them on Saturday morning in the park, but insisted that he had spent Saturday afternoon hoeing weeds in his yard, and that his wife and landlord could confirm this. They had already been questioned and had denied that he had been home that afternoon.

Finally we directly accused him of the murder and rape of Melba, Madeline, and Jeanette.

Immediately his manner changed. He jumped to his feet. Hammering on the table, he yelled:

"I didn't kill them! I didn't kill them! I didn't!"

He was our man, all right. There was no question about it in our minds. Clearly it was just a question of time before he'd break.

Naturally, we didn't want his confession made in Inglewood, where news of it might get out and inflame the mob. We therefore arranged to have him taken secretly to the Bureau of Investigation of the district attorney's office in Los Angeles, and assigned detectives to pick up Mrs. Dyer and the landlord.

In due course on Sunday evening both Dyers, Mr. Robinson, and several detectives were in our Los Angeles office. I stayed on in Inglewood to supervise investigations of Dyer's antecedents and to question witnesses about his character.

He was permitted to see his wife and Mr. Robinson. "Keep your mouth shut and I'll be all right," he said to his wife, but that was the only communication between them. He was then addressed by Lieutenant Sanderson, one of the best homicide men I have ever worked with.

"Dyer," Sanderson said, "you have told us numerous lies. You said you

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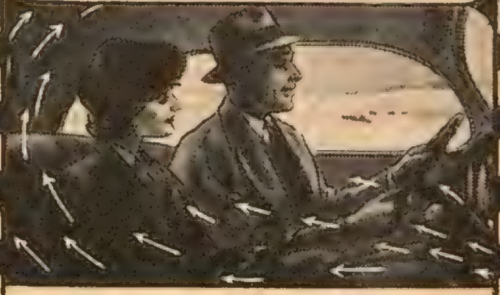

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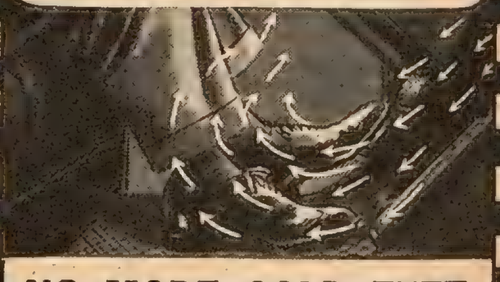

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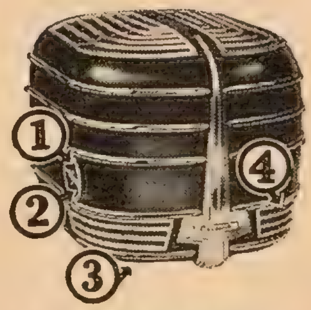

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didn't know these girls, then you said you barely knew them, and now we know from your own lips you were extremely friendly with them. You said you weren't in the park at all on Saturday, then you said you were there Saturday morning, and now you admit that you were with them up to the time they disappeared from the park.

"You have told us you spent Saturday afternoon hoeing your garden and that your wife and Mr. Robinson could testify to that. They say you were *not* home on Saturday afternoon. Your wife says you were away from home in the morning, returned home sometime about noon, then left, and didn't return until about six in the evening, at which time your clothes were all dirty and you were very tired. We want to know where you were during the afternoon, and what you did."

Dyer bit hard on his lips—and then broke:

"I will tell you the truth. *I killed them!*"

He put his head down on his arms on the table. Sobbing, he said he had met the children in the park and had arranged to take them rabbit hunting. He had arranged that they were not to leave the park with him but were to follow him up the street and meet him away from the park. They had done this, and by a devious route he had led them into Baldwin Hills. They had gone through a gate and across a bean field to the head of the canyon.

They had then followed a trail along the west side of the canyon to a point where he had helped the three children down into the canyon.

He said he had told one of them he would take her back up the canyon and place her in a position to catch a rabbit. He had taken her back up—and had choked her with his hands and with the rope, so quickly that the poor little thing hadn't made a single outcry. When he was sure she was dead he had left her and had returned to the other girls.

He had then told his second unsuspecting little victim that he would place her in a position to catch a rabbit down the canyon. He had taken her there and had strangled her as he had the first.

He had then returned to the third child and had immediately seized and strangled her.

SATISFIED that all three were dead, he had attacked them, one after the other.

His description of his acts confirmed our belief that we had the right man, because no one except the officials of the coroner's office and a very few detectives knew some of the details.

He had been down in that little canyon about two hours, he said, satisfying his lust.

Then he had done a curious thing. A wave of remorse had come over him, he said, so he had taken their little shoes off and placed them carefully side by side in a row.

Then he had knelt and prayed God to forgive him and save his soul as well as theirs!

I hastened in from Inglewood when I was informed that he had broken. Stenographers were summoned, and he made two more complete confessions. Two psychiatrists listened to these. Later both gave the opinion that he was thoroughly sane, though subnormal mentally. Which meant, of course, that he had understood the nature of his act and knew it had been wrong!

The following morning District Attorney Fitts and Sheriff Biscailuz very solemnly informed Dyer that it was not too late for him to retract his confession, and that if he wanted to, they would give him every protection. He couldn't have been treated more fairly. But he just stood up and raised his right hand and said:

"Before God, I killed those children. What I told you was the truth!"

He was unmistakably enjoying the prospect of being punished. He was clearly a masochist as well as a sadist, and every other kind of "ist" in the dark category of perversion. One of the psychiatrists who examined him later told me that Dyer was about the most well rounded pervert he'd ever encountered.

These five charged with recent sex crimes are, left to right: Salvatore Ossido, murderer of nine-year-old Einer Sporrer in Brooklyn; Simon Elmore, who confessed killing Joan Kuleba, four, on Staten Island; Lawrence Marks, indicted for murder of Paula Magagna, eight, in Brooklyn; Howard Magnussen, arrested in the Joan Morvan case, now in Matteawan; Albert Dyer, the Inglewood triple murderer.

ON the evening of July 6 he voluntarily appeared before the grand jury and repeated in substance his entire confession. The grand jury indicted him and he was immediately taken into court. Asked if he had an attorney, his answer was, "I plead guilty"; but this plea was not permitted to be entered, since he had not been provided with counsel. The public defender of Los Angeles County was appointed to defend him, and the case was in due course set for trial.

Before he entered the plea of not guilty, psychiatrists appointed by the court examined him, as did psychiatrists appointed by our office. All agreed that he was sane; that he was subnormal mentally but perfectly coherent and with an average memory; that he was not a pathological confessor and was not unusually suggestible. So there was no basis for a plea of not guilty by reason of insanity, and the insanity issue was not raised when the case was finally tried.

Pending the trial, we piled up as much more evidence against Dyer as we could, to substantiate his confession, even though, besides his statements about the unnatural acts, we already had plenty of circumstantial proof. For one thing, he had practically hanged himself with the rope he had knotted around poor little Jeanette Stephens' neck!

Mr. Fitts had, at random, shown him one of the ropes.

"Is this one of those you used?" he had asked.

"That's Jeanette's!" Dyer had said, and had then put his head down on the table and sobbed.

It *was* Jeanette's!

Moreover, looking carefully for direct corroboration, we now found witnesses who had seen Dyer and the children on their way from the park to the canyon and others who had seen Dyer coming back by himself. We found witnesses who had seen him and the children together in the park that Saturday morning. We ascertained that he was known to have been too familiar with a number of little girls and had been warned about overfamiliarity with the particular little girls he had killed.

And yet this monster had been serving as a school-crossing guard!

Digging deeper, we found that Dyer had been beaten up by some men in Hermosa Beach who had caught him engaged in a perverted sex act with a little boy.

A definite history of vicious sexual tendency—yet there he was, *guarding little children!*

Dr. Paul De River, a specialist in the psychiatry of sex perversion, secured from Dyer a complete statement of his life history. It is very illuminating.

In his infancy Dyer was in an orphanage in the Middle West. Some kindly people took him out of it and brought him to southern California. He got along very poorly in school, getting no farther than the fourth grade. As a child he could not compete with boys of his own age, and as he grew up this inability became more marked. Consequently he developed a feeling of inferiority. Later he was able partially—but only partially—to compensate his sense of inferiority by sufficiently dominating a woman so that she became his companion and eventually his wife.

His work was that of a laborer of a very inferior sort until, about a year before the crime, he got a job as crossing guard with the WPA. Now, for the first time in his life, he was able to exercise authority. He raised his hand and children stopped; he lowered it and they moved; traffic obeyed him. He was a " big shot," and it was but natural that, being a sex pervert to begin with, his feeling of dominance over children—committed daily to his watchfulness, God help them!—should turn to a desire to dominate them sexually.

He told Dr. De River that for a long time he had been thinking about children that way, and finally his desire had concentrated on Madeline, Melba, and Jeanette. He said he had known he would have to kill them, so he had made his plans carefully.

And then, on that fine California summer's day—

DYER was tried and found guilty. Before long he will suffer the penalty of death by hanging. He is through; he will no longer be a menace. So much for that.

But the problem presented by this case and similar cases throughout the country still remains with us. We still have in our midst morons who are sex perverts. Undoubtedly some of these are still in positions where they have control over children.

There must be no more such crimes. Recently some twenty-five or thirty representatives of law-enforcement agencies, the Parent-Teachers Association, and the Federation of Women's Clubs, met in our Bureau of Investigation. Plans were outlined involving particularly the Crime Prevention detail of the Los Angeles Police Department. We decided that every person accused of sex perversion should be examined psychiatrically to determine whether he is a potential menace. We are going to seek legislation providing for the segregation

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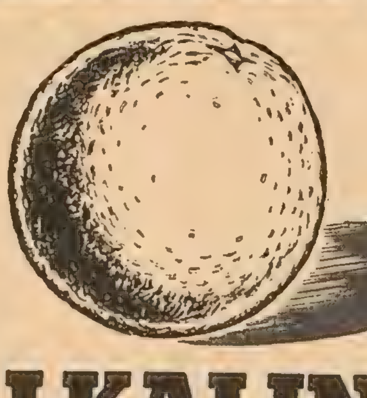
Make Mum a year 'round habit, and dismiss perspiration odor from your mind! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is a proved friend to women in another way—for its protective deodorant service on sanitary napkins.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ORANGES HAVE AN



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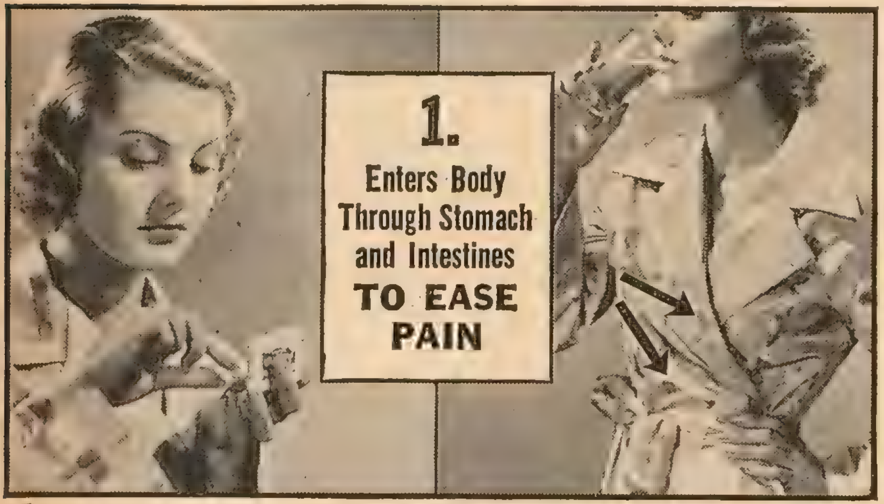
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The speed with which Bayer tablets act in relieving the discomfort of colds and accompanying sore throat is utterly amazing . . . and the treatment simple and pleasant. This is all you do.

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Bayer Tablets of Aspirin
BAYER
Genuine
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

VIRTUALLY A PENNY—1c PER TABLET

Now you get 24 tablets for only 25c

and hospitalization of perverts. We are going to do everything we can to make impossible the return to society of such monsters as Dyer.

All highly important. But still more must be done.

At present in California we are legally permitted in restricted cases to sterilize persons who are feeble-minded. This should be extended to include persons of the sex-pervert type, even though not feeble-minded, and their sterilization should be mandatory.

But sterilization is not the complete answer. All it does is remove the ability to procreate without removing the sex desire which is the basis of sex crimes. I know of only one method of removing this sex desire, and that is *castration*. And I see no valid reason why in appropriate cases this method of cure of sex perverts should not be resorted to under the authority of the law. Certainly imprisonment does not remove a pervert's abnormal desires, and certainly he should never be released from prison still in possession of them.

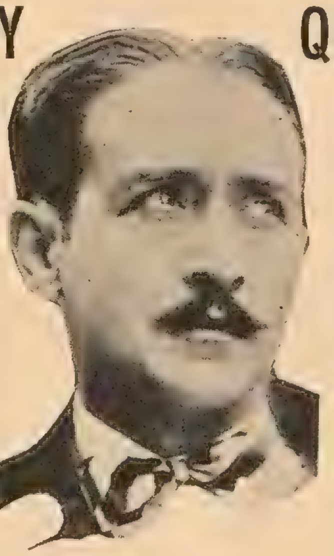
This will require well considered legislation, backed by the united effort of a people desirous of preventing such things as the Inglewood horror. I don't know whether the people will ever become sufficiently interested. But I do know that we are unrestrainedly raising morons, semi-imbeciles, and sex perverts in our midst who are potential murderers of the most ghastly sort and a constant menace to our children. And to our women as well.

I know that among our children sex perversion is becoming more common than it used to be. I know that older men and women are leading children astray in this way, and that very little is being done to prevent it. I know that as a deputy district attorney I have prosecuted sex perverts, and the nice old ladies and gentlemen on the juries have found them not guilty for the reason that they cannot believe such human depravity exists. This, of course, can be largely corrected by education.

The problem is a tremendous one, but it can be solved. *Those three little girls must not have died in vain!*

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—The early photo (to the right) is of a man of many clothes whose mother was Irish; his father was a French hotelkeeper. Born at Pittsburgh, he was educated at Culver Military Academy and Cornell. He first faced the cameras in 1912, and has made more comebacks than any other one man. Who is he?

2—The emu, kiwi, and ostrich, poor birds, can't what?

3—In operatic circles, what is an impresario?

4—What is the name of Walter Winchell's syndicated newspaper column?

5—In which sport is Jadwiga Jedrzejowska prominent?

6—Wellington was known by what metallic name?

7—What is the translation of the phrase *Honi soit qui mal y pense?*

8—Which acid is beneficial to a bad burn?

9—An exceptional photoplay reviewed by Beverly Hills and a U. S. army general have what in common?

10—What gem stone, found in Nova Scotia, is an impure quartz?

11—What is the largest known tree?

12—Among the Adirondack Mountains, the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the Black Hills, which range has the highest peak?

13—According to the phrase, Eternal vigilance is the price of what?

14—Which breed of dog is sometimes known as a sleuth-hound?

15—The capital and chief city of South Australia bears which girl's name?

16—The flower and stone for November are what?

17—Is there anything peculiar about a lobster's swimming habits?

18—Which liquor that is 75 per cent alcohol contains oils of wormwood and anise among other aromatics?

19—What planet, nearest to the sun, requires eighty-seven days to rotate?

20—Who founded the first membership library in the U. S.?

(*Answers will be found on page 60*)

Tragedy in Waltz-Time

A romantic riddle of the past comes movingly to the screen — Washington ways animate a pungent comedy

By BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT   2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR   0 STAR—VERY POOR

Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in Mayerling.

★ ★ ★½ MAYERLING

THE PLAYERS: Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Suzy Prim, Jean Dax, Gabrielle Dorziat, Debucourt, Marthe Regnier, Vladimir Sokoloff, André Dubosc. Screen play by Joseph Kessel and J. V. Cube, based on Claude Anet's novel, Idyl's End. Directed by Anatole Litvek. Produced in France. Released by Pax Film, Inc. Running time, 92 minutes.

THIS was one of the tragedies marking the long and lonely rule of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary, who lived beyond the era of Strauss waltzes into the today of revolution and Communism. In 1889 his son and the heir apparent, the Archduke Rudolph, was found dead in the bleak hunting lodge of Mayerling beside the body of his love, Marie Vetsera. Through the years the world has speculated upon their fate. Was it murder or suicide?

This version of the historical riddle of ill-starred love has a haunting beauty. Tears and tragedy move before the melodic pattern of Viennese waltzes. Charles Boyer never has done anything in Hollywood as fine as this picture of Rudolph. Danielle Darrieux, too, is superb as Marie Vetsera, a gentle, tragic picture of youthful love sacrificed on the altar of politics.

Produced in France, this is released over here with superimposed English titles.

VITAL STATISTICS: Only son of Emperor Francis Joseph, and born August 21, '58, they thought a lot of Crown Prince Rudolph of Hapsburg around Austria. Brought up pretty militaristically, he didn't care as much for the gun as the study book, got an early passion for literature, wrote several books, then developed pretty dangerous ideas for a monarch-to-be, such as anticlericism, revolution. Married Belgium's Princess Stephanie in '81, had a dotter, then fell in love with the luscious lovely 18-year-old Baroness Marie Vetsera, and was sensationally found dead with her on Jan. 30, '89, at his hunting lodge of Mayerling, close by Vienna. Suicide was the immediate official announcement, anybody connected with the thing was immediately sworn to secrecy, the whole affair was kept out of the state archives, the story began being kicked around, and in the ensuing 50 years the most extraordinary rumors have been cooked up about it in book and testament. The lovers' deaths have been attributed to a hunting accident, apoplexy, Vetsera's jealousy, a political schemer, the Jesuits, infuriated Hungarian nobles, Vetsera's offended relatives, a jealous forester with whose wife Rudolph was supposed to be affairing, because Vetsera was supposedly Rudie's half sister by Francis Joseph, to 14 musclemen hired by Francis Joseph to bump off his own son. 100s of 1,000s of words, mostly fantastic, have been written second-guessing the grisly thing. Real truth may come out in 1950, when a strongbox, left by Rudolph's mother, the unhappy Elizabeth, and kept sealed by her dying request, will be opened. It's said to contain revelatory documents. . . . Introducing Danielle Darrieux, 21, Europe's new celluloid sensation. Started her film career at 14, playing heroine of Le Bal. Charles Boyer recommended her to play Vetsera and on merit of performance she's got herself one of those 5-year, million-dollar contracts with Universal, recently arrived here. . . . Boyer came to America a shy, able Frenchman, risking fame, fortune, and happiness —at top of his European career a few years ago. Couldn't speak English well or understand its mannerisms. Almost flopped, was snatched from the jaws of defeat by Walt Wanger, who has rebuilt and remodeled him, made a fortune for and out of him. Has a six-months-abroad clause in his contract; made Mayerling on such a flyer to regain his soul.

★ ★ ★ FIRST LADY

THE PLAYERS: Kay Francis, Preston Foster, Anita Louise, Walter Connolly, Verree Teasdale, Victor Jory, Louise Fazenda, Marjorie Gateson, Marjorie Rambeau, Henry O'Neill, Grant Mitchell, Eric Stanley, Lucille Gleason, Sara Haden, Harry Davenport, Gregory Gaye, Olaf Hytten. Screen play by Rowland Leigh from the drama by George S. Kaufman and Katharine Dayton. Directed by Stanley Logan. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 82 minutes.

WITH its Alice Rooseveltian flavor, this comedy won a large measure of success and sophisticated laughter on the Broadway stage. Now the Warners have dared to transfer its flip, biting, rowdy observations on Washington life to the films.

Lucy Chase Wayne, "the White House baby," is the granddaughter of a President and the wife of the current Secretary of State. Her hated rival is the ambitious popular young wife of an elderly Supreme Court justice. Lucy plots to block her rival's plan to divorce her stodgy husband, annex a promising young senator as a husband. She craftily launches a boom to run the justice for President, knowing that his wife will stick to him with this plum in the offing. Lucy's plot gets under way—but, alas, it assumes unexpectedly serious proportions. Apparently it is going to crush her own husband's hopes for the Presidency.

You will like both Kay Francis and Verree Teasdale as the political rivals, you won't soon forget Walter Connolly as the Supreme Court justice with a weakness for kiddie radio hours.

VITAL STATISTICS: Katharine Dayton thought up First Lady while hurling magazine darts at Washington stuffed shirts. Based it on a couple of the famous Alice Longworth feuds, notably with Eleanor Patterson and Lady Dolly Gann. The Dayton heard of Mr. Kaufman's prowess only after he'd been asked in with his

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3. **CUTS AND WOUNDS**—Zonite kills many kinds of dangerous germs, not just one or two. Then tissues heal in *less time!* Apply Zonite wet dressing *at once.*
4. **SORE THROAT**—Zonite kills "cold bugs" at start! At first sign of irritation, gargle every 2 hrs. with Zonite dilution.
5. **"ATHLETE'S FOOT"**—Zonite treatment gives quick relief from itching. For prevention, bathe feet in Zonite solution.

Zonite

playwright medical kit to give the First Lady a jab of the needle. . . . Latest Warner Court Problem: Claiming she was promised leading role in Jacques Deval's Tovarich, Kay (Streamline) Francis lost the part to Claudette Colbert, is suing Warners for breach of contract, will try to break it. Kay says she was promised the part in 1935 when her contract option came up, and Jack Warner held out the Tovarich plum should she continue. To get contract nulloed Miss Francis says she'll sacrifice a $3,000-a-week salary, with a $5,000 future over a period of four years. . . . Among the Midsummer Night Dreamers in this cast are Anita Louise, who played the Fairy Queen; Victor Jory, who Oberoned; and Verree Teasdale, who Queened.

★ ★½ MADAME X

THE PLAYERS: Gladys George, John Beal, Warren William, Reginald Owen, William Henry, Henry Daniell, Philip Reed, Lynne Carver, Emma Dunn, Ruth Hussey, Luis Alberni, George Zucco, Cora Witherspoon, Jonathan Hale, Adia Kuznetzoff. Screen play by John Meehan from the drama by Alexandre Bisson. Directed by Sam Wood. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 71 minutes.

ALEXANDRE BISSON'S hardy tear jerker, first produced on the New York stage in 1910, is redone again, this time with Gladys George as the wife of the great French attorney who slips to the dregs of society, kills her paramour when he plans to sell her secret, is tried for murder and defended, through chance, by her own son, now grown to man's estate and pleading his first case.

Madame X is craftily designed to play upon the feminine emotions. And there is no denying a theatric potency to the famous courtroom scene.

Miss George is a better-than-adequate Madame X—but unfortunately the lady (Madame X) seems dated and old-fashioned theater. Our ideas of drama and life have changed since 1910. Mr. William is little more than stuffed, young John Beal reveals possibilities in his emotional appeal to the whiskered French jury.

VITAL STATISTICS: Originally French, Dorothy Donnelly played the first Madame X, Will Elliott was her son, Rob Grouet her husband. Miss Donnelly's still around as a writer. Bernhardt played it here, condensed for vodvil, used it in her old-age bag of repertoire. Actresses think it the greatest acting part ever written. The old Goldwyn Co. made it silently in 1920 with Pauline Frederick; then in 1929, Ruthie Chatterton voiced it ascreen, with son Raymond Hackett and husb Ullrich Haupt assisting at the tear controls. Lionel Barrymore directed, got a lot of thunder into it. This version is pretty much the same as it was first written. Some of the tearjerkiness of the original has been eliminated but the trial scene, while changed in detail, still retains the ancient lachrymose-producing speeches. . . . Gladys George is the tensest woman in Hollywood, is most outspoken and demanding about parts she's offered. Can always make a good living doing good things on the stage, so why, asks she, should she make a fortune doing bum things for the movies? . . . Warren William Krech, formerly the imitation Barrymore at Warners, is now himself at M-G-M, his new artistic home. Of Aitkin, Minnesota, he almost became a newspaperman or a marine engineer. . . . The youthful William Henry is a Native Son, born right smack in Los Angeles, debutted at 8 with Percy Marmont in Lord Jim, a discovery of Duke Kahanamoku, his legal foster brother. At 14 he was the stage manager in L. A. professional theaters, got local education and studied a year at Punahou College in Honolulu. . . . Expert sneerer Reginald Owen introduced the bespectacled villain into pictures, now almost all bad men wear glasses. . . . Cora Witherspoon's good-luck charm is Lucky, a cross between a Shetland pony, a dog, and a doormat.

★ ★½ MUSIC FOR MADAME

THE PLAYERS: Nino Martini, Joan Fontaine, Alan Mowbray, Billy Gilbert, Alan Hale, Grant Mitchell, Erik Rhodes, Lee Patrick, Frank Conroy, Bradley Page, Ada Leonards, Alan Bruce, Romo Vincent, Barbara Pepper, Edward H. Robins, George Shelley, Jack Carson. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Robert Harari from a story by Mr. Harari. Directed by John Blystone. Produced by RKO-Radio. Running time, 81 minutes.

THIS isn't another Gay Desperado. But Nino Martini, the radio and concert tenor, gives a pleasant performance of a young Italian singer hoping to break through the golden portals of Hollywood. Two crooks capitalize upon his gullibility, smuggle him into a lavish party being given by a big movie mogul, and while he is singing in the clown make-up of Leoncavallo's Pagliacci for the guests, they make off with a valuable necklace.

Badly involved, poor Tonio is up against it. But we hasten to assure you that all ends well after Martini has sung four or five soothing numbers by Rudolph Friml and others. A newcomer, Joan Fontaine, does very well as the emigrant lad's inspiration, and Alan Mowbray offers a rich and amusing cartoon of a certain personable and able symphonic conductor.

VITAL STATISTICS: When Jesse Lasky brought his personal charge Nino Martini of the Gifted Tonsils over to RKO from United Artists, studio decided to Americanize Nino, hired expert diction coach Stanley Ewens to iron out the Martini accent. Ewens did job so well that when Martini was cast as an Italian in this, the dictioneer had to go in reverse and put the accent back again. Martini's from Verona, Italy, where the pretty Italian gals are blonde and titian instead of dark and furious. . . . Joan Fontaine at 3 had an I. Q. of 160, whereas the genius mark is passed at 150. Says she was back at normal by the time she was 21. First part was that of Franchot Tone's other girl in Quality Street, and since part made Franchie a bit of a heel, to the cutting floor it went, and bang went Joan's heart. Six months of B pix, her feelings healed and she's about to be a star. She's Olivia de Havilland's sister; nobody's supposed to know it, as Joan wants to be fiercely on her own. Was born in Tokyo, is a British subject who's never been to England. Has not set her very pretty foot on Dominion soil for very long. . . . Lee Patrick, truly blonde dotter of a former theatrical press editor, was a piano sensation at 9, is addicted to ball games, fortune tellers. . . . Always cast as the indignant, goofy, or otherwise eccentric foreigner, Erik Rhodes gets loads of requests for his nativity. Was born in Nevada, educated in Oklahoma, learned to speak French, German, Italian, and Spanish without confusing the accents. . . . This is Alan Hale's 400th part, some sort of a Hollywood record. He's been a meanie 9/10s of the time; this is his first comedy dick part; he's given to ribs of the pants-kicking-when-a-rear-view-presents-itself type.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Life of Emile Zola, A Star Is Born, Captains Courageous.

★★★½—Stage Door, 100 Men and a Girl, Stella Dallas, You Can't Have Everything, They Won't Forget, Disney's Academy Award Revue, Make Way for Tomorrow, Kid Galahad, Shall We Dance, The Prince and the Pauper, Wake Up and Live.

★★★—Angel, Something to Sing About, Varsity Show, The Prisoner of Zenda, Thin Ice, Broadway Melody of 1938, Vogues of 1938, Dead End, Victoria the Great, Souls at Sea, Artists and Models, Saratoga, Topper, Easy Living, The Toast of New York, King Solomon's Mines, Wee Willie Winkie, The Road Back, Mountain Music, The Singing Marine, A Day at the Races, Parnell, I Met Him in Paris, This Is My Affair, Café Metropole, Night Must Fall, Amphitryon, Internes Can't Take Money, Marked Woman, Waikiki Wedding, Top of the Town.

WHY JOE LOUIS WILL NOT BE CHAMPION LONG

A prize-ring classic!—The inside story of a sensational fight and the rifts it found in the Bomber's armor

BY JIM TULLY

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

The author with Dempsey, who called the turn on Louis.

My old pal has said it. A fighter himself when younger, his angles are those of an insider. Before the fight, at the ringside, during the day after the battle—which he spent with Tommy Farr, interviewing him on a coast-to-coast hook-up and so on—he saw and heard many things, and knew their meaning.

His Liberty article gives the clearest possible picture of the state of the heavyweight championship today. I heartily agree with its conclusions.

JACK DEMPSEY.

JOE LOUIS, when next he fights, will make his farewell bow as heavyweight champion of the world. He is definitely on the skids; he's on his way down—and out! The most sensational of modern bruisers since Jack Dempsey, he has failed as king of his tribe for the most significant of reasons. This I learned from Tommy Farr, the Welsh-Irish invader with the heart of oak and the jaw of iron who recently battled Louis to a standstill and won the championship, in the opinion of many thousands of spectators, although he missed the decision. Tommy came out of that fray with the answer to the Joe Louis enigma—an answer now revealed for the first time.

Farr learned many things in that fight, dynamited with drama. He was deemed a set-up for the Negro.

But Tommy has a thinking brain, and a heart that has always said *yes* to life. He knew himself, knew that he had never been hurt—that such as Walter Neusel, Max Baer, and Tommy Loughran had rattled blows against him in vain.

While nearly forty thousand people awaited the coming slaughter, this Tommy Farr sang Welsh songs in his dressing room. It was all right to be the underdog if one had a lion's heart and strength.

Like all great thinking fighters, he went down the aisle to the ring ready to meet what might develop—to let events take care of themselves. He knew that he was meeting the hardest hitter in the world. He had trained his brain, by constant reiteration, to function even if it might be stunned. In other words, his brain must cooperate with his heart. If his heart said, *Get up,* his brain must make him stand. What the world might learn of spirit and never say die from this twenty-three-year-old bruiser is a very great deal.

The setting was new to him. Three years with a carnival, fighting all comers, little and big, at least six thousand fighting rounds in that time, and thirty-five hundred professional rounds after he had left the carnival, had brought him to the Yankee Stadium to face the heavyweight champion of the world.

To get the chance at Louis, he was entering the ring with cuts under his eyes. It was a new and mighty venture for him. And the audience was to learn as much as himself.

He looked across the ring at Louis. With face immobile as an ebony mask, his powerful steel muscles slid smooth as quicksilver and ominous as doom. In another minute he would tangle with those muscles—would know which was the master; and while the waiting thousands sat he kept saying to his brain, "Now remember!" He could not help but respect the hitting power of Joe Louis.

Compact as the earth and nonchalant as a breeze that

A bewildered champion reveals a flaw—fear of a right.

blows upon it, he faced his mighty chocolate-colored foe at the gong. He could hear the sighs in the audience. The Negro parried, feinted, his piston left ready. He found himself with a desire to sample those blows—just how bloomin' hard were they?

Jack Dempsey, next to whom I sat, had told me that Farr would go the limit. Trained in a harder school, he sensed more than the experts.

Farr's wish was suddenly realized. The Negro's left, rapid as machine-gun fire, caught him three times. A right cross, whizzing furiously, caught him on the jaw. It was the call to battle. A transformation, never seen before in any ring, followed quickly. Brain and heart in unison, his blows everywhere, Farr was making the mightiest bruiser in the world retreat.

A man taking wings and rising from the electric chair could have startled the spectators no more than did Farr. As the gong sounded, he patted the champion patronizingly on the shoulder and went to his corner. It was a new experience for Louis. *That a man would dare to pat him on the shoulder.* Farr glanced at his stern expression and smiled.

He had noticed that every time Louis started a punch he blinked his eyes. Could that be possible? he asked himself while his seconds worked furiously. He would learn more in a second.

HE feinted and stepped back, his arms held upward. Louis saw the chance and shot a right uppercut. It missed. The champion of the world was caught in a trap. His right was in the air, his jaw exposed. Farr's right caught him. The shadow of Schmeling might have flashed before the Negro's eyes. He stepped back, bewildered. That was the great thing Farr wanted to know. Louis was gun-shy! Schmeling had written with a hot iron the fear of a right hand across his brain.

A crude psychologist, Farr knew that the thing you fear will get you in the end. He thought it over between rounds. And while Farr was wondering there was a buzz of conversation as of billions of bees. Farr had lasted the two rounds the experts said he wouldn't. And—what was more—he had made the champion retreat.

His right hand, broken several months ago in England, now ached dully. That didn't matter. He'd keep throwing it against Louis' jaw anyhow. Louis was afraid of a right. *He knew that.* There are imponderables in the ring. Though Farr didn't know the word, he knew what they were.

THE finger of doom that had been put upon him in the second pointed to him in the third. You can't escape all the blows. The Negro swerved sideways with a bone-smashing right and bent his body to the shape of the letter U. " There he goes! " some one shouted. Farr went . . . after several seconds . . . but in the wrong direction--inside of Joe's guard. It is a terrible thing to hit a man with a blow that would bend a tiger, and have him step inside your guard and make you retreat. Blood bespattered, Farr planted his feet firmly and called Joe yellow and a name reflecting on his ancestry. A defensive fighter only, the Negro was now against a post. He had to fight back. Farr saw Joe's eyes go wide and white as he threw rights at his jaw. That was the way to whip him.

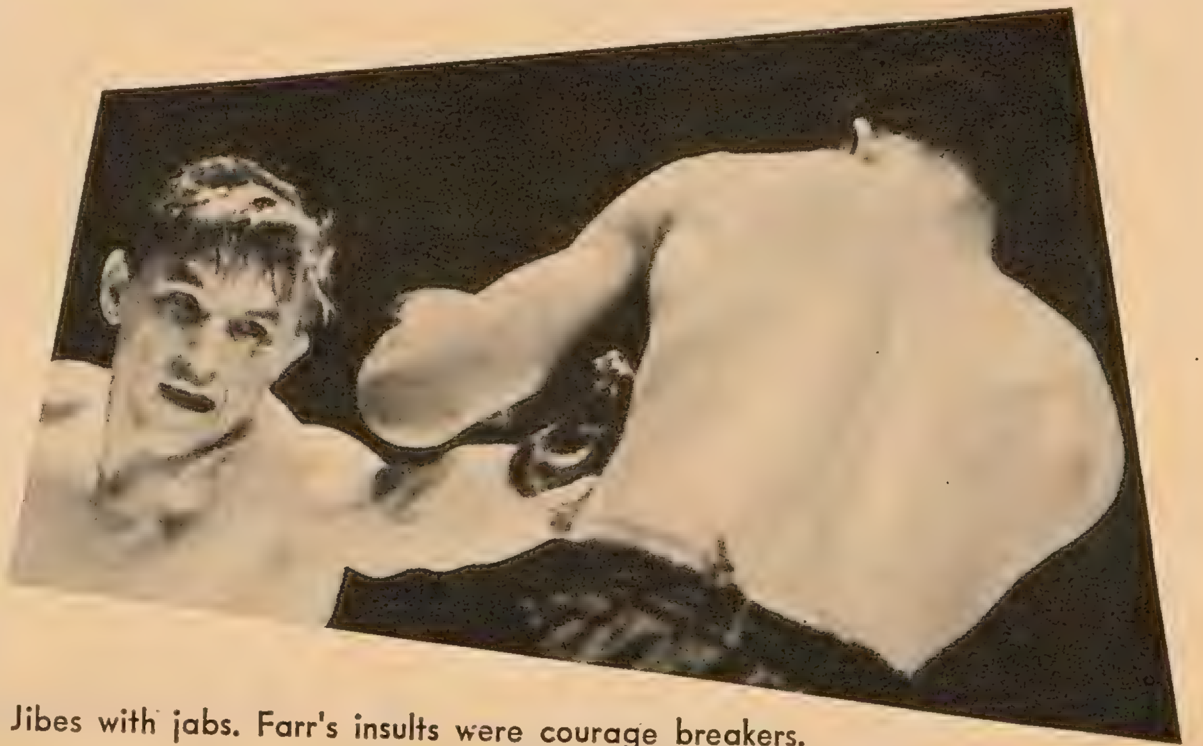
Until the seventh Farr thought of nothing but carrying the fight to Louis, staggering him with courage. It was an ancient axiom in the ring—that you couldn't hurt a Negro by hitting him in the head. The champion was the exception. Without his punch he could never have gotten out of the preliminary ranks. Schmeling had knocked him out. In doing so he had made it harder for Farr. Every time he started a right the Negro " rolled with the punch " or scampered out of the way. He felt he could hit as hard as Schmeling, but he couldn't get Joe set. A right was an easy blow to land ordinarily. A drunken longshoreman might avoid it. But not the king of fistians. It was no more easy to explain than the fourth dimension. It was, for Farr, like going back to his first week at the carnival. He must fight like a greenhorn in order to beat a champion.

A CUT under one eye had been bleeding freely. He went into the seventh with the determination that he would either finish or be finished. He would throw his right even if the bones broke through the skin. He went to the center of the ring and began the encounter. It was one of the imponderables again. Louis got the break when Farr missed a right. For a terrible half minute the champion threw blows hard, swift, and vicious enough to drop an ox. Tiring from the fury of his own blows, he rested, and Farr began.

Jack Dempsey's grim jaws opened once again.

" That's Joe's finish," he said; " his end. If he couldn't do it then, he never can." His eyes narrowed as an ex-king's will who sees the abdication of another.

The cut under Farr's other eye had opened in the furious melee. The blood dripped as the gong rang. He did not forget, however, to pat the champion patronizingly on the shoulder and say, " You did your best, Joe."



Jibes with jabs. Farr's insults were courage breakers.

Cruel are the ways of men when they fight for a throne. For the first minute of the eighth Tommy could not see. The only way he could explain it was that the nerves connected with his eyes kept wrapping around his brain like hot wires. His brain had been schooled for everything but that. His vision cleared for him to see two Negroes before him. He began to swing wild rights and lefts with the feeling that his circling blows were bound to catch one of them. When the impact of his gloves, the color of Joe's body, told him that he was hitting the target, he moved in. Blind men are better at infighting. He could hear Joe grunt under the blows. " Come on, you! " and again he called him a vile name. " You can't break a plate." And this to the man who had battered Baer to the floor! For the next six rounds all were unaware that a blind man stood before a champion of the world. Fighting one Joe Louis was enough. But two was plenty. The same tactics were used in each round. Wild swings until he was within range of the target, then blast for dear life.

In the fourteenth Farr decided to wait. It was a tactic error. Even Napoleon made one or two. The thudding left of the champion, delivered five times with deadly effect and without a return, made him change the plan of battle. He began to swing wildly once again, and found himself in deadly and furious embrace with Louis.

Their heads cracked together. Farr's eyes ached with pain. By some magnificent miracle, his vision cleared. Now he only had one Negro to fight. Again he saw the eyes of Louis blink when he threw a blow. Again he saw the fear in his eyes when he started a right. The audience was numbed into silence when the fifteenth began. Now seeing clearly, like a top spun madly, Farr whirled into the center of the ring. Could he still batter Louis down with a bone-cracked right?

Unbowed and undefeated, the underdog who wasn't to last two rounds, launched into the battle like an eagle borne on a red cloud of blood. Louis kept retreating. Farr couldn't make him mix. In a furious exchange he groaned to Joe, " I'll blast your heart out! "

Again Joe stepped back—Farr after him. Tommy thought he had the victory. It was a far way from a carnival booth. As the gong rang and he again patted Louis' shoulder, he could hear hundreds yelling, " He's got it—he's got it! " For an hour he had been in that ring. His eyes were pulling together as though iron weights hung upon the lids. But never mind . . . he was the champion.

What does Joe Louis think of all this? Is he really slipping as much as these critics say he is? Joe counter-punches with his own story in next week's issue. Read it and decide for yourself.

It seemed an age passed before the decision came.

Without preamble the announcer said quickly, " Joe Louis is still the champion! "

A roar as of angry waters went over the huge assembly. " Farr! Farr! FARR! " shouted thousands.

A man who could stand up under the blows of Louis could stand up under that decision. . . .

Give him another fight—give him another round or two—and he would knock Joe out. For he had learned that Louis most certainly was vulnerable.

He had learned that Louis was gun-shy of a right hand. The next time, Tommy's right would be healed, so he could lambaste it hard, as had Schmeling.

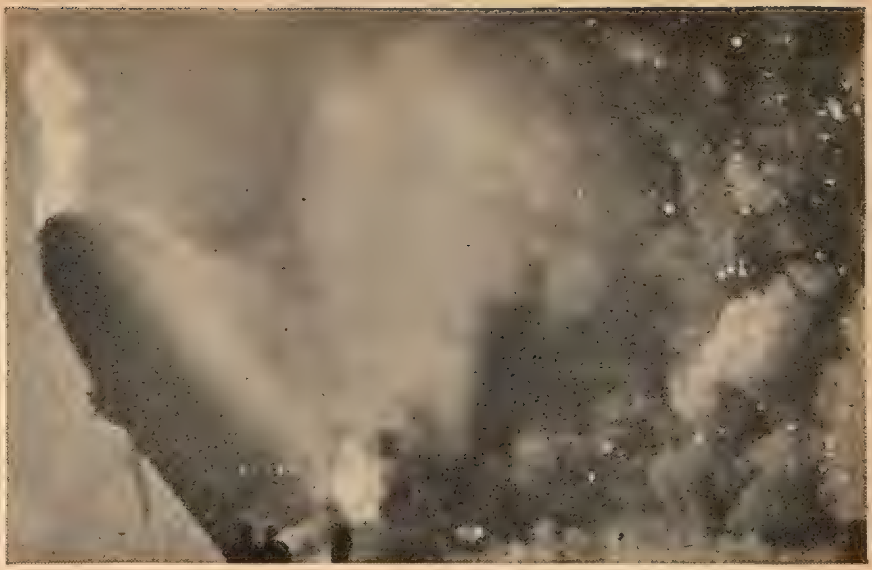
One more thing Farr had learned: *By blinking his eyes each time Louis telegraphed his punches.*

The great Brown Bomber was a flatulent popgun so far as he was concerned—now that Tommy *knew.* Incredible that these two flaws had been kept secret so long! Unlikely that they can longer remain hidden! Even if a return bout be dodged, the suns of several other men are too bright for the dark cloud of fistiana.

Louis' tragedy—that his jaw is not as stout as his heart. Give it, yes. Take it, no.

Tommy Farr lost the decision but found the rifts in the Bomber's armor. Next time . . . next time there will have to be a new champion.

THE END



The survivors were shaved with Schick Shavers

MANY of the passengers and crew of the ill-fated "Hindenburg" whose faces were burned were shaved with Schick Shavers during their stay in the hospital.

So badly burned were they that there was a thick crust of tissue on their faces through which their beards grew. It was quite impossible to use a blade to shave them.

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BRIGHT DANGER

BY MAX BRAND

PART TEN—CONCLUSION

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

BOMBI took the coat from the hanger to examine its tailor mark with care, and found, inside the breast pocket, the name of Henry Pittfield sewed in in clumsy letters!

He remembered, now, that the night of the murder had been broken with showers and there had been reason enough for the wearing of a topcoat. And then, half-closing his eyes, he remembered in detail the tall, spare, wiry form of Henry Pittfield, still light-stepping, still active and strong enough to get around a golf course in the eighties. He brought up before his mind, also, the figures of Johnny Merriam and of Cecilly Hampton. He was almost too sickened to smile, and yet a smile was working faintly at the corners of his mouth when he thought of the old man's long life of hypocrisy.

He hung up the coat again and stepped back into the hall, where a scrawled note on the table said: "Out in the country. Be back for dinner. B. S."

He went into the front room. A picture propped on a chair in a corner of the room startled him, for it was that same broken canvas through which Tom Pittfield had stepped that morning during the street show of the artists. It had been patched together rather crudely, the torn edges showing clearly, but now the whole design stood out effectively. Before, he had noted only the group of trees on the left of the creek and the ragged range of hills beyond. Now the foreground showed the creek, more trees, and then the rising face of the bluff which the creek had cut away until the hillside dropped off in a sheer descent of sixty or seventy feet, as high as the trees that filled the lower ground of the canvas.

It was not altogether strange that Beatrice should have bought from Cecilly Hampton a landscape sketch, but it did seem something more than chance that she should have selected this patched remnant from all that was in the studio.

The stroke of excitement literally made the great knees of Bombi sag beneath his weight. He sank down into a chair beside the table which stood near the picture at which he was staring. Chance could account for a part of this, but hardly for all of it. And if there were a good reason for examining the canvas in this room, there hardly could be any for leaving it in place so long.

Murder unmasked at last! Now comes this vivid tale's tense, surprising climax

He picked up from the table a little print from the negative of a miniature camera and twisted it idly under his fingertips while he thought.

Then, glancing down at the photograph, he received another shock, for it showed another view of those same three hills, with a foreground which omitted the creek, and enclosed only a portion of the bluff that rose beside the run of water.

Bombi got slowly to his feet again, his legs trembling with weakness. It was a Pittfield camera that had snapped that view, he would be willing to swear, for there were two of the delicate expensive little machines in the house and he was familiar with these prints. A Pittfield had stood near the little house in the country and had snapped almost the same view which Cecilly Hampton had chosen for her canvas.

And had not Beatrice, running through a stack of old pictures, come across this same duplication and been struck by it?

Suddenly Bombi remembered the note which the girl had left in the hall. He felt his whole strength giving way at the same time, running away from him like sand through fingers. He started for the telephone. Fumbling for the doorway, he struck his head heavily against the wall, and so came into the hallway, almost blind.

. . . . .

The telephone rang in Bombi's apartment when Hamilton was fitting the key into the lock of the door. He hurried in and picked up the receiver.

"Bob? Bob? D'you hear me?"

"I hear you. What's the matter?" called Hamilton.

"Murder—murder!" groaned Bombi's voice. "Beatrice . . . Cecilly's house in the country. . . . Go fast, fast for God's sake! . . . Murder. . . ."

The voice ended. At first Hamilton shouted questions. Finally he put back the instrument in the cradle and plunged for the door.

By the time he was in the street and at the driver's seat of Bombi's automobile he was as tensed as piano wires. He turned crowded streets into open road, and open road he changed to a black wind pouring beneath his wheels, until he reached the familiar broken farm lands and saw the little squat square house of Cecilly Hampton across the valley, watched by the barn-house in front of which he had so nearly died.

He got the car off the road and into a little grove of birch. He ran, the weight of the automatic jostling heavily up and down.

He was rather badly spent when he got to Cecilly Hampton's place. The door was not locked. Perhaps it had not been locked since the other day when he and Bombi turned aside from the main currents of their lives and touched the verge of the old mystery.

When he got inside the front hall, pushing the automatic before him, a white face came before him and narrowed its eyes and pinched its lips and a weapon was aimed at him from the shadows. His knees were failing under himself almost before he could make out that it was his own image caught in a bit of hall mirror which he had not noticed on his last trip to the place.

He went through the house of Cecilly Hampton room by room, getting himself past the doorways by immense resolves. Two people coming over the upper level of the valley caught his eyes in the first part of his tour. He let them drift out of his mind again, for he kept saying to himself that danger was going to rush out of one of these rooms of Cecilly's house or from the front of the barn across the way, whose windows watched him.

Then, in the drowsy afternoon, he heard the scream.

And then it was like something he had seen before—years before, and known and always known; the knowledge had been born in him. Up there on the top of the bluff above the creek, the cliff with its cracked, wearied, time-streaked, and wrinkled forehead of stone, a strangely horrible fight was going on. A woman and a man, and the man had just struck her with all his might. The force of the blow had sent her stumbling foolishly backward, her face turned from Hamilton. And Tom Pittfield, just finishing the stroke of his fist, was stepping in with both hands to grasp at her helplessness.

The scream had not followed the blow. It must have gone beforehand, when the girl saw the murder in his face.

Her back was toward Hamilton, but he knew her. He could have recognized her, he thought, by one glimpse, no matter at what a distance; and yet only a few moments before he had seen the two of them coming over the upper level and by some curse and blindness upon his spirit he had failed to recognize Beatrice Shaw!

And here he was, shut away from her only by the need of running down the steps and out into the open from the house.

He saw Pittfield jump at her as she staggered and catch her up, lightly, in his arms. She had been struggling for her life a moment before; but now she seemed to submit to his grasp as though to an irresistible caress of love. Her body became limp, and her head and one arm dangling proved to Hamilton that she no longer could help herself.

He found that the automatic was already in his hand; and he lifted the shuddering thing and found the sights veering all the way from the distant hills to the creek, and swinging only casually, as it were, across his target.

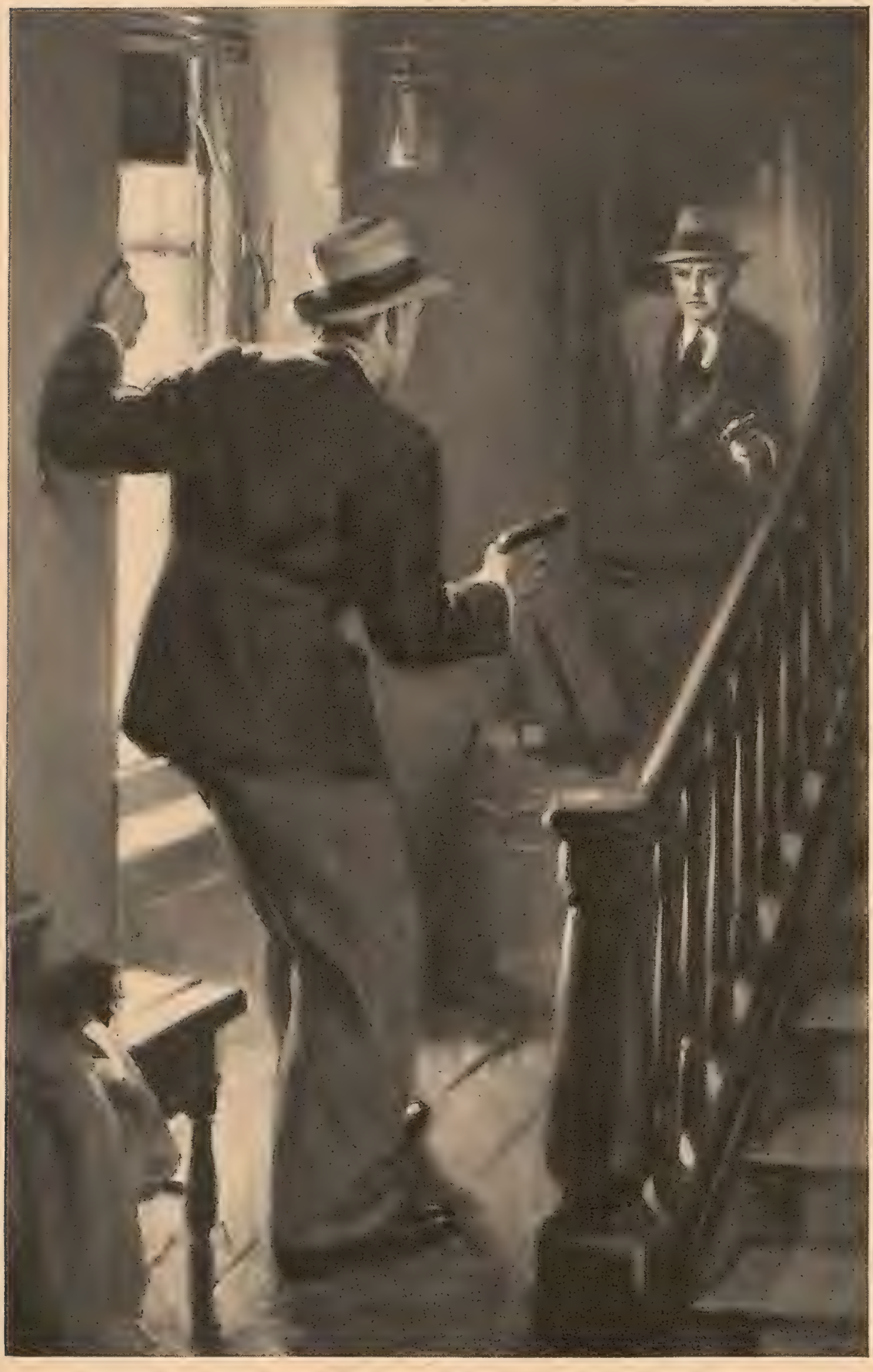
That was only the head and shoulders of Tom Pittfield as he carried the girl high in his arms, stepping toward the edge of the bluff. It seemed to Hamilton that he had the deftness of a dancer moving to music on a stage.

Hamilton shut his teeth hard. If he made a mistake of a millionth part of a degree, he would send his bullet through the body of the girl; but now in this moment of taking aim he became simply an artist. A ghost of John Merriam and the shooting gallery stood at his side, it seemed to Hamilton, as he drew his bead on that tiny little swaying target, the head of Pittfield. He fired with a steady squeeze of the whole hand. And Pittfield and the girl lurched together out of sight in the tall grass at the very lip of the bluff.

In a moment Hamilton was there. The girl was on her knees beside the fallen body, and when she looked up to Hamilton he saw blood on her face and it drove him mad for an instant. . . . Then the absolute certainty of his work told him that it must be the blood of Pittfield.

When she saw Hamilton, she cried: " He couldn't have done it, Bob! He couldn't have done it! It isn't true. Tommy couldn't have done it! " Then, " Where . . . how were you . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY PARKHOUSE



A white face came before him and a weapon was aimed at him.

" Ah, I didn't do anything. I was only the hand. The brain that sent me out here to you was Bombi's, God bless him, God bless him! " said Hamilton.

He turned Pittfield on his back and knew by the closed eyes that the man was not dead, though the red furrow of the bullet ran down the side of his head.

Beatrice said, " When I saw his old snapshot, like Cecilly's painting . . . when I saw that, I knew he hadn't met her for the first time at the art show. I came out here with him because he told me that he'd show me the house which he'd picked out for us, and explain how the view he'd taken happened to be almost the same as her picture . . . and then, I suppose when he thought of being exposed to Uncle Henry as a hypocrite . . ."

" Hush! " said Hamilton, leaning over the fallen man. From the throat of Tom Pittfield came the same voice that had come to him twice over the telephone before, the voice which might have been that of a child, or a woman, or a man's falsetto; the words had no meaning—they were simply the voice of murder, murder, murder!

. . . . .

The doctor put Bombi to bed for a long rest. For twenty-four hours not even Hamilton, constantly at his bedside, could speak to him. But by the second day Bombi was full of questions. " How did Tom happen to wear the topcoat of old Henry? Have you found that out? "

" He liked Harris tweed," said Hamilton, " and that coat fitted him. It was too big for Henry Pittfield as the old boy withered and lost weight. The police have checked all that."

" Well, then," said Bombi, " how's Tom Pittfield? "

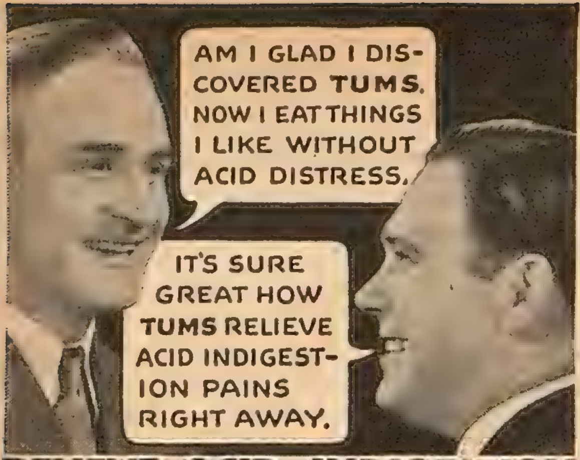
" Exactly what you'd expect," said Hamilton. " He's giving away nothing whatever."

" Can they prove the murder of the girl on him? "

" They've got him for that. The great Macklin makes that contribution. Some ten-year-old youngster saw Pittfield come out of the back way of the apartment house where Cecilly Hampton was living; he came out about the time she was killed."

" And Johnny Merriam? "

" The bits of thread are going to be turned into big ropes, it seems," said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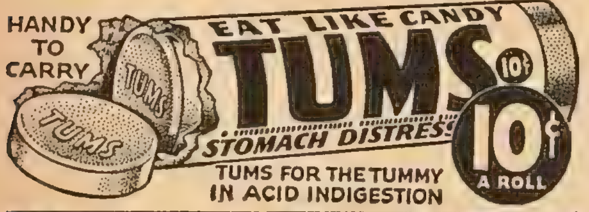

Women Feel Old when Germs Attack Kidneys

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Hamilton. "The experts are ready to swear that they came from Henry Pittfield's coat, which Tom Pittfield was wearing. There are plenty of other things against him now. And he's no better than a dead man."

"And Uncle Henry?"

"He's dying of pure rage, it seems. Sits in his room and won't stir all day long. He's eating his heart out when he thinks how Tom Pittfield made a fool of him."

"May I be damned if I ever try master-minding a crime again," said the fat man, sighing deeply. "None of it makes any sense to me."

"Why," said Hamilton, "the way of it's like this: Merriam knows that he's a mere dog in the estimation of Henry Pittfield. His hopes for anything more than a small slice of the inheritance go up in thin air. But still he won't believe that his cousin is such a virtuous fellow as he seems. So he spends spare time spying on Tom, and one of his trips takes him finally out to the country house where Tom is keeping Cecilly. That means that he has Tom at his mercy.

"But Merriam is seen, probably by Cecilly, as he's sneaking away from the house. She telephones to Tom. Merriam, who knew Tom was a damned relentless enemy, was frightened to death. That's why he took me on for protection—and he was right. He wanted to get to Henry Pittfield, but his little joy ride with Grace Barnes was in the papers and Henry Pittfield was wild about it. Beatrice specially warned Johnny not to try to talk with Henry for a while. But Tom knew that when the heat died down Johnny Merriam would see the old man and cut Tom's financial throat with ten words of the truth. That's clear, isn't it?"

"A beautiful clearness and truth," said Bombi. "And Tom won that stage of the game in spite of Bombi and Hamilton, and all. . . . What did Grace Barnes know about this business?"

"THAT was a queer mess," said Hamilton. "She's written me a complete explanation on her way to Reno. After her ride with Merriam, life with Dick Barnes was pretty rough, and the murder night he went out of the house in a shouting temper. She followed, lost him, followed on again, lost him. Returned to the house and found your address, Bombi, written on the telephone pad. Somebody had telephoned to Dick Barnes and given him Merriam's address. Of course that was Tom Pittfield, who hoped that jealous Dick might do the job for him, but Dick lost his nerve when he got there.

"Tom must have seen him pass by the door, and decided to do the business himself. Grace saw Tom leave and go down the street, with the dead man left behind him, of course. Of course her testimony was the purest sort of circumstantial stuff, but when she used it for blackmail, it squeezed hard cash out of Tom, and that made her feel surer that there was something pretty dark in the mind of Tom. In talking with her, later on, he looked a bit ugly at the mention of my name, and that was the reason—almost nothing but a woman's hunch—why she advised me to leave town."

"And the shot fired at you in the valley out there?"

"Tom Pittfield," said Hamilton. "They've found his rifle in the creek."

Hamilton stood up and took a deep breath.

"And I suppose that's about all," he said. "Now tell me exactly what made you send me out to the Hampton house, calling 'murder' over the phone."

"I saw the photograph and the canvas," said the fat man. "Either one of the Pittfields could have taken the snapshot. It proved one of them had been with Cecilly in the country. . . . That meant Beatrice must have been on the trail of the Hampton mystery. . . That meant disgrace and maybe the electric chair for one of the Pittfields. . . . And Beatrice had left a note saying that she was going out into the country. . . . I simply hooked the things together by a hunch, Bob. And there you are. . . . But you and Beatrice?"

"That's finished," said Hamilton.

GET YOUR BREAKFAST-TABLE NEWS THE NIGHT BEFORE!

Tune in this station for the late evening news brought to you by one of the best known and most widely followed news commentators.

WABC—New York . . ANDRE BARUCH
11 P.M., E.S.T., each weekday night, except Thursday

He managed to smile and hoped that the smile seemed real. "I haven't heard a word from her."

"Have you telephoned? Have you sent her a note?" asked Bombi.

"I can't hound her, man," said Hamilton. "When I got to her after I dropped Pittfield the other day, she could hardly look at me; all the way back to town she hardly spoke. . . . It's ended!"

"Are you a baby," asked Bombi, "or are you a *mature* damned fool? Go to see her. Go now. Get *out* of my sight and go straight to her."

. . . . .

The maid jerked the door almost shut at the sight of him, so that Hamilton knew the damned newspapers had hung his picture in the front hall of her memory.

He said: "If Miss Shaw . . ."

The door banged in his face. He turned helplessly, with a sense of perfect defeat. Then he had a sudden feeling that danger was pointing toward him, like a gun, from behind, and whirling he found the door again ajar.

"Mr. Henry Pittfield will see you," said the maid.

Then he was in the living room where old Henry Pittfield stood tall and black against the window. He made no gesture of greeting but simply said: "Mr. Hamilton, it's fortunate that you've come; it keeps me from the need of writing you the letter which Beatrice has asked me to send."

"Is she too ill to see me?" Hamilton asked. "Or to write?"

The old man allowed a pause to accumulate.

Then he said: "She feels a necessary debt to you, Mr. Hamilton. But she knows that she cannot see you again."

Hamilton got his hand to his throat and loosened his collar for easier breathing.

"You mean that she never wants to see me again?" he asked.

"Perhaps not 'never,'" said Henry Pittfield slowly. "But at present she finds about the very thought of you the smell—of death!" . . .

Hamilton walked all the way back to Bombi's apartment.

"Well, what happened?" asked the fat man.

Hamilton stood and looked out the window.

"She's lost to me, Bombi," he said at last.

"Lost?" said Bombi, filling the room with sound.

"She's lost," said Hamilton, shaking his head. "She was fond of poor Merriam, and he's dead. She loved Tom Pittfield, and I shot him down and put the hand of the law on him. When she thinks of me, I'm like a graveyard ghost to her. . . . When she thinks of me, she almost smells death at high noon! I've lost her."

"And so?" said Bombi.

"I'm going to drift back West," said Hamilton. "I think I'll make a start today or tomorrow."

"Will you do something for me?" asked Bombi.

"*Something* for you?" asked Hamilton. "Will I do something for *you?*"

His voice rose and was checked, for he was afraid to let himself go.

"I hope to God it's something important," he said.

"In the first place," said Bombi, "get out of this place and walk the streets—kill time till six or seven o'clock. And then come back here. Go to a movie."

Hamilton went. He returned punctually at six thirty.

"I've been wondering whether I dared to do it or not," said Bombi. "I've been wondering whether or not I had a right to. But I've been tempted, and I've fallen. . . . Old fellow, I'm going to ask you to take a great chance. Will you?"

"As willingly . . ." said Hamilton, and then ran out of comparisons as he stood smiling at his friend.

"Then go over to Newark this evening and take the midnight T. & W. A. plane for Chicago. Better get your ticket now. When you get to Chicago I'll wire you what to do next. Here's money," said Bombi.

"Bombi," said Hamilton solemnly, "you've simply devised a way to let me go West at your expense."

"On the contrary," said Bombi, "I'm talking to you about the business which is closer to my heart than anything else in the world. . . . When you get to Chicago, telephone to me."

. . . . .

It was a windy night, with half of a golden moon low down in the west and clouds going by it like puffs of cannon smoke. It was hardly ten minutes before the hour of departure when the porter took Hamilton's bag and steered him out on the field toward the monoplane which sat on the ground like a huge fat-winged bird. He was only vaguely aware of another porter overtaking them and the woman who followed her suitcase; and then a cry reached him, and Beatrice Shaw was there beside him, staring and amazed, the wind whipping her clothes.

"Bombi! Did he send you?" she cried.

"Yes. And you?" asked Hamilton.

The four motors of the plane began to roar. He took Beatrice by the arms to steady her. He had to put his face close to hers.

"Why did you come and simply leave a message?" sang her sad voice at his ear. "And such a sharp, cruel, savage message?"

"I left no message at all," said Hamilton. "When Henry Pittfield said that you never wished to see me again . . ."

$1,000 IN PRIZES EVERY WEEK

GILLETTE'S FOOTBALL CONTEST! EASY TO WIN

$500 FIRST PRIZE! 7 OTHER CASH AWARDS WEEKLY!

READ THESE SIMPLE RULES

1. Check the 7 teams you predict will win the games listed in blank at right. Entries for the Nov. 6th contest must be postmarked before midnight, Nov. 5th.
2. Accompany entry blank with a letter of not more than 50 words giving your reasons for picking any one team over its opponent.
3. Print your name and address and name and address of your Gillette dealer where indicated on blank.
4. Attach to entry blank an empty Gillette or Probak Blade package (not individual blade wrapper), or a reasonable facsimile.
5. For best letters these awards will be made every week: 1st, $500; 2nd, $250; 3rd, $100; 4th, $50; and four of $25 each. Full and fair consideration by independent judges will be given every letter complying with the rules.
6. Judges' decisions are final, and all letters entered become the property of the Gillette Safety Razor Company. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Anyone may compete except employees of the Gillette Safety Razor Company, their advertising agency and their families.
7. Act now! Fill out the blank, at the right, attach your letter and empty blade package, and mail to Gillette Safety Razor Company, P. O. Box 5, Boston, Mass.

Imagine! Gillette's big Football Contest gives you a new chance *every week* to share in $1,000 prize money! And it's *easy to win!* First prize is $500 cash; 2nd prize, $250; 3rd prize, $100; 4th prize, $50. There are four additional prizes of $25 each. All you do is fill out the entry blank at right and follow the simple rules. Get extra entries from your Gillette dealer. Submit all you want. Remember, you don't have to be an expert. Everybody has a chance — so START NOW!

A WINNING COMBINATION—EVERYWHERE! Be kind to your face! Use Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor. They're a perfect team, precision-matched to give you cleaner, smoother shaves every time and more shaving *comfort* for your money—always.

Games of November 6

Check Teams You Think Will Win.
Mail before midnight Friday, November 5th to Gillette, P. O. Box 5, Boston, Mass.

California ☐	Washington ☐
Dartmouth ☐	Princeton ☐
Fordham ☐	Purdue ☐
Army ☐	Harvard ☐
Northwestern ☐	Illinois ☐
Notre Dame ☐	Pittsburgh ☐
So. California ☐	Stanford ☐

NAME..
STREET..
CITY.....................STATE..........
MY GILLETTE DEALER
NAME..
STREET..
CITY.....................STATE..........

Accompany this entry with an empty Gillette or Probak Blade package or facsimile. (L-4)

MAIL THIS ENTRY!

SEE GILLETTE DEALER FOR EXTRA ENTRY BLANKS

HAPPINESS AND ENJOYMENT *for the* WHOLE FAMILY

Stop at your friendly tobacconist on the way home and bring happiness and enjoyment to your family with:

½ dozen packages of Double Mint

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
R-252

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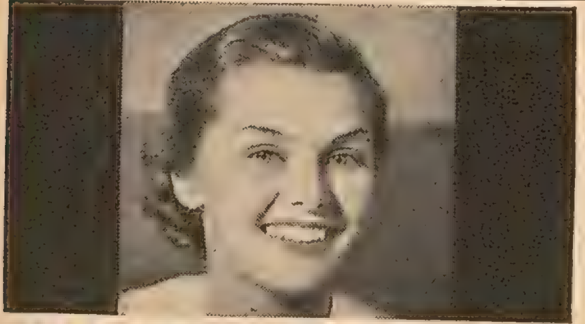

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

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Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations should never be neglected. They usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a *"counter-irritant,"* NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates surface circulation, helps to draw out local congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
REG U S PAT OFF

"Never—wished—to see you?" She pushed herself back to arm's length to study him. Hamilton's porter came running back and tugged at him, pointing desperately.

"But I was going off to try to forget," shouted Hamilton. "And I'm a fool, because I never could forget that I love you, Beatrice!"

"I can't hear!" cried the girl.

"That I love you!" called Hamilton.

The note of the four screaming motors climbed the scale; and then the noise of it blew swiftly down the field.

"But the plane . . . it's gone!" exclaimed Beatrice.

"Thank God!" said Hamilton.

"*What* are you saying?" she asked.

He caught her in his arms. "That I love you!"

. . . . .

Later, the telephone shrilled in Bombi's apartment.

He turned his huge body in the bed and listened to the bell calling, dying, calling again. At last he took the receiver from the hook.

"Bombi! Bombi!" called the voice of Hamilton. "D'you hear me?"

"It's twenty past twelve," said Bombi, "and I'm afraid that you've missed that plane for Chicago."

"I've missed nothing," said the voice of Hamilton.

"We have everything in the world!" cried Beatrice Shaw.

"But only thanks to you," said Hamilton.

"And God bless you and love you, Bombi!" said the girl.

"Nonsense," said Bombi. "I am only a catalytic agent. I hurried up a combination that was sure to come."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—Adolphe Menjou.
2—Can't fly.
3—The manager of an opera company.
4—On Broadway.
5—Tennis.
6—The Iron Duke.
7—Shame to him who evil thinks.
8—Tannic.
9—Each is adorned with four stars.
10—The amethyst.
11—The peppermint gum tree, grown in Australia.
12—The Black Hills, with Harney Peak rising to 7,242 feet.
13—Liberty (also five cents).
14—The bloodhound.
15—Adelaide.
16—Chrysanthemum and topaz.
17—Yes; it swims backward.
18—Absinthe.
19—Mercury.
20—

Benj. Franklin

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

A HOUSEWIFE sixty-five years of age was the *only* baseball fan who wrote a correcting letter to Ed Thorgersen, the newsreel sports reporter, after he made a mistake of five points when commenting on Lou Gehrig's batting average in a news film viewed by mixed audiences at ten thousand movie theaters.

"Women," says Mr. Thorgersen, "are getting to be as gimlet-eyed about sports as they are about other masculine activities."

Asked him what useful knowledge our sex can pick up watching screen shots of football or tennis. "From the football pictures," he told me, "you'll learn most about the game by noticing how the interference hits the line ahead of the ball carrier. Interference means keeping the opposition away from your man."

Why, Mr. Thorgersen! As though we girls needed any lessons in *that* strategy!

For strenuous effort achieved with perfect grace, Mr. Thorgersen says we should study the tennis performance of Donald Budge. Mr. Budge's style ought to teach us that winning ways are always smooth and graceful ways.

Though Ed Thorgersen covers all sorts of sports for Fox Movietone News, something warm must often be borrowed to cover Mr. Thorgersen. He has a habit of dashing off on long, cold trips without his overcoat. In his first feature picture, Life Begins at College, you'll see him wearing a heavy ulster and tippet. Both belong to Warner Baxter, who had to lend them for the frosty football scene. Ed arrived on the lot clad, as usual, in nothing woolier than a neat business suit.

☆ Fashionable this year is November's birthstone, the topaz. Smart new jewelry features this semi-precious stone. In color the topaz varies from palest primrose to sherry brown. Rarest topaz colors are deep red, bright pink, violet, and green. Cost of the commoner brown or yellow topaz ranges from a few dollars up into the hundreds. Legend attributes the word topaz to an island in the Red Sea—the island named Topazas—where the stone is said to have been discovered in very ancient times. Symbol of friendship, the topaz was long believed to give out beneficial rays. Probably because a rubbed topaz generates static electricity, and will pick up bits of paper, like rubbed amber. Many of the famous "diamonds" worn by medieval queens were actually only topazes.

Ed Thorgersen

☆ Women of my acquaintance can detect no serviceable merit in the large size of our new postage stamps. One-cent, two-cent, and three-cent stamps of recent issues are twice as big as stamps of the same denominations used to be. There is now twice as much glue to lick—and the glue tastes just as bad as it ever did. One waggish lady has written to me suggesting that the glue on the backs of the big new stamps ought to be flavored with beef extract. . . . "Considering the high price of beef at present," she writes, "that would give some of us our only chance of remembering what beef tastes like." . . . Another feminine disapproval of the new-sized stamps is based on the fact that they look disproportionately large on small social envelopes—invitations to parties, wedding announcements, etc.

As far as that nasty glue is concerned, I can offer you this advice. . . . Lick the envelope instead of the stamp.

☆ Three men sat next to my husband and me in a hotel lounge. One man recognized me, waited for me to speak. I knew I had met him several times, but couldn't remember his name or anything about him. We were both embarrassed—I because of my bad memory; he because he didn't know it was my husband with me, and therefore thought I might not want to be recognized. Presently he left the room, returning after a few minutes. Then in came a bellboy with a good clear voice, loudly announcing, "Call for Mr. So-and-so." The man said, "Here, boy"—thus identifying himself. "How do you do, Mr. So-and-so?" said I. "And thanks for the very neat way you helped me remember your name."

☆ Several girl friends of mine who dislike strong swear words are addicted to saying they "don't give a tinker's dam!" The expression aroused my curiosity. I inquired into its real meaning. It means this: A tinker's dam is not and never has been a *damn.* It's the small ring of lead solder a tinsmith puts on, as a dam, around the hole in the pan he is mending. Aside from its trivial function, it is a thing worth practically nothing. So, when you say you *"don't give a tinker's dam!"* that's what you actually are talking about.

☆ Amateur theatricals are all the rage this year. The Play Book, by Jess Ogden and Jean Carter, offers budding show folk excellent advice.. (Published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

About the forgotten olive—I mean the olive in the saucepan: We all use olives as a relish, but some of us neglect their cooking value. Cooked olives are the secret of many a tasty French recipe. Try these veal rolls with olive sauce. . . . Flatten a 2-lb. veal steak to half-inch thickness. Cut in strips about 3 inches wide, 4 inches long. On the strips spread sausage meat mixed with small amount bread crumbs slightly moistened with milk. Flavor with speck of nutmeg, pinch of marjoram, few drops onion juice. Roll up the pieces veal, fasten with wooden toothpicks, sprinkle well with flour, brown in butter. Taking the rolls out, add enough tomato sauce and water to make 1 cup gravy in pan. Let it boil up, then replace veal rolls, cover pan, and cook slowly for 30 minutes. *Now* add 2 tablespoons chopped green olives and cook 10 minutes more. Serve very hot. Noodles sprinkled with cheese go well with it.

YOU STILL CAN WIN A SHARE IN LIBERTY'S

$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES

GET INTO THE BIG

"COUNT 'EM" CONTEST

LAST LATE ENTRY THIS WEEK!

START YOUR ENTRY TODAY— STAY IN THE GAME!

HERE you have next to the last chance to count 'em and win. The problem this week is composed of fruit-jar rubber rings. Enough of each one of the group is plainly visible in the disorder to be accurately identified and counted. When you have checked your count for accuracy and entered it on Coupon 5, there will be but one more group to count in order to complete your entry. This will be published next week. Of course, if you are just starting an entry, the above does not apply. You will have four preceding groups to count, as well as the final one next week. Better get busy without delay. Here's how!

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

Reprints of the first four groups, together with their official scoring coupons, are available for entrants just starting. Mail your request to the contest address in Rule 6 and enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling. When you receive them you can make the counts, enter them on the coupons, and be up among the leaders. Save all coupons until the close of the contest!

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will publish a COUNT 'EM CONTEST picture. Each picture will show a tangle of objects which can be accurately and definitely counted to give the total number of units in the group.

2. To compete, count the units in each picture as it is published and note your count on the official entry coupon provided for that purpose. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete, then send them in as a unit at the same time at the end of the contest. Coupons sent individually will not be considered.

3. With your set of six coupons include a brief statement of not more than 50 words explaining "Why I read Liberty."

4. The complete entry which contains the greatest number of correct counts and is accompanied by the most logical, constructive statement, will be judged the best and will receive the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis others will receive the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; Third Prize, $50; Ten Prizes, each $10; Fifty Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

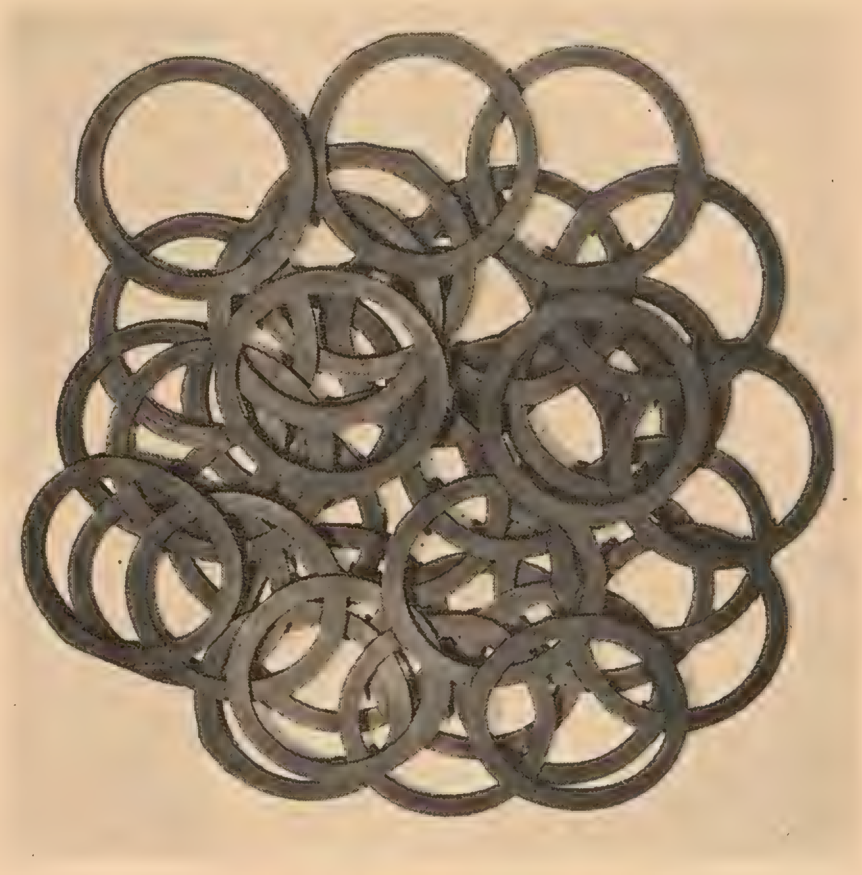
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, November 24, the closing date of this contest.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to COUNT 'EM CONTEST EDITOR, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best.

8. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

GROUP NO. 5



USE THIS COUPON

LIBERTY'S

" COUNT 'EM " CONTEST

OFFICIAL SCORING COUPON NO. 5

Total number of units in Group No. 5....................................

Submitted by

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

CITY ....STATE.........

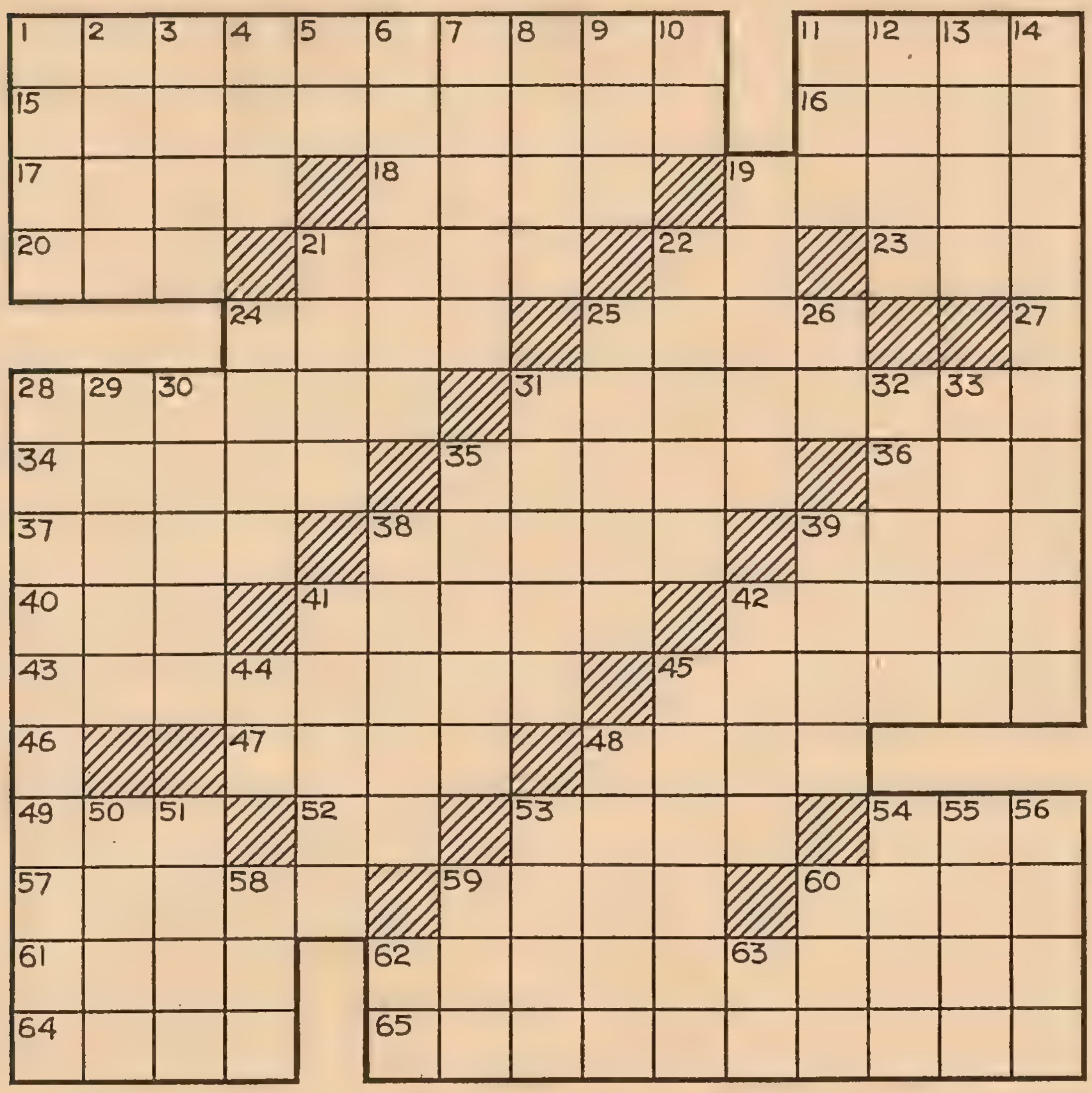
(Save this coupon until the end of the contest and submit a complete set of six with statement)

WATCH FOR THE FINAL "COUNT 'EM" NEXT WEEK!

Puzzle 80 | 11/6/37

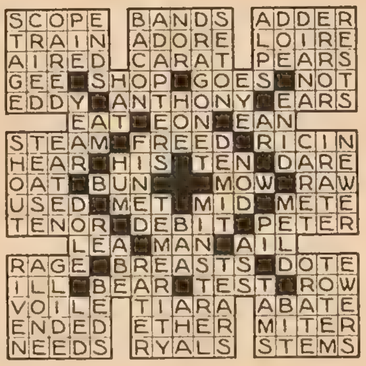
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Nut stuff
11 What old hens rake their beans with
15 It takes a strong man not to mention these
16 One of the poetic Adamses
17 Horsette
18 Corn remover
19 Can he take it!
20 Business buy ways (abbr.)
21 Sharpest of the stones
22 Panic's end and prosperity's beginning
23 Deer me!
24 The bag the old nag was left holding
25 Q. as in Q. E. D.
27 Pit middle
28 The only things that tip in Scotland
31 Terribly scared of his neighbors, he lives abroad all the time
34 Rise of Hillbilly Arkinsanity
35 Civil war battleground
36 The pal of Bacon
37 Boobus americanus
38 Little-girl ingredient
39 Words without wisdom (sing.)
40 Spanish gold
41 Kind of troops fan dancers would make
42 Ungabby dame
43 You can't put your finger on it
45 A sparkling bonnet for the new queen
46 Ambitious beginning
47 If a nit-wit girl does this would it be an empty purse?
48 Bing's past
49 Gushy thing about a hooch valet
52 Englishman's capacity (abbr.)
53 Woman's prison (masculine)
54 Loyal Order of Rooseveltian Woodmen of America (abbr.)
57 Toughen
59 Lamb of a fellow
60 Gal's name
61 This's alone in its class
62 Popular item in park decoration (two words)
64 Naaah!
65 It is considered a social error to drink from this (two words)



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SCOPE BANDS ADDER
TRAIN ADORE LOIRE
AIRED CARAT PEARS
GEE■SHOP■GOES■NOT
EDDY■ANTHONY■EARS
   EAT■EON■EAN
STEAM■FREED■RICIN
HEAR■HIS■TEN■DARE
OAT■BUN■■■MOW■RAW
USED■MET■MID■METE
TENOR■DEBIT■PETER
   LEA■MAN■AIL
RAGE■BREASTS■DOTE
ILL■BEAR■TEST■ROW
VOILE TIARA ABATE
ENDED ETHER MITER
NEEDS RYALS STEMS
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Sounds of revelry by night
2 Name of the gangster's pooch
3 Vulgar yearnings
4 A good thing enjoyed by happy dames
5 Explosion of joy
6 These were scratched in the Kentucky Derby
7 Troubles have a way of disappearing when they're this
8 Sound of revelry by night
9 Royal Nose Wigglers (abbr.)
10 Ye olde-fashioned to be
11 The G-string of tomorrow
12 It lets out a squawk when waved at
13 Old-fashioned drudge
14 A Georgeious palace
19 Baby hammer
21 Time piece
22 Mother of radium
24 What artillerymen should shout
25 What Drake said about the American countryside
26 Outskirts of a dump
28 Somebody's going to get crowned for this
29 Poet's overhead
30 Doughboy
31 Supercolossals
32 Hunted elusive slippers
33 It's a gem
35 Manufacture gas
38 Mussolini rarely speaks above one
39 What loud-speakers do
41 It isn't on the level
42 Panther sweat (plural)
44 The hardest thing to get in the morning
45 Kind of suit manufactured out of a loud crash
48 Prodoudced brig whed sufferig frob a code
50 A. as in A. D.
51 Kind of wooden literature
53 A gent
54 Ra used to tan her hide
55 The only thing some burglars leave behind
56 There's a phony ring to this
58 Kentucky dew
59 Crossword worm
60 Established Pansy Boilermakers (abbr.)
62 An interesting preposition
63 This plugs escaping gas

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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FREE HOME TRIAL

ONLY A FEW CENTS A DAY

ACT NOW!

You needn't risk a penny!

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MAIL

ACT NOW! TODAY!

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Tell me how I can own—for only a few cents a day—a latest model Royal Portable—with Carrying Case and Instant Typing Chart FREE.

Name
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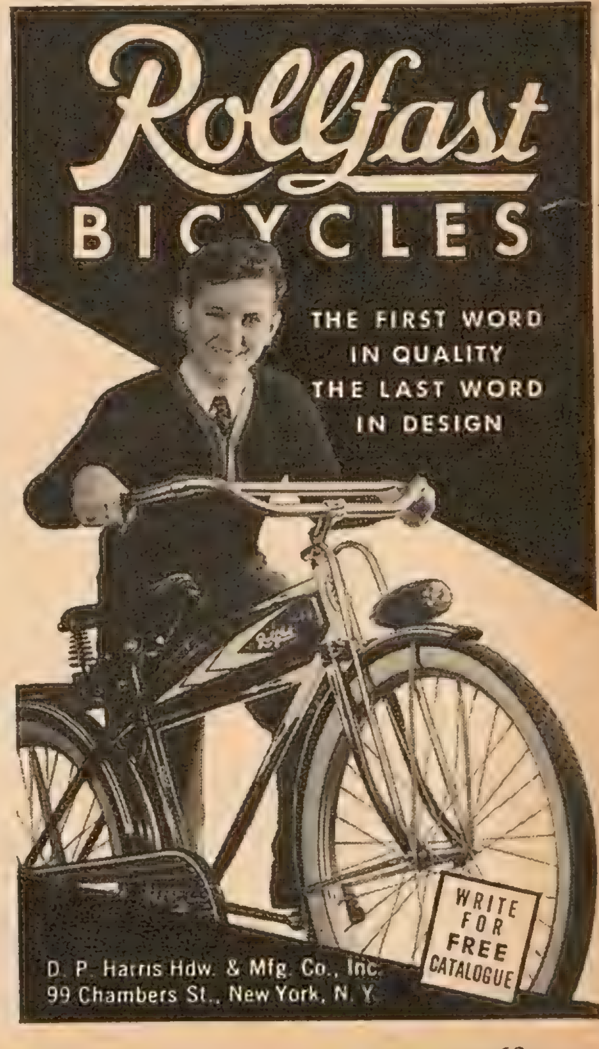
City State
I already own a Typewriter, Serial No. Tell me how much you will allow on it as CASH payment on a new Royal.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Vox Pop

Take the Vote Away from Those on Relief

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The present Democratic administration has been tacitly accused of playing a lot of politics. Well, why not?

But let us look into some of this alleged " fixing " said to have been worked by the ubiquitous New Dealers. Some of it looks—well, sort of " political "; and while much of it can be defended on the grounds of humanitarianism, still, after all, there is the taint of politics in it—a taint that might be removed with a very little trouble.

Take the " relief racket," for instance. Now, no one will argue that the relief was unnecessary. It was highly necessary. It was vital to many unfortunates. It saved thousands from dire want, from starvation, from death. But it is unfortunate that in administering relief there was the taint of politics in the whole matter.

Could politics be eliminated? It could. It can now, too. How? By disenfranchising every one on relief, and making a law that, once disenfranchised, the voter could not be enfranchised until one year after he or she went off relief.

That, if you please, would automatically eliminate politics from the relief question. Oh, yes, it would, too. Not only that, but it would reduce the relief expense fully 50 per cent within six months. Why? Because when any one went on relief that person automatically went off the voting poll. He or she would be absolutely useless to any politician, regardless of party. The reliefers could not be told whom to vote for, because the reliefer would have no vote to be owned and controlled by any politician.

This should not be considered a disgrace by the reliefer. It is no more humiliating to be deprived of a vote than it is to be compelled to accept charity from the government. And at the same time the recipient is in no way obligated to any politician, and does not have to " jump through " at the behest of any ward heeler, whoever he may be.

If there is no politics in the relief racket, then no politician should object to such an arrangement. If, on the other hand, there is a political angle to the matter, politicians will naturally yell to high heaven against such an arrangement; and then we, the proletariat, the men and women who are paying taxes to supply the money for this political graft, will know what we are doing and where we stand.

There is no question that the relief racket is worked to a fare-you-well. It is a graft, and is used by many people who, were they put on their own, could and would become self-sustaining at once.

Politicians know this. They, however, own and control the votes of such people, and with those very votes they win elections.

Of course there are many, many worthy cases on relief. That is not to be denied; nor is it to be said that all relief work should stop. But there should be a weeding out, and, with votes eliminated, that would be quickly accomplished, and the country would benefit, even if the politicians should suffer. —*Harry R. Drummond.*

JUMBO'S TUSKS STILL WORN IN ONTARIO

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—When I was a boy fifteen years of age I lived in St. Thomas, Ontario. One day Barnum's Mammoth Circus was billed to appear, and, like most other youths in the town, I was up bright and early and was down to see the circus train unload.

I was able to get a job carrying water for the elephants, including Jumbo, the biggest elephant ever in captivity. Of course I got a pass for the show, and attended the night performance, and watched them load the animals after the show.

When Jumbo was being led across the tracks to his car, he broke away from his keeper and swung up the track to meet a freight train that was coming down the long grade that leads into the east end of St. Thomas. The freight and Jumbo met about halfway up the grade, and Jumbo landed in one ditch and the engine and six cars of the train landed in another.

The engineer of the train was killed, as was Jumbo. The latter was buried in that town, and many citizens today have ornaments made from his tusks, which were enormous and were amputated before he was buried.—*F. O. Perry.*

JIM FARLEY NEVER WENT TO HIGH SCHOOL?

CHICAGO, ILL.—Am I to believe, and all of the rest of the readers of Liberty, that to become a writer one must always throw the bull with a flying mare, such as your well known writer F. C. Collins?

In September 18 Liberty your toreador tells us that Jim Farley was a great first baseman on the high-school nine. Dale Carnegie writes in his latest book that Call Me Jim never did go to high school. Also the name Jim was not the monicker of the elder Farley. Mr. Farley died from injuries incurred from being kicked by the horse and not thrown from the saddle, as Mr. Collins writes. —*O. J. B.*

KINDERGARTEN READING TIME?

BIRKENHEAD, CHESHIRE, ENG.—Tell, me, does a kid out of the kindergarten fix the reading times you give?

I always imagined that you Americans were hustlers, but I can knock off for a sleep and then finish well within your times. How does this come about, as I am not what one would term an exceptionally fast reader but just an old stick-in-the-mud?—*Limey.*

TOO MUCH FORCED PATRIOTISM?

PORTLAND, ORE.—I can stand a whole lot of nonsense, but this one popped off the lid.

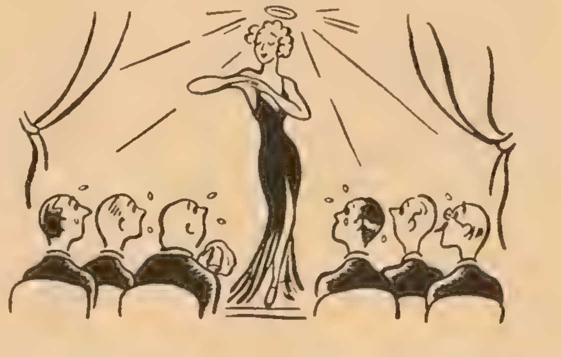
E. M. G. (September 18 Vox Pop), whoever you are, please stop knocking the " foreign unnaturalized element," as you call them. I am sure they have more patriotism than many of you self-styled 100-per-cent American-born citizens.

It is not Communism, Fascism, nor Nihilism destroying our American patriotism. It is the deep-rooted hurrah patriotism. Too much flag exercises for no reason at all. Too much forced patriotism. It won't be a surprise to me that some day some gangsters will hold up a bank under display of our national emblem—for protection. It is not our home training, nor laxness in our schools. It is you, you, and you!—*H. F. Hoder.*

STRIP-TEASERS DO KNOW LOVE AND SACRIFICE

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—It certainly rubs my fur the wrong way to read such asinine criticisms as Thumb-to-the-Nose of Atlanta (September 18 Vox Pop) has to offer. The name should be Thumb-in-the-Mouth. I fail to see why a strip-tease girl shouldn't know about love or sacrifice. In fact, she probably knows more about it than most so-called " nice " people. After all, she struggles for remunerative work, she struggles for love and future happiness and life, so how can she help but know sacrifice?

Anyhow, why does Mr. Thumb buy Liberty every week if he finds it impossible to read the first hundred words of any article? Bunk! There's nothing " old stuff " about Liberty. There's up-to-the-minute news, advice, the editorials, fiction and non-fiction, mystery, entertainment, Twenty Questions, and articles on every phase of science, religion, professions, sports, and in fact everything in the deck. If that's old stuff, then let him take his thumb out of his mouth, put the " corn " bottle in, and go roost in the high pine tree he fell out of.—*100-Per-Cent Liberty Defender.*



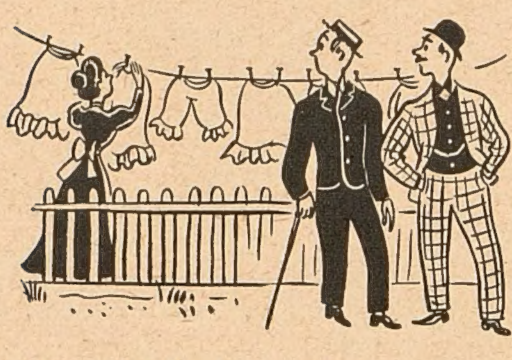
GIRLS' ANATOMY NO SECRET

SOUTHWEST CITY, MO.—Each week I read Liberty from kiver to kiver. It is a grand magazine. I especially like Vox Pop. But Fraudia Sellers Warner's letter (September 18) regarding the July 31 cover made me see red.

Do you gals think that we are constantly on the lookout for an exposure of your anatomy?

We see most of it when you are in a bathing suit or shorts. Why should we be shocked by an exposure while you are dressed?

Fraudia should have lived back in the "gay nineties," when *refined* young women wore half a dozen petticoats and the only time or place they were seen by men was on the clothesline.—*Chuck Proctor.*



MINDS SUFFERING FROM FALLEN ARCHES

DALLAS, TEX.—"A water-bug mind: skimming with lightning speed but never going beneath the surface" (Beverly Smith). With that apt quotation from The Reader's Digest for September, 1937, I turn with humble repentance to Bernarr Macfadden's True Story by Fulton Oursler, editor in chief of Liberty, and admit that I am guilty of looking at men for what I think are their faults, rather than to find their virtues, which would enable me to admire rather than condemn.

For the thousandth time in my life, I have pledged myself not to judge men or measures until I have the facts. But it's hard to teach the old dog new tricks.

Thanks for the article on Bernarr Macfadden, and may it in time enable me to depart this life with the knowledge that there is still so much bad in the best of us that it leaves little room for any of us to say anything bad about the worst of us. If our minds are suffering from fallen arches, surely we can take a lesson from the articles of men who try to give us all the evidence in such cases.—*Hy. Shy.*

SHARKS DO NOT TURN TO FEED

HADDONFIELD, N. J.— Referring to Frank Kenneth Young's criticism of Achmed Abdullah's shark: Sharks do not have to turn to feed. In surf-fishing for them we fish on the bottom, and the bait is held there by five ounces of lead.

Hence the shark would need to burrow below the bait to take it from the side.

The point can easily be proven right in New York City. Give an office boy a quarter, send him to Fulton Market for a few mossbunkers and then to the shark tank in the Aquarium.

All of which means that a shark does not have to turn to feed. It may and occasionally does do so, but it is not necessary.—*Harry Eriksson.*

LIGHT ON CRAZY EDUCATION

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Ignorance generally excites pity. "Poor fellow," you say, "he is an underprivileged chap; too bad he wasn't informed." But when Mr. John Erskine, in his Crazy Education (READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS), September 25 Liberty, addressed to "Liberals who think," tells us that only military and Catholic schools train for character, you can't lay it to ignorance.

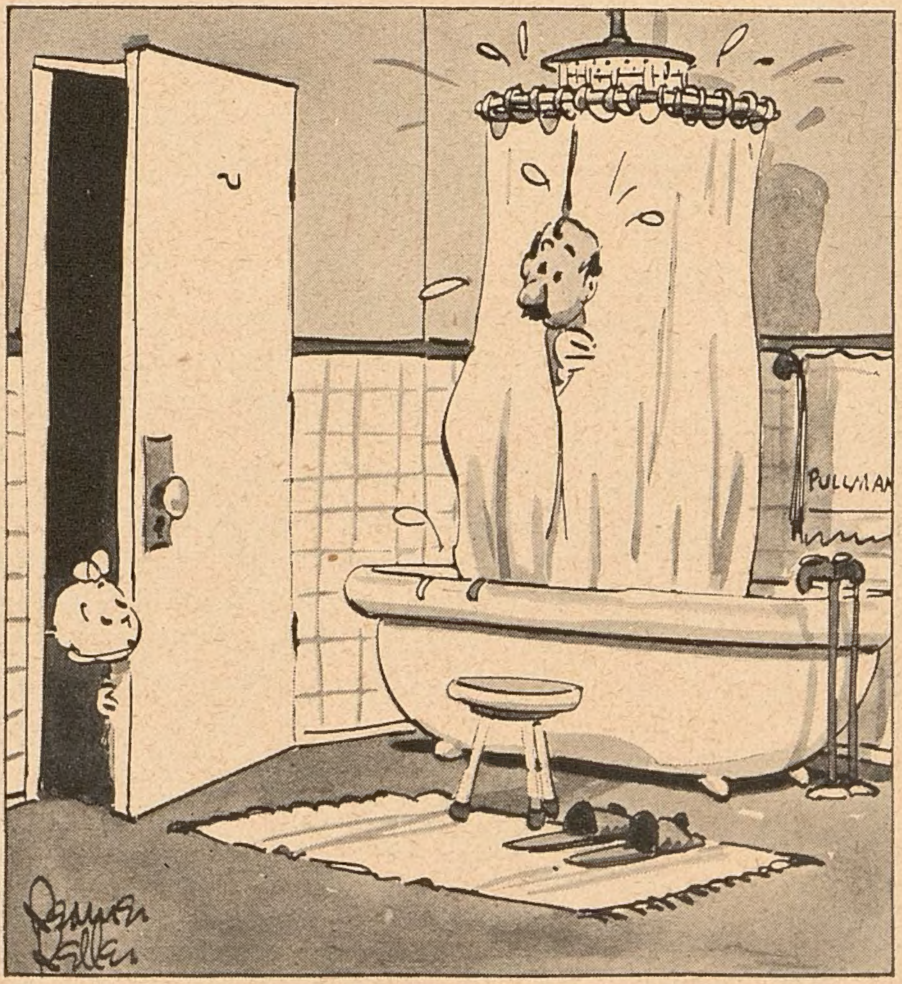
Therefore there is only contempt, since Mr. Erskine knows that hundreds of thousands of consecrated Christian men and women all over this country in Protestant schools and colleges are devoting their lives to character building.

He also knows that many other colleges, state universities, and public schools are doing creditable work for our young.

Two questions noticeably arise: Why did a man of Mr. Erskine's standing make such a blunder, and why did Liberty find space for it?—*W. P. Sharp.*

"HARDTACK"

By REAMER KELLER

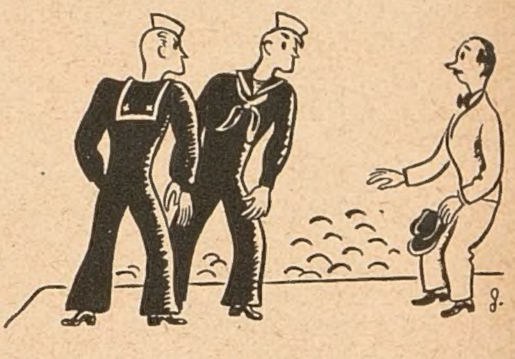


"You better not come out, pa—ma just went through your pockets and didn't find a dime."

A SAILOR BOY'S R. S. V. P.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—In reference to Irving K. Woolfe's Sailors Love to Eat (September 4 Vox Pop), there is no doubt in my mind but that he is correct to a certain extent.

There are few men in the naval service, who have served one enlistment or more, that would not be able to spin interesting yarns of months of duty on some sea that seems somewhat "God forgotten." However, the "couple of boys standing on the corner wondering which way to go" are very likely to reply to the invitation for an evening meal, "What's your racket, buddy—what's your racket?"—*Wilbur W. Carter.*



WHO REMEMBERS SPURS WITH ROWELS?

SOLON, IA.—I wonder—referring to Number 7 of Twenty Questions (September 18 Liberty)—how old do you imagine your readers would have to be to remember when army officers wore spurs with rowels on 'em?

I'm fifty (and a little bit), and strike me pink if I can recall the day any officer hit the parade ground with spurs and rowels dangling from his boots.

I've seen civilian packers wearing them in the Islands; I've worn 'em herding cattle; and diggin' in my old foot locker of my shavetail days, I find two pairs—dancing and field—and so blunt that they wouldn't scratch the ribs of the present-day coed.

Why, even in aviation we didn't wear them. Maybe some one that knows about This Man's Army can tell us. —*James S. Wilson.*

MORE SHORT SERIALS, PLEASE

BUFFALO, N. Y.—I have always enjoyed your selection of stories, and the variety contained in any one issue; but at this time I'd like to make a criticism pertaining to your serials.

Keep up the good selection of serials, but please don't drag them out over such a long period of time. Let's have more short ones like We Can Take Care of Our Own, which only took three issues—*R. McNamara.*

Why No Other Woman Can Take My Husband

A MODERN WIFE REVEALS her secret in an article in Liberty next week. It is a secret so simple that any woman can understand and use it immediately. If this author, who writes with startling and charming frankness about her married life, is to be believed, the secret is as potent as it is simple. What she has to say should be " must " reading for every girl who expects to be married some day, for every married woman, and—although this was not the author's intention—for every boy and man who can read the English language. Especially to the man let us put this question: Would you be utterly faithful in thought as well as in deed to a wife who gave you the treatment this wife writes about? Man or woman, girl or boy, don't miss Ethelda Bedford's article on how she holds her husband's love.

☆

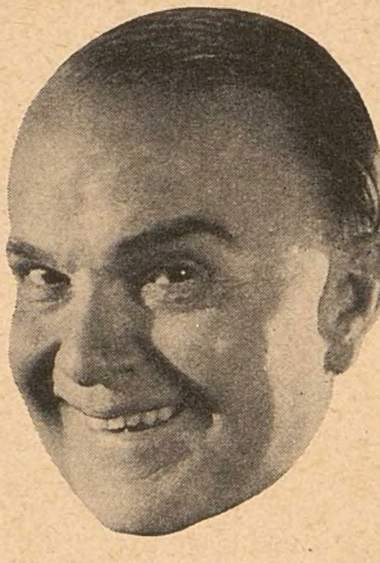
FROM TEMPTATION TO TROTSKY is but the turning of a page in the extraordinary issue of Liberty you will be reading next week. Why does a patriotic American magazine, Liberty, print an article by a Bolshevik, Leon Trotsky? Of all the world statesmen living today—and Trotsky's place in history is made, however we deplore his work—only this exile can speak freely. Diplomacy, considerations of national caution, secret deals and promises, all sorts of commitments put a gag in the mouth of every important public official. Mussolini does not dare tell you what he knows or what he expects. Neither does Hitler. And yet they are supposed to be all-powerful dictators who can do whatever they please. Only Leon Trotsky, cofounder with Lenin of the modern Russian state, is free, in his exile, to speak his mind. He does so in Liberty next week, bluntly, powerfully, yet with surprising moderation. His article is called Is Another World War at Hand? and he gives his answer with great frankness. He casts a strange light on the whole international situation.

☆

AN AMAZING PICTURE will be on the cover of Liberty Magazine next week. You may be horrified. Or you may be thrilled. Certainly you will not remain indifferent to this extraordinary conception of C. D. Batchelor. It was this cartoon by Batchelor which won him the Pulitzer prize for 1937. With his permission, we reprint it as our cover for Armistice Day, a grim reminder of the greatest task confronting the people of the world—the establishment of peace on earth.

☆

JOE LOUIS COMES BACK in next week's issue with a walloping right and left in answer to Jim Tully, Jack Dempsey, and Tommy Farr, who said Joe would soon be finished as champion. Joe has plenty to say about that in his interview; be your own referee in this *slam-bang* literary battle and tell us who you think wins the decision. This blast by Joe Louis is one in a great group of features in the next issue, a powerful table of contents which includes The Private Life of Victor Moore by Frederick James Smith; another Casanova yarn by John Erskine; an exciting nurse-and-hospital story by one of your growing favorites, Steve Fisher; Fiancée of Danger, the candid self-told story of a woman who lived for thrills; a football communiqué from Jim Crowley called It Never Rains but It Scores; a stirring chapter from recent labor history called What Really Happened at Hershey; and a number of other features, including, of course, another chapter in that most exciting of recent serials, Robert Ray's Ambush. Write and tell us how you like this new author's story, and don't pull your punches; he, as well as we, would like to know your opinion.



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JAPAN BARS LIBERTY. The New York newspapers recently carried the following Associated Press dispatch:

YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, Sept. 18.—Police today seized a copy of the September 4 issue of Liberty Magazine found in the library of the transpacific liner Chichibu Maru, arriving from San Francisco. The magazine was banned because of an article by Madame Chiang Kai-shek, wife of the Chinese Generalissimo, on the Chinese-Japanese conflict. Officials said it was " pure propaganda."

☆

MORE ABOUT CRIME PREVENTION. A correspondent writes: " I was greatly inspired and interested in the articles on Crime Prevention by Attorney General Cummings. Will you tell me some good books to read to carry on my study of Crime Prevention? "

Following is a good list, to start with, anyway:

Preventing Crime, by Sheldon and Eleanor Glueck.

The Gang, by Frederick M. Thrasher.

Delinquents and Criminals, by William Healy and A. F. Bronner.

Juvenile Delinquency, by W. C. Reckless and M. Smith.

Delinquent Areas, by Clifford R. Shaw.

☆

Thanks! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty—*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER PAINTING BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

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SHIP'S ENGINEER, George Buckingham (*left*): "Ashore or afloat, you won't catch me without a good supply of Camels handy. No sir! I've been smoking 'em for years. I just never tire of that agreeable taste of Camels!"

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